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THE FAMOUS HISTORY OF THE Seven Champions OF CHRISTENDOM.

Saint GEORGE of *England*, Saint DENIS of *France*, Saint JAMES of *Spain*, Saint ANTHONY of *Italy*, Saint ANDREW of *Scotland*, Saint PATRICK of *Ireland*, and Saint DAVID of *Wales*.

Shewing their Honourable Battels by Sea and Land: their Tilts, Justs, Turnaments, for Ladies: their Combats with Gyants, Monsters and Dragons: their Adventures in forraign Nations: their Enchantments in the *Holy Land*: their Knight-hoods, Prowesse, and Chivalry, in *Europe*, *Africa*, and *Asia*; with their Victories against the Enemies of *Christ*.

Also the true manner and places of their Deaths, being seven Tragedies: and how they came to be called the seven Saints of *Christendome*.

The first Part.

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To all Courteous Readers,

RICHARD IOHNSON

wisheth encrease of vertuous Knowledge.

GEntle Readers, in kindnesse accept of my Labours, and bee not like the chattering Cranes, nor *Momus* mates, that carpe at every thing. VVhat the simple say, I care not: what the spightfull speak, I passe not: onely the censure of the conceited I stand unto, that is the mark I aym at: whose good likings if I obtain, I have won my race: if not, I faint in the first attempt, and so lose the quiet of my happy goal.

Yours in kindnesse to command,

R. F.

The Authors Muse upon the History.

THe famous facts, OMARS, deriv'd from thee,
By weary pen, and painfull Authors toyl,
Enroll'd we find such feats of Chivalrie,
As hath been seldom seen in any soyl.

Thy Ensignes here we finde in field displaid,
The Trophies of thy victories erected:
Such deeds of Arms, as none could have assaid,
But Knights whose courage Fear hath ne're dejected.

Such Ladies sav'd, such Monsters made to fall,
Such Gyants slain, such hellish furies queld:
That humane forces few or none at all,
In such exploits their lives could safely shield.

But vertue stirring upon their noble mindes,
By valiant conquest to enlarge their fames,
Hath caus'd them seek adventures forth to finde,
Which registreth their never dying names.
Then Fortune, Time, and Fame a gree in this,
That Honours gain, the greatest Glory is.

The.

The Honourable HISTORY OF THE Seven Champions OF CHRISTENDOME

CHAP. I.

Of the wonderfull and strange birth of Saint *George* of *England*: how he was cut out of his Mothers womb, and after stoln from his Nurses by *Kalyb* the Lady of the Woods: Her love to him, and her gifts: and how he incloſed her in a Rock of stone, and redeemed six Christian Knights out of prison.

AFter the angry Grecks had ruinated the chief Citie in Phrigia, and turned King Priams glorious buildings to a waste and desolate wilderneſſe, Duke Aeneas exempted from his native habitation, with many of his distreſſed Countrey men (like Pilgrims) wandred the world to finde some happy Region, where they

might erect the Image of their subverted Troy: but before that labour could bee accomplished, Aeneas ended his dayes in the confines of Italy, and left his son Askanius to govern in his stead: Askanius dying, left Silvius to rule: Silvius deceasing, left the noble and adventrous Brutus: which Brute (being the fourth descent from Eneas:) first made conquest of this Land of Britain, then inhabited with Monsters, Gyants, and a kind of wild people without government, but by policie, he overcame them, and established good Lawes: where hee founded the first foundation of new Troy, and named it Troynovant, but since by processe of time called London. Thus beganne the Ile of Britain to flourish, not onely with sumptuous buildings, but also with valiant and couragious Knights, whose adventures and bold attempts in Chivalry, Fame shall describe what oblivion buries in obscuritie. After this the Land was replenished with Cities, and divided into Shires, & Counties: Dukedomes, Earledomes, and Lordships, were the patrimonie of high and noble minds: wherein they lived not then like Cowards in their Mothers bosomes, but merited renown by martiall discipline: For the famous Citty of Coventrey was the place wherein the first Christian Champion of England was born, and the first that ever sought for forrain adventures, whose name to this day all Europe highly hath in regard: and for his bold and magnanimous deeds at armes, gave him this Title, The valiant Knight Saint George of England, whose golden Garter is not onely worne by Nobles, but by Kings: and in memory of his Victories the Kings of England fight under his Banner. Therefore Caliope, thou Sacred sister of the Muses, guide so my pen, that it may write the true Discourse of this worthy Champion.

When nature by true Consanguinity had created him in his Mothers womb, she dreamed to be conceived of a Dragon, which should bee the cause of her death: which dreame shee long concealed and kept secret, untill her painfull burden grew so heavie that her womb was scarce able to indure it, so finding opportunity to reveal it to her Lord and Husband, being then Lord high Steward of England, she revealed her dreame after this manner. My honourable Lord, you

you know I am by birth the King of Englands Daughter, and for these one and twenty years have I been your true and lawfull wife, yet never was in any hope of child till now, or that by me your name should survive: Therefore I conjure you by the pleasures of your youth, and the dear and naturall love you bear to the Infant conceived in my womb, that either by Art, wisdome, or some other inspiration, you calculate upon my troubleſome Dreames, and tell what they signifie: For these thirty nights past, my silent slumbers have been greatly hindred by grievous Dreams: for night by night no sooner could sweet sleep take possession of my sences, but me thought I was conceived with a dreadfull Dragon, which would bee the cause of his Parents death: even as Hecuba the beauteous Queen of Troy, when Paris was in her womb, dreamed to be conceived with a fire-brand, which indeed was truely verified: for Paris having ravished the Paragon of Greece, and brought Helena into Troy, in revenge thereof the Greciars turned the towers of Ilium into blazes of fire. Therefore most dear and well-beloved Lord, prevent the like danger, that I be not the mother of a dispersous Sonne. These words struck such terror to his heart, that for a time he stood speechlesse, but having recovered his lost senses, he answered her in this manner:

My most dear and beloved Lady, what Art, or Learning can perform, with all convenient speed shall be accomplished, for never shall rest take possession in my heart, nor sleep close up the closets of mine eyes, till I understand the signification of these thy troublesome dreames. So leaving her in her Chamber, in company of other Ladies that came to comfort her in her melancholy sadnesse, he took his journey to the solitary walks of Kalyb, the wise Lady of the woods, without any company except another Knight that bore under his arm a white Lamb which they intended to offer to the Inchantresse. So travelling for the space of two dayes they came to a thicket beset about with old, withered, and hollow Trees, wherein they were entertained with such dismall croking of night Ravens, hissing of Serpents, bellowing of Buls, and roaring of Monsters, that it rather seemed a wilderneſſe of Furies then a worldly habitation:

by

by which they knew it to be the Inchanted dale of Kalyb, the Lady of the woods, So pacing to the middle of the thicket, they came to a Cave, whose Gate and Entry was of Iron, whereon hung a Brazen Horn for them to wind that would speak with the Sorceresse. First, offering their Lamb with great humility before the postern of the Cave, then exempting all fear, they winded the Brazen Horn, the sound whereof seemed to shake the foundation of the Earth: after which they heard a loud and hollow voyce that uttered these words following:

Sir Knight from whence thou caw'st return,
Thou hast a Sonne most strangely born:
A Dragon that shall split in twain,
Thy Ladies womb with extreme pain:
A Champion bold from thence shall spring,
And practise many a wondrous thing.
Return therefore, make no delay,
For it is true what I here say.

THis dark Riddle, or rather mysticall Oracle, being thrice repeated in this order, so much amazed them that they stood in doubt whether it were best to return, or to wind the Brazen Horn the second time: but being perswaded by the other Knight, not to move the impatience of Kalyb, he rested satisfied with that answer.

Thus he left the Enchanted Cave to the government of Kalyb, and with all speed dispatched his journey to his native habitation: but in the mean time his Lady being overcharged with extreme pain and bitter anguish of her laboursome womb, was forced either to the spoyl of her Infant, or decay of her own life: but regarding more the benefit of her Countrey, than her own safety, and for

the

the preſervation of her childe, ſhe moſt willingly committed her tender womb to be opened, that her infant might be taken forth alive.

Thus with the conſent of many learned Chirurgions, this moſt noble and magnanimous Lady, was caſt into a dead ſléep, her womb cut up with ſharp Razors, and the Infant taken from the bed of his creation. Upon his breaſt nature hand pictured the lively form of a Dragon, upon his right hand a blood red Croſſe, and on his left leg a Golden Garter; they named him George, and provided him three Nurſes, one to give him ſuck, another to kéep him aſléep, and the third to provide him food. Not many dayes after his Nativity, the fell Enchantreſſe Kalby, being the utter enemy to true Nobility, by charmes and witchcrafts, ſtole this Infant from his careleſſe Nurſes: At which time (though all too late) her noble Lord and Husband returned, in good hope to hear a joyfull delivery of his Lady, and a comfort of a Son: but his wiſhed joy was turned into an unlookt for ſorrow, for he found not only his Lady, diſmembred of her womb, but his young ſon wanting, without any newes of his abode, which woefull ſpectacle bereaved him of his wits, that for a time he ſtood ſenſleſſe, like wéeping Niobe, but at laſt brake into theſe bitter exclamations.

O heavens! why cover you not the earth with everlaſting night? Why do theſe accurſed eyes behold the Sun? O that the waves of Oedipus might end my dayes, or like an exile, joy in baniſhment, where I may warble forth my ſorrowes to the whiſpering Woods, that ſenſeleſſe Trées may record my loſſe, and untamed Beaſts grieve at my want. What Monſter hath bereaved me of my childe? or what Tyrant hath béen glutted with his Tragedy? O that the winde would bée a Meſſenger, and bring me happy Newes of his abode: if hée bée drencht in the déepeſt Seas, thither will I dive to fetch him up: if hée bée hidden in the Caverns of the Earth, thither will I dig to ſée my ſon: or if he, like a feathered Foul, lie hovering in the Ayre, yet thither will I flie, and embrace him that never yet my eyes beheld. But why do I thunder forth my exclamations thus in vain, when neither Earth, nor Seas, nor any thing in Earth nor Seas will grant me comfort for his recovery?

Thus complayned hée many Moneths, for the losse of his Son, and sent Messengers into every Circuit of the Land, but no man proved so fortunate as to return him happy tydings. He thus being frustrate of all good hopes, stored himself with Iewels, and so intended to travell the wide World, either to spéed in his tourney, or to leave his bones in some forraigne Region. Thus leading his native Countrey, wandred from place to place, till the heirs of his head were grown as white as silver, and his beard like to the thistle down, but at last he ended his travell in Bohemia, where, what for age and excessive grief, he laid himself down under a ruinated Monstery wall, and dyed: the Commons of that Countrey having knowledge of his name (by a Iewell he wore in his bosome) engraved it in Marble stone right over his Sepulchre, where we leave him sléeping in peace, and turn to his Son remayning with Kalyb the Lady of the Woods in the inchanted Cave.

Now twice seven yéers were fully finished since Kalyb first had in keeping the Noble Saint George of England, whose minde many times thirsted after Honourable Adventures, and often attempted to set himself at liberty, but the fell Inchantresse tendring him, as the apple of her eye, appointed twelve sturdy Satyrs to attend his person, so that neither force, nor policy could further his intent: shée kept him, not to triumph in his Tragedy, nor to spend his dayes in slavery, but féeding his fancy with all delights and pleasures that Art and Nature could afford: For in him shée fixed her chief felicity, and lusted after his beauty: But hée séeking to advance himself by Martiall discipline and Knightly attempts, utterly refused her profered courtesie, and highly disdained to affect so wicked a Creature. Shée seeing her love bestowed in vain, upon a time being in a secret corner of her Cave, began to flatter him in this manner.

Thou knowest (my dear George) how worthily I have deserved thy love, and how for thy sake I have kept my Virginity unstained, yet thou more cruell than the Tygers bred in Lybia, reiectest me. Dear Knight, fulfill my desires, and at thy pleasure my charms shall practise wondrous things, as to move Heaven, to rain showers of Stones upon thy

Enemies

Enemies, to convert the Sun to fire, the Moone to blood, & make a desolation of the whole world.

The noble Knight Saint George considered in his mind that love would make the wisest blind: Therefore by these her faire promises he hoped to obtain liberty, the which moved him to make her this Answer.

Most wise and learned Kalyb, thou wonder of the world, I condescend to all thy desires, upon this condition, that I may bee sole Protector and Governour of this Inchanted Cave, and that thou describe to me my birth, my name, and parentage: thereto shee willingly consented, and began her Discourse in this manner: Thou art by birth said shee, Sonne to the Lord Albert High Steward of England, and from thy birth to this day have I kept thee as my child, within these solitary Woods: so taking him by the hand, shee led him into a Brazen Castle, wherein remained as Prisoners, six of the bravest knights in the World. These are, said shee, sir worthy Champions of Christendom; the first, is Saint Dennis of France; the second, Saint Iames of Spaine; the third, Saint Anthony of Italy; the fourth Saint Andrew of Scotland; the fifth, Saint Patrick of Ireland; the sixth, Saint David of wales and thou art borne to bee the seventh; thy name being Saint George of England, for so thou shalt be termed in time to come. Then leading him a little further, she brought him into a large faire roome, where stood seven of the goodliest Steeds that ever eye beheld, six of these (said shee) belong to the six Champions, and the seventh will I bestow on thee, whose name is Bayard: likewise shee led him to another roome, where hung the richest Armour in the World: so chosing out the strongest Collet from her Armory, she with her own hands buckled it about his breast, laced on his Helmet, and attired him with a rich Caparison: then fetching forth a mighty Faulchion, she put it likewise in his hand. Now (said shee) art thou armed in richer Furniture than was Ninus the first Monarch of the World: thy Steed is of such force and invincible power, that whilest thou art mounted on his back, there can be no Knight in all the World so hardy as to conquer thee: thy Armour is of the purest Lydian Steele, that neither weapon can pierce, nor Battel are bruise: thy Sword which is called Ascalon, is made of ỹ Cyclops that

it will separate and cut the hardest Flint, and hew in sunder the strongest Steele: for in the pummell lies such precious vertue, that neither Treason, Witchcrafts, nor any other violence can be offered thée, so long as thou wearest it.

Thus the lustfull Kalyb was so blinded in her own conceit, that shée not only bestowed the riches of her Cave upon him, but gave him power and authority through a Silver Wand which shée put in his hand, to work her own destruction: for comming by a huge great Rock of Stone, this valiant Knight strook his charming rod thereon: whereupon it opened, and shewed apparently before his eyes a number of sucking Babes, which the Enchantresse had murthered by her Witchcraft and Sorceries. O said shée, this is a place of horror, where nought is heard but scréeks and rufull groans of dead mens soules: but if thy eares can endure to heare them, and thy eyes behold them, I will lead the way. So the Lady of the Woods, boldly stepping in before, little doubting the pretended policy of Saint George, was deceived in her own practises: for no sooner entred she the Rock, but he strooke his Silver Wand thereon, and immediatly it closed, where she bellowed forth Exclamations to the senseless Stones, without all hope of delivery.

Thus this noble Knight deceived the wicked Enchantresse Kalyb, and set the other six Champions likewise at liberty, who rendred him all Knightly courtesies, and gave him thanks for their safe delivery. So storing themselves with all things fitting to their desires, took their journeyes from their enchanted Grove, whose procédings, fortunes, and heroicall Adventures shall bée shewed in the Chapters following.

CHAP.

CHAP. II.

Kalybs Lamentation in the Rock of Stone, her *Will* and Testament, and how she was torn in peeces by Spirits: with other things that hapned in the Cave.

BUt after the departure of the seven worthy Champions, Kalyb seeing her selfe fast closed in the Rock of Stone, by the policy of the English Knight, grew into such extream passion of minde, that she cursed the hour of her creation, and bitterly banned all motions of Conturation, the earth she wearied with her cryes, whereby the very stones seemed to relent, and as it were, wept pearled tears, and sweat with anguish of her griefe: the blasted Oakes that grew about the Enchanted Rock, likewise seemed to rue at her Exclamations, the blustring winds were silent, the murmuring of Birds still, and solitary dumbnesse took possession of every creature that abode within the circuits of the [illegible] to hear her wofull lamentations, which she uttered in [illegible] manner.

O miserable Kalyb! accursed [illegible] thy destiny: for now thou art inclosed within a desolate and a darksome Den where neither Sunne can lend thee comfort with his bright beames, nor Ayre extend breathing coolnesse to thy wofull body, for in the deep foundations of the Earth thou art for evermore inclosed that hast been the wonder of time for Magick: I that by Art have made my journey to the deepest dungeons of Hell, where multitudes of ugly, black, and fearefull Spirits have trembled at my Charms: I that have bound the Furies up in beds of Steele, and caused them to attend my pleasure like swarms of Hornets, that ever-spred the Mountaines in Egypt, or the Flies upon the parched Hils, where the

salvny tanned Mores do inhabit, am now constrained to languish in eternall darknesse: Woe to my soul, woe to my Charms, and woe to all my Magick Spels, for they have bound me in this hollow Rock: pale be the brightnesse of the cléer Sunne, and cover the Earth with everlasting darknesse: Skies turn to pitch, Elements to flaming Fire, roar Hell, quake Earth, swell Seas, blast Earth, Rocks rend in twain, all creatures mourn at my confusion, and sigh Kalybs woefull and pitifull Exclamations.

Thus wearied shée the time away, one while accusing Fortune of Tyranny, another while blaming the falshood and trechery of the English knight, sometimes tearing her curled locks of bristled haire, that like a wreath of Snakes hung dangling down her deformed neck, then beating her breasts, another while rending her Ornaments, whereby shée seemed more like a Fury than an earthly creature, so impatient was this wicked Enchantresse Kalyb, but being frustrate of all hope of recovery, began afresh to thunder forth these terms of Conjuration: Come, come you Princes of the Elements, come, come and tear this Rock in peces, and let me not bée inclosed in this eternall languishment: appear you Shadowes of black milky Night, Magoll, Cumoth, Helveza, Zontomo: Come, when I call, venite, festinate, inquam. At which words, the Earth began to quake, and the very Elements trembled, and all the Spirits both of Ayre of Earth, of Water, [illegible]ire, were obedient to her Charms, and by multitudes ca[illegible]king at her call: some from the Fire, in the likene[illegible]rning Dragons, breathing from their fearfull Nostrils, Sulphure and flaming Brimstone; some from the water, in shape of Fishes, with other deformed Creatures that have their abidings in the Seas; some from the Ayre the purest of the Elements, in the likenesse of Spirits and other bright shadowes; and other some from the grosse Earth, most ugly, black, and dreadfull to behold. So when these Legions of Spirits had incompast the wicked Enchantresse, Hell began to roar such an infernall and harsh melody, that the enchanted Rock burst in twaine, and then Kalybs Charms lost their effect, her Magick no longer endured than the term of an hundred yéere, the which as then were fully finished and brought to an end: then the Obligation whych

shée

thée subscribed whith her dearest blood, and sealed with her own hands, brought as a witnesse against her, by which she knew, and fully perswaded her self, that her life was fully finished: therefore in this most fearefull manner she began to make her last Will and Testament.

First, welcome (said shée) my sad Executors, welcome my grave and everlasting Tomb, for you have digg'd it in the Fiery lakes of Phlegeton, my winding sheet wherein to shrowd both my body and contemned soul, is a Cauldron of boyling Lead and Brimstone, and the Wormes that should consume my Carkasse, are Fiery Forks which tosse burning Fire-brands from place to place, from Furnace to Furnace, and from Cauldron to Cauldron, therefore attend to Kalybs wofull Testament, and engrave the legacies I give in Brasse Rolls, upon the burning banks of Acheron.

First, these eyes, that now too late weep helplesse tears, I give unto the Watry Spirits, for they have rakt the Treasures hidden in deepest Seas, to satisfie their most insatiate lusts: Next, I bequeath these hands which did subscribe the bloody Obligation of my perpetuall banishment from joy, unto those spirits that hover in the Ayre: my tongue that did conspire against the Majesty of Heaven, I give to those Spirits which have their being in the fire: my earthy heart, I bequeath to those grosse Demons that dwell in the dungeons of the Earth, and the rest of my condemned body, to the torments due to my deservings. Which strange and fearfull Testament, being no sooner ended, but all the Spirits generally at one instant, seized upon the Enchantresse, and dismembred her body to a thousand pieces, and divided her limbs to the four Elements; one member to the Ayre, another to the Water, another to the Fire, and another to the Earth, which was carried away in a moment by the Spirits, that departed with such a horrour, that all things within the hearing thereof suddenly died, both Beasts, Birds, and all creeping Wormes wich remained within the compasse of those enchanted Woods: the Trees which before were wont to flourish with green Leaves, withered away and dyed, the blades of Grasse perished for want of naturall moysture, which the watry clouds denied to nourish in so wicked a place.

Thus by judgement of the Heavens, senseless things perished

rished for the wickednesse of Kalby, whom we leave to her endlesse torments, and return to the seven worthy Champions of Christendom, whose laudable Adventures fame hath inrolled in the books of Memory.

CHAP. III.

How Saint George slew the burning Dragon in Egypt, and Redeemed Sabrah the Kings Daughter from death: How he was betrayed by Almidor the black Knight of Morocco, and sent to the Soldan of Persia, where he slew two Lyons, and remained seven yeers in prison.

AFter the seven Champions departed from the Enchanted Cave of Kalby, they made their abode in the City of Coventry, for the space of nine Moneths, In which time they erected a costly Monument, over the Herse of Saint Georges Mother, and so in that time of the yeer, when the Spring had overspread the Earth with the Mantles of Flora, they armed themselves like Wandring Knights, and took their iourney to seek for Forreign Adventures, accounting no dishonour so great, as to spend their dayes in idlenesse, atchieving no memorable accident. So travelling for the space of thirty dayes without any Adventure worthy the noting, at length they came to a broad plain, whereon stood a Brazen Pillar, where seven severall wayes met, which caused the seven Knights to forsake each others company, and to take every one a contrary way: where we leave six of the Champions to their contented Travels, and wholly discourse upon the fortunate successe of our worthy English Knight, who after some few Moneths travell, happily arrived within ỹ Territories of Egypt, which Countrey as then was greatly annoyed with a dangerous Dragon: but before he had iourneyed fully within the distance of a mile, the silent night approached, and solitary stilnesse took possession of all living things: at last he espied an old poore Hermitage, wherein he purposed to rest his horse, and to take some

repast

repast after his weary iourny, till the Sune had renewed his mornings light, that hée might fall to his travell again: but entring the Cottage, he found an aged Hermit over-worn with yéeres, and almost consumed with grieke, with whom in this manner he began to confer.

Father, (said he) for so you séem by your Gravity, may a Trabeller for this night crave entertainment within your Cottage, not only for himselfe but his Horse: or is there some City neare at hand, whereto I may take my iourney without danger? The old man starting at the sudden approach of Saint George, Replyed unto him in this order:

Sir Knight (quoth hée) of thy Countrey I néed not demand, for I know it by thy Burgonet, (for indéed thereon was graven the Armes of England,) but I sorrow for thy hard fortune, that it is thy destiny to arrive in this our Countrey of Egypt, wherein is not left sufficient alive to bury the dead, such is the distresse of this Land, through a dangerous and terrible Dragon now ranging up and down the Countrey, which if hee be not every day appeased with the body of a true Virgin, which hée deboureth down his venemous bowels, that day so neglected, will hée breath such a stinch from his Nostrils, whereof growes a most grievous plague and mortality of all things, which use hath béene observed for these foure and twenty yéers, and now there is not left one true Virgin but ỹ Kings only Daughter throughout Egypt, which Damosell to morrow must be offered up in sacrifice to the Dragon: therefore the King hath made Proclamation, that if any Knight dare prove so adventurous as to combate with the Dragon, and preserve his daughters life, hée shall in reward have her to his wife, and the Crown of Egypt after his decease.

This large proffer so encouraged the English Knight, that hée vowed either to redeem the Kings Daughter, or else to lose his life in that honourable Enterprise. So taking his repose and nightly rest, in the old mans Hermitage, till the chearefull Cock, being the true messenger of day, gave him warning of the Sunnes up-rise, which caused him to buckle on his Armour, and to furnish his Stéed with strong habiliments of Warre, the which being done, he took his iourney, guided only by ỹ old Hermit, to the Valley where the

Kings Daughter should bée offered up in sacrifice; But when he approached the sight of the Valley, hée espied afarre off a most faire and beautifull Damsell, attyred in pure Arabian Silk, going to Sacrifice, guarded to the place of death only by Sage and modest Matrons: which woefull sight encouraged the English Knight to such a forwardnesse, that hée thought every minute a day, till he had redéemed the Damsell from the Dragons tyranny: so approaching the Lady, he gave her comfort of delibery, and returned her back to her Fathers Pallace againe.

After this the Noble Knight, like a bold adventurous Champion, entred the Valley, where the Dragon had his residence, who no sooner had a sight of him, but hée gave such a terrible yell, as though it had thundred in the Elements: The bignesse of the Dragon was fearfull to behold, for betwixt his shoulders and his taile were fifty foot in distance, his Scales glistered as bright as Silver, but far more harder than Brasse, his Belly of the colour of Gold, but more bigger than a Tun. Thus weltred hée from his hideous Den, and so fiercely assayled the sturdy Champion with his burning Wings; that at the first Encounter hée had almost felled him to the Ground: but the Knight nimbly recovering himself, gave the Dragon such a thrust with his Speare, that it shivered in a thousand péeces. Whereat the furious Dragon so fiercely smot him with his venemous Tayle, that down fell man and horse, in which fall two of Saint George's Ribs were sore bruised: but yet stepping backward, it was his chance to leap under an Orenge Trée, which Trée had such precious vertue, that no venemous Worme durst come within the compasse of the Branches, nor within seven foot thereof, where this valiant Knight rested himself, untill he had recovered his former strength: who no sooner féeling his Spirits revived, but with an eager courage smot the burning Dragon under his yellow burnisht Belly, with his trusty Sword Ascalon, whereout came such abundance of ugly venome, that it sprinkled upon the Champions Armour, whereby immediately through the impoysonned strength of the venome, his Armour burst in twaine and the good Knight fell into so grievous a dead swound, that for a time he lay breathlesse: but yet having that

God

good memory remaining that hée tumbled under the branches of the Orenge Tree, in which place the Dragon could proffer him no further violence. The fruit of the Trée being of such an excellent vertue, that whosoever tasted thereof, should presently be cured of all manner of Diseases and infirmities whatsoever. So it was the noble Champions good and happy fortune, a little to recover through the vertue of of the Trée, and to espy an Orange which a little before had dropped down, wherewith he so refreshed himself, that he was in short time as sound as when hé began the Encounter. Then kneeled hee down, and made his Divine supplication to Heaven, that God would send him (for his dear Sons sake) such strength and agility of body, as to slay the furious, and terrible Monster: which being done, with a bold couragious heart, hé smote the Dragon under the wing, where it was tender without Scale, whereby his good sword Ascalon, with an easie passage, went to the very Hilts through both the Dragons Heart, Liver, Bone, and Blood, whereout issued such abundance of purple gore, that it turned the Grasse, which grew in the Valley, into a crimson colour, and the ground which was before parched, through the burning stinch of the Dragon, was now drenched with over-much moysture proceeding from his venemous bowels, where at last through want of blood, and long continuance in fight, the Dragon yelded his vitall Spirits to the force of the conquering Champion. The which being happily performed, the Noble Knight Saint George of England, first yelding due honour to Almighty God, for the Victory, then with his good Sword Ascalon cut off the dead Dragons Head, & pitcht it upon the truncheon of a Spear, which at the beginning of the battell he shivered against the Dragons Scaly back. During this long and dangerous Combat, his trusty Steed lay altogether in a swoun without any moving, which caused the English Champion with all speed to crush the juyce of an Orange into his cold mouth: the vertue whereof presently expelled the venemous poyson, and recovered his former strength again.

There was as then remaining in the Egyptian Court one Almidor, the black King of Morocco, who long had prosecuted (in the way of marriage) the love of Sabra the

Kings Daughter, but neither by policy, meanes, nor manhood, could hée accomplish what his heart desired: and now finding opportunity to expres his treacherous minde intended to rob and spoil Saint George of his Victory, whereby hée thought to attaine the gracious favour and singular good liking of his Lady and Mistresse, who lothed his company like the detested Crocodiles: even as the Wolf, though all in vain barkes at the Moon, so this fantasticall and cowardly Almidor, through many rich gifts and fair promises, hired twelve Egyptian Knights to beset the Valley where Saint George slew the burning Dragon, and by force to bereave him of his conquest, and so when this Magnanimous Champion of England came riding in Triumph from the Valley expecting to have bèen entertained like a Conquerour, with Drums and Trumpets, or to have beard the Bells of Egypt Ring a joyfull sound of Victory, or to have sèen the Streets beautified with Bonfires, contrary to his expectation, hée was met with Troops of Armed Knights, not to conduct him peacefully to the Egyptian Court, but by falshod and treachery to dispoil him of his life and honour: for no sooner had hée ridden past the entry of the Valley, but he espyed how the Egyptian Knights brandished their Weapons, and divided themselves, to intercept him in his journey to the Court: by which he knew them to bée no trusty Friends, but vowed Enemies. So tying his Horse to a Hathorn trée, hée intended to try his fortune on foot, for fear of disadvantage, they being twelve to one: in this Skirmish Saint George so valiantly behaved himself with his Trusty Sword Ascalon, that at one stroke he slew thrée of the Egyptian Knights, and before the Golden diamond of Heaven had wandred the Zodiack the compasse of an houre, some hée dismembred of their heads, some had their limbs lopt off, some their bodies cut in twain, and some their intrals traying down; so that not one was left alive to carry newes to Almidor the black King, which stood (during all the time of Skirmish) a far off upon a Mountain top, to behold the Successe of his hired Champions. But when hee saw the Egyptians bloody Tragedies, and how the happy fortune of the English Knight had won the honour of the day, hée accursed his destiny, and accused

his

the Queen of Chance with cruelty, for disappointing his pretended enterprise: but having a heart still fraught with all wicked motions, secretly vowed in his soul, to practise by some other treachery Saint George's utter confusion. So running before to the Court of King Ptolomie, not revealing what had hapned to the twelve Egyptian Knights, but crying in every place as he went, Victoria, Victoria, the Enemy of Egypt is slain. Then Ptolomy immediately commanded every Street of the City to bee hung with rich Arras and imbroidered Tapestry, and likewise provided a sumptuous Chariot of Gold, the Wheeles and other timber-work of the purest Ebony, the covering thereof of pure Silk, crossebard with pure staves of Gold: likewise an hundred of the Noblest Peers of Egypt attyred in Crimson Velvet, mounted on Milk-white Coursers, with rich Caparisons attended the comming of Saint George. Thus were all things appointed for his honourable Entertainment, which they performed in such solemn order, that I lack Eloquence to describe it: for when hee first entred the Gates of the City, hee heard such a melodious Harmony of heavenly sounding Musick, that it seemed in his conceit to surpasse the sweetnesse of all the Musick that ever hee had heard before. Then they most Royally presented him with a sumptuous and costly Ball of Gold, and after invested him in that Ebony Chariot, wherein he was conducted to the Pallace of King Ptolomy, where this Noble and Princely minded Champion, surrendred up his Conquest and Victory to the Ivory hands of the beauteous Sabra: where shee with like Courtesie and more humility requited his bounty: For at the first sight of the English Knight, shee was so ravished with his Princely Countenance, that for a time shee was not able to speak: Yet at last taking him by the hand, she led him to a rich Pavilion, where shee unarmed him, and with most precious salves imbalmed his wounds, and with her teares washed away the blood: which being done, shee furnished a Table with all manner of delicates for his repast, where her Father was present, who enquired of his Countrey, Parentage, and Name: after Banquet was ended hee enstalled him with the honour of Knight-hood, and put upon his feet a pair of Golden Spurres, But Sabra who fed

upon the banquet of his love, conducted him to his nights repose, where she sat upon his bed, and warbled forth most heavenly melody upon her Lute, till his senses were overcome with a sweet and silent sleep, where she left him for that night, after his late dangerous battell. No sooner did Auroraes radiant blush display the beauty of the East, and the Sun shew his morning countenance, but Sabra repaired to the English Champions lodging, and at his first up-rising presented him with a Diamond of most rare and excellent vertue, the which he wore upon his finger. The next that entred his Lodging, was the treacherous Almidor the Black King of Morocco, having in his hand a boule of Grecish Wine which he offered to the Noble Champion Saint George of England: but at the receit thereof, the Diamond the Lady gave him, which he wore upon his finger, waxed pale, and from his nose fell three drops of blud, whereat hee started, which sudden accident caused the Kings Daughter to suspect some secret poyson compounded in the Wine, and thereupon so vehemently screeked, that a sudden uproare presently overspread the whole Court: whereby it came to the Kings intelligence of the profered treachery of Almidor against the English Champion: But so dear was the love of the Egyptian King, to the black King of Morocco, that no belief of treachery could enter into his minde.

Thus Almidor the second time was prevented of his practice, whereat in minde he grew more enraged than a chafed Bore; yet thinking the third should pay for all, he expected a time wherein to work his wicked purpose, which hee brought to passe in this manner:

Many a day remained Saint George in the Egyptian Court, sometimes Revelling among Gentlemen, dancing and sporting with Ladies, other times in Tilts, and Turnaments, with other honourable Exercises: Likewise long and extream was the love that beautious Sabra bore to the English Champion, of the which this treacherous Almidor had intelligence by many secret practices, and many times his eares were witnesse of their Discourses. So upon an Evening, when the Gorgeous Sun lay levell with the ground, it was his fortune to walk under a Garden Wall, to take the coolenesse of the Eveninges Ayre, where unseen

of

of the two Lovers, hée heard their amorous Discourses as they sat dallying under a bower of Roses, courting one another in this manner:

My soules delight, my hearts chiefe comfort, sweet George of England, said the Love-sick Sabra: Why art thou more obdurate than the flint, whom the teares of my true heart can never mollifie? how many thousand sighes have I breathed for thy sweet sake, which I have sent to thée as true messengers of love, yet never wouldest thou requite me with a smiling countenance? Refuse not her, dear Lord of England, that for thy love will forsake Parents, Country, and inheritance, which is the Crown of Egypt, and like a Pilgrim follow thée throughout the wide World. Therefore knit that Gordian knot of Wedlock, that none but death can afterwards untie, that I may then say, The Sunne shall lose his brightnesse, the Moone her splendant beames, the Sea her tydes, and all things under the cope of Heaven grow contrary to kinde, before Sabra the Heyre of Egypt prove unconstant or sweet George of England.

These words so fired the Champions heart, that hée was almost intangled in the snares of love, which beforetime only affected Martiall Discipline: hée yet to try her patience a little more, made her this Answer: Lady of Egypt, canst thou not be content, that I have ventured my life to free thée from death, but that I should linke my future fortunes in a womans lap, and so bury all my honours in oblivion? No, no, Sabra, George of England is a Knight, born in a Country where true Chivalry is nourisht, and hath sworn to search the World, so farre as ever the lamp of Heaven doth lend his light, before hée tie himselfe to the troublesome state of Marriage, therefore attempt mée no more that am a Stranger and a Wanderer from place to place: but seek to aym at higher States, as the King of Morocco, who will attempt to clime to Heaven to gaine thy love and good liking: at which speéches shée suddenly Replyed in this manner:

The King of Morocco is as bloody-minded as a Serpent, but thou more gentle than a Lamb; his tongue as ominous as the screéching night Owle, but thine more sweéter than the morning Lark: his kinde imbracings like the

Kingins

stinging Snakes, but thine more pleasant than the créeping Vine. What if thou béest a Knight of a strange Countrey? thy body is more precious to mine eyes, than Kingdomes to my heart. There stay (Replyed the English Champion) I am a Christian, thou a Pagan: I honour God in Heaven, thou earthly shadowes here below: therefore if thou wilt obtaine my love and liking, thou must forsake thy Mahomet, and bée christned in our Christian Faith. With all my soule, (answered the Egyptian Lady) I will forsake my Countrey Gods, and for thy love become a Christian: and therewithall shée burst a Ring in twaine, the one half shée gave to him in pledge of love, and kept the other half her self: and so for that time departed the Garden.

During all the time of these their Discourses, the treacherous minded Almidor stood listning to their spéeches, and fretted inwardly to the bezy gall, to heare the Mistresse of his heart reiect his former courtesies: Therefore intending now or never to infringe their plighted band, went in all haste to the Egyptian King, and in this manner made his supplication.

Know great Monarch of the East, that I have a secret to unfold, which toucheth nérely the safe guard of your Countrey. It was my chance this Evening at shutting up of Titans golden gates, to take the comfort of the Western breathing ayre under your private Garden walk, where I heard (though unsén) a déep pretended Treason betwixt your Daughter and the English Knight, for shée hath vowed to forsake her Gods, and beléeve as Christians doe, and likewise shée intends to flie from this her native Countrey, & to goe with this wandring Traveller, which hath bén so highly honoured in your Court.

Now by Mahomet and all our Countrey Gods wée Egyptians commonly adore (said the King) this damned Christian shall not gaine the conquest of my Daughtes love, for he shall lose his head, yet not in our Egyptian Court, but by violence else-where. Therefore Almidor be secret in my intent, for I will send him to my Cousin the Persian Souldan, from whence hée shall never return to Egypt again, except his Ghost bring newes of his bad successe unto my Daughter: and thereupon they presently contrived this Letter:

The

The Leter to the Souldan of Persia.

IPtolomy King of Egypt, and the Easterne Territories, send Greeting to thee the mighty Souldan of Persia, great Emperour of the Provinces of bigger Asia. This is to request upon the League of Friendship betwixt us, to shew the Bearer hereof, thy Servant, Death: for hee is an utter Enemy to all Asia and Africa, and a proud Contemner of our Religion. Therefore faile not in my request, as thou wilt Answer on thy Oath, and so in haste farewell.

Thy kinsman Ptolomy the
King of Egypt.

WHich Letter being no sooner subscribed and sealed with the Great Seale of Egypt, but Saint George was dispatched with Embassage for Persia, with the bloody Sentence of his own destruction: to the true delivery whereof he was sworn by the honour of his Knight-hood, and for his pawn he left behinde him his good Steed, and his trusty Sword Ascalon in the keeping of Ptolomy the Egyptian King, only taking for his present day and easie travell one of the Kings Horses.

Thus the innocent Lambe betrayed by the wily Fore, was sent to the hunger-starved Lyons Den, being suffered not once to give his Lady and Mistresse understanding of his sudden departure, but travelled day and night through many a long and solitary Wildernesse, without any adventure worthy the memory, only hearing the dismall cry of Night Ravens thundring in his eares, and the fearefull sound of Schrich Owles in the crevices of the Earth, and such like messengers of mischance, which foretold some fatall accident to bee at hand: yet no feare could daunt his noble minde, nor danger hinder his intended travell, till he had a sight of the Souldans Pallace, which seemed more like Paradise, than any other earthly Habitation; for as the History reports, the Walls and Towers of the Pallace were of the purest Marble Stone, the Windowes of carved silver Worke,

enamelled with Indian Pearl, beset with latten and chrystall Glasse, the outward walls and buildings painted with Gold, the Pillars and Gates were all of Brasse; about the Pallace was a River of a great breadth and depth, over the same stood a stately Bridge erected up with sumptuous workmanship of graven Images, under the Bridge a hundred Silver Bels were hung by Art, so that no creature might passe into the Pallace but they gave warning to the Souldans Guard; at the end of the Bridge was built an Alabaster Tower, whereon stood an Eagle of Gold, his Eyes like the richest pretious Stones, the brightnesse whereof glistered so much, that all the Pallace did shine with the light thereof.

The day that Saint George entred the Souldans Court, was when the Persians solemnly Sacrificed to their Gods Mahomet and Apollo, which unchristian Procession so moved the impatience of the English Champion, that hée took the Ensignes and Streamers whereon the Persian Gods were pictured, and trampled them under his fæt: whereupon the Pagans presently fled to the Souldan for succour, and shewed him how a strange Knight had despised their Mahomet, and trampled their Banners in the dust. Hereupon hée sent an hundred of his armed Knights to know the cause of that suddaine uprore, and to bring the Christian Champion bound to his Majesty: but the Persian Knights were entertained with such a bloody banquet, that some of their heads tumbled in the miry Streets, and the Chanels ouer flowed with streams of their blood: the Pauements of the Pallace were ouer spread with slaughtred men, and the Wals be-sprinkled with purple goze: so victoriously hée behaued himselfe against the Enemies of Christ, that ere the Sunne had declined the West, he brought to ground most part of the Souldans Knights, and enforced the rest like frighted sheep, to flie to the Souldan for ayd and succour, which as then remained in the Pallace with a Guard of a thousand Souldiers: who at the report of this unexpected uprore furnished their Souldiers with Habiliments of War, and came marching from his Pallace with such a mighty power, as though the strength of Christendome had béene come to inuade the Territory of Asia. But such was the inuincible courage of Saint George, that hé encountred

with

with them all, and made such a Massacre in ỹ Souldans Court, that the Pavements were covered with slaughtered Persians, and ỹ Pallace Gate stuffed with heaps of murthered Pagans. At the last, the Larum Bels were caused to be rung, and the Beacons set on Fire, whereat the Commons of the Countrey rose in Armes, and came flocking about the English Champion like Swarmes of Bées: where at last through his long Encounter, and the multitude of his Enemies, his never daunted courage was forced to yeeld, and his restlesse arm wearied with fight, constrained to let his weapon fall to the ground.

Thus hée whose fortitude sent thousands to wander about the Banks of Acaron, stood now obedient to the mercies of his Enemies, which with their brandishing Weapons and sharpedged Fauchions environed him about.

Now bloody minded Monster (said the Souldan) what Countrey-man soever thou art, Jew, Pagan, or misbeléeving Christian, look for a Sentence of severe Punishment, for every drop of blood thy unhappy hand hath here shed: First, thy Skin with sharp Razors shall be pared from thy flesh alive: Next, thy flesh with burning Irons seared from thy bones: lastly, thy cursed Limbs drawn in pieces joynt from joynt, with untamed Horses. This bloody iudgement pronounced by the Souldan, moved saint George to Reply in this manner:

Great Potentate of Asia, I crave the liberty and Law of Armes, whereto all the Kings of the Earth are by Oath ever bound: First, my descent in my native Countrey is of Royall Blood, and therefore challenge I a combat: Secondly, an Embassadour I am from Ptolomy the King of Egypt, and therefore no violence should hée proffered me: Lastly, the Lawes of Asia grant me safe Conduct back to Egypt, therefore what I have done, Ptolomy must Answer: And thereupon he delivered the Letter sealed with the Great Seal of Egypt: the which was no sooner broken up and read, but the Soldans eyes sparkled like Fire, and upon his countenance appeared the Image of Wrath and discontent.

Thou art by the Report of Ptolomy (said the Souldan) a great Contemner of our Gods, and a Despiser of our Lawes: Therefore his Pleasure is, that I should end thy dayes by

some inhumane death: the which I sweare by Mahomet, and all my Country Gods to accomplish: and thereupon he gave him in keeping to an hundred of the Janniſaries, till the day of Execution, which was appointed within thirty dayes following. Hereupon they diſrobed him of his apparell, and attyred him in simple and base Array: his Armes that late were employed to weld the mighty Target, and tosse the weighty Battell-Axe, they strongly fettered up in Iron Bolts: and those hands which were wont to bee garniſhed with Steely Gauntlets, they bound up in hempen bonds, that the purple blood trickled down from his fingers ends, and so being diſpoyled of all knightly Dignity, they conbaid him to a deep, dark, and desolate Dungeon, wherein the golden Sunne did never shew his splendent Beames, nor never could the comfortable light of Heaven be seen: betwixt the day and night, no difference could bee make; the Summers parching heat, and Winters freezing cold, were both alike; his chiefest comforts were to number the Persians he had slain in the conflict, one while pondering in his restlesse thoughts the ingratitude of Ptolomy the Egyptian King, another while remembring his Love, his Vow and deep affection that he bare to the Egyptians Daughter, and how unkindly she tooke his departure, carving her Picture with the nails of his fingers upon the Wals of the Dungeon: to which senseleſſe substance hee many times would thus complain:

O cruell Deſtinies! why is this grievous punishment allotted to my Penance? Have I conspired against the Majesty of Heaven, that they have thrown this vengeance on my head? shall I never recober my former Liberty, that I may bee revenged upon the Causers of my imprisonment? frown angry Heavens, upon these bloody-minded Pagans, these daring Miscreants, and professed Enemies of Christ, and may the Plagues of Pharaoh light upon their Countreys, and the misery of Oedipus upon their Princes: that they may be eye-witnesses of their Daughters Ravishment, and behold their Cities flaming like the burning Battlements of Troy. Thus lamented he the losse of his Liberty, accursing his birth day, and hour of his creation, wishing that it never might be numbred in the yeer, but counted ominous to all ensuing

ensuing Ages. His sighes exceeded the number of the Ocean sands, and his teares the water bubbles in a rainy day, as one diminished, another presently appeared.

Thus sorrow was his companion, and despaire his chief sollicitor, till Hyperion with his Golden Coach had thirty times rested in Thetis purple Pallace, and Cynthia thirty times danc't upon the Chrystall Waves: which was the very time when as his moanes should end, according to the severe and cruell iudgement of the Souldan of Persia. But by what extraordinary meanes hée knew not. So expecting every minute to entertain the wished messenger of death, hée heard a far off the terrible roaring of two hunger-starved Lyons, which for the space of four dayes had bin restrained from their food and naturall sustenance, only to devour and staunch their hunger-starved bowels with the body of this thrice-renowned Champion: which cry of the Lyons so terrified his minde, that the hayre of his head grew stiffe, and his browes sweat water through anguish of his soul, so extremely he feared the remorselesse stroke of Death, that by violence he burst the Chains in sunder wherewith hée was bound, and rent the curled Tresses from his Head, that were of the colour of Amber, the which hée wrapped about his Armes against the assault of the Lyons, for hée greatly suspected them to be the Messengers of his Tragedy, which indeed was so appointed, for at that same instant they descended the Dungeon, being brought thither by the Guard of Janissaries, onely to make a full period of the Champions life. But such was the invincible fortitude of Saint George, and so politick his defence, that when the starved Lyons came running on him with open Jawes, hée valiantly thrust his steelved Armes into their throats (being wrapped about with the hayre of his head) whereby they presently choaked, and so hée pulled out their hearts.

Which Spectacle the Souldans Janissaries beholding, were so amazed with fear, that they ran in all haste to the Pallace, and certified the Souldan what had happened, who commanded every part of the Court to be strongly Guarded with Armed Soldiers, supposing the English Knight rather to be some Monster, ascended from the deep, than any Creature of humane substance, or else one possessed with

some Divine Inspiration, that by the force of Armes had accomplished so many adventurous Stratagems: such a terrour assailed the Souldans heart, seeing hee had slain two Lyons, and slaughtered two thousand Persians with his own hands, and likewise had intelligence how he slew a burning Dragon in Egypt, that he caused the Dungeon to bee closed up with Bars of Iron, lest he should by Policy or Fortitude recover his Liberty, and so endanger the whole Countrey of Persia: where hee remained in want, penury, and great necessity, for the term of seven Winters, feeding only upon Rats and Mice, with other creeping Worms which he caught in the Dungeon.

During which time hee never tasted the bread of Corn but of Bran, and Channell water, which daily was served him thorow Iron Gates, where now we leave Saint George languishing in great misery, and return again into Egypt, where we left Sabra the Champions betrothed Lady, lamenting the want of his company, whom she loved dearer than any Knight in the world.

Sabra that was the fairest Maid that ever mortall eye beheld, in whom both Art and Nature seemed to excell in curious Workmanship, her body being straiter than the stately Cedar, her Beauty purer than the Paphian Queenes: she one with over-burthened grief was quite altered, and the other stained with flouds of brackish teares, that daily trickled down her fair Cheeks: where upon sate she very image of discontent, the Map of Woe, and the onely Mirrour of Sorrow: shee accounted all company lothsome to her sight, and excluded ỹ fellowship of all Ladies, only betaking her self to a solitary Cabinet, where she sate sowing many a woefull story upon a crimson-coloured Sampler: whereon sometimes she bathed wounded hearts with lukewarme tears, that fell from ỹ conduits of her eyes, then presently with her crisped locks of hayre which dangled down her Ivery neck, she dried up the moysture of her sorrowfull teares: then thinking upon the plighted promises of her dearly beloved Knight, fell into these passions and pittifull complaints.

O Love (said shee) more sharp than the pricking brayar, with what unequality dost thou torment my wounded heart,

heart, not linking my deare Lord in the like affection of minde? O Vaine, if thou be impertous in thy Deity to whom both Gods and men obey, command my wandring Lord to returne againe, or grant that my soule may flie into the Clouds, that by the Winds it may bee blowne into his sweet bosome, where now lives my bleeding heart. But foolish fondling that I am, he hath rejected me, and shuns my company as the Syrens (else had hee not refused the Court of Egypt where he was honoured as a King) and wandred the World to seek another Love. No, no, it cannot be: he beares no such unconstant minde, and I greatly fear, some treachery hath bereaved me of his sight, or else some stony Prison includes my George from mee. If it be so, sweet Morpheus, thou God of golden Dreames, reveale to mée my Loves abiding, that in my sléep his shadow may appeare, and report the cause of his departure. After this passion breathed from the mansion of her soul, shée committed her watchfull eyes to the government of sweet Sleep, which being no sooner closed, but there appeared, as she thought, the shadow and very shape of her dearly beloved Lord, Saint George of England, not as he was wont to be flourishing in his glittering Burgonet of Steele, nor mounted on a stately Jennet, deckt with a Crimson Plume of spangled Feathers, but in over-worn and simple Attyre, with pale lookes and lean body, like to a Ghost risen from some hollow Grave, breathing as it were, these sad and wofull passions:

Sabra I am betraid for love of thee,
And lodg'd in hollow Caves of dismall night:
From whence I never more shall come to see
Thy loving countenance and beauty bright.
Remaine thou true and constant for my sake,
That of thy love they may no conquest make.

Let Tyrants think if ever I obtaine,
What here is lost by Treasons cursed guile:
False Egypts scourge I surely will remaine,
And turn to streaming bloud Moroccoes smile;
That damned dogge of Barbary shall rue,
The balefull stratagems that will ensue.

The Persian Towrs shall smoak with fire,
And lofty Babylon be tumbled downe:
The Crosse of Christendome shall then aspire
To weare the proud Egyptian triple crowne,
Jerusalem and Iuda shall behold
The fall of Kings by Christian Champions bold.

Thou Maide of Egypt, still continue chaste,
A Tyger seekes thy Virgins name to spill:
Whilst George of England is in prison plac't,
Thou shalt be forc't to wed against thy will.
But after this shall happen wondrous things,
For from thy wombe shall spring three mighty Kings.

This strange and wofull Speech was no sooner ended but she awaked from her sleep, and presently reached forth her white hands, thinking to imbrace him: but shee catched nothing but brittle Ayr, which caused her to renew her former complaints. O wherefore died I not in this my troublesome dreame (said the sorrowfull Lady) that my Ghost might have haunted those inhumane Monsters which have thus falsly betrayed the bravest Champion under the Cope of Heaven! For his sake will I exclaime against the ingratitude of Egypt, and like the ravisht Philomel, fill every corner of the Land with Ecchoes of his wrong: my woes shall exceed ye sorrowes of Dido Quæn of Carthage, mourning for Aeneas. With such like passions wearied she the time away, till twelve Months were fully finished: at last her Father understanding what fervent affection she bore to the English Champion, began in this manner to dilate.

Daughter (said the Egyptian King,) I charge thee by the band of Nature, and the true obedience thou oughtest to beare my age, to banish and exclude all fond affections from thy mind, and not thus to settle thy love upon a wandring Knight that is unconstant, and without habitation: thou seest he hath forsaken thee, and returned into his own Country, where he hath wedded a Wife of that Land and Nation: therefore I charge thee upon my displeasure to affect and love the black King of Morocco, that rightfuly hath deserved thee in marriage, which shal be shortly honourably holden to the honour of Egypt; and so departed

departed without any Answer at all: By which Sabra knew he would not be croſt in his will and pleaſure: therefore ſhée ſighed out theſe Lamentable words:

O unkinde Father, to croſſe the affection of his Child, and to force love where no liking is: Yet ſhall my minde continue true unto my deare betrothed Lord; although my body be forced againſt nature to obey, and Almidor have the honour of my Marriage Bed, Engliſh George ſhall enioy my true Virginity, if ever hée return againe to Egypt; and thereupon ſhée pulled forth a Chaine of Gold, and wrapt it ſeven times about her Ivory Neck. This (ſaid ſhé) hath ſeven dayes béen ſteept in Tygers blood, and ſeven nights in Dragons milk, whereby it hath obtained ſuch excellent vertue, that ſo long as I weare it about my Neck, no man on Earth can enioy my Virginity: though I bée forced to the ſtate of Marriage, and lie ſeven years in Wedlocks Bed, yet by the vertue of this Chaine I ſhall continue a true Virgin.

Which Words were no ſooner ended, but Almidor entred her ſorrowfull Chamber, and preſented her with a Wedding Garment, which was of the pureſt Medim Silk, imboſt with Pearle and rich refined Gold, perfumed with ſwéet Syrian Powders: it was of the colour of the Lillie, when Flora hath bedeckt the Fields in May with Natures ornaments: glorious and coſtly were her Veſtures, and ſo ſtately were her Nuptiall Rights Solemnized, that Egypt admired the bounty of her Wedding: which for ſeven dayes was holden in the Court of King Ptolomie, and then removed to Tripolie, the chiefe City in Babary, where Almidors forced Bride was crowned Quéene of Morocco: at which Coronation the Conduits ran with Gréekiſh Wines, and the Stréetes of Tripolie were beautified with Pageants and delightfull Shewes. The Court reſounded ſuch melodious Harmony as though Apollo with his Silver Harpe had deſcended from the Heavens: ſuch Tilts and Turnaments were performed betwixt the Egyptian Knights, and the Knights of Barbary, that they exceeded the Nuptialls of Hecuba the beauteous Quéene of Troy: which honourable proceedings we leave for this time to their own contentments, ſome Maſking, ſome Dancing, ſome Revelling, ſome Tilting, and ſome Banqueting. Alſo leaving the Champion

of England Saint George, mourning in ỹ Dunge on in Perſia as you heard before, and return to the other ſix Champions of Chriſtendome, which departed from the Brazen Pillar, every one his ſeverall way, whoſe Knightly and noble Adventures, if the Muſes grant mée the bounty of fair Caſtalian ſprings, I will moſt amply diſcover, to the honour of all Chriſtendome.

CHAP. IV.

How S. Denis the Champion of France lived ſeven years in the ſhape of an Hart, and how proud Eglantine the Kings Daughter of Theſſalie, was transformed into a Mulberie Tree, and how they both recovered their former ſhapes by meanes of Saint Denis his horſe.

CAlling now to memory the long and weary Travels Saint Dennis the Champion of France endured, after his departure from the other ſix Champions at the brazen Pillar, as you heard in the beginning of the former Chapter, from which he wandred through many a deſolate Grove and Wilderneſſe, without any adventure worthy the noting, till he arrived upon ỹ Borders of Theſſalie, (being a Land as then inhabited only with wild Beaſts:) wherein he endured ſuch a penury and ſcarcity of victuals, that hée was forced the ſpace of ſeven years to féed upon the Herbs of the Field, and the Fruites of Trées, till the haires of his Head were like to Eagles feathers, and the nailes of his fingers to birds clawes: his drink the dew of Heaven, the which hée licked from the Flowers in the Meddowes, the Attyre hée cloathed his body withall, bay leaves and broad Docks, that grew in the Wood, his Shoes the barks of Trées, whereon he travelled through many a thorny brake: But at laſt it was his fortune or cruell deſtiny, (being over preſſed with ỹ extremity of hunger) to taſte and féed upon the Berries of an Enchanted Mulberry Trée, whereby he loſt ỹ lively Form and Image of his

his humane substance, and was transformed into the shape and likenesse of a wilde Hart: Which strange and suddain Transformation, this noble Champion little mistrusted till hee espied his mishapen forme in a cleere Fountaine, which Nature had erected in a coole and shady Valley: but when he beheld the shadow of his deformed substance, and how his head late honoured with a Burgonet of Steele, now dishonoured with a paire of Silvane hornes: his face whereon the countenance of true Nobility was late characted, now covered with a beastlike similitude, & his body late the true Image of magnanimity, now over-spread with a hayry hide, in colour like to the fallow Fields: which strange alteration, not a little perplexed the minde of S. Denis, that it caused him with all speed (having the naturall reason of man still remaining) to repaire back to the Mulbery Tree again, supposing the Berries he had eaten, to be the cause of his Transformation, under which Tree the distressed Knight laid his deformed limmes upon the bare ground, and thus woefully began to complaine:

What magick Charmes (said hee,) or other bewitching Spels, remaine within this accursed Tree: whose wicked Frutt hath confounded my future Fortunes, and converted mee to a miserable estate; O thou Celestiall Director of the World, and all you pittifull Powers of Heaven, look down with kindly countenance upon my hapelesse Transformation, and bend your browes to beare my wofull Lamentation: I was of late a Man, but now a horned Beast, I was a Souldier, and my Countreys Champion, but now a loathsome Creature, and a prey for Dogs; my glistering Armour is exchanged into a Hide of Haire; my brave Array, more baser than the lowly Earth: henceforth in stead of Princely Pallaces, these shady Woods must serve to shrowd mee in: wherein my Bed of Downe must bee a heap of Sunne-burn'd Mosse: my sweet recording Musick the blustring of the Winds, that with tempestuous Gusts, doe make the Wildernesse to tremble: the Company I daily keep must bee the Silvane Satyres, Dryades, and fairy Nymphes, which never appeare to worldly eyes, but in twi-lights, or at the prime of the Moon: the Stars that beautifie the Christall Vayl of Heaven shall henceforth serve as Torches to light mee to my wofull Bed; the scowling Clowds shall bee my Canopy: my

clock to count how time runnes stealing on, the sound of hissing Snakes, or else the croaking of Toades.

Thus described hée his owne misery till the watry teares of calamity gushed out in such aboundance from the Conduits of his eyes, and his scorching sighes so violently forced from his bleeding breast, that they séemed as it were to constraine the untamed Beares, and mercilesse Tygers to relent at his moanes, and like to harmlesse Lambs sit bleating in the Wéeds to heare his wofull exclamations.

Long and many dayes continued this Champion of France in the Shape of a Hart, in more distressed misery than the unfortunate English Champion in Persia, not knowing how to recover his former likenesse, and humane substance. So upon a time, as hée lamented the losse of Natures Ornaments, under the Branches of that Enchanted Mulbery Trée, which was the cause of his Transformation, hée heard a most grievious and terrible groane, which hée supposed to bée the induction of some admirable accident that would ensue: So taking truce for a time with sorrowes, hée heard a hollow voyce breath from the Trunk of that Mulberry Trée, these words following.

The Voyce in the Mulbery Tree.

Cease to lament, thou famous man of France,
With gentle eares come listen to my moane:
In former times it was my fatall chance
To be the proudest Maid that ere was known:
By Birth I was the Daughter of a King,
Though now a breathlesse Tree and senceleſſe thing.

My Pride was such that Heaven confounded me,
A Goddesse in mine own conceit I was:
What Nature lent, too base I thought to be,
But deem'd my selfe all earthly things to passe:
And therefore Nectar and Ambrosia sweet,
The food of Heaven, for me I counted meet.

My Pride contemned still the bread of Wheat,
But purer Food I daily sought to finde,

Refined

Refined Gold was boyled in my meat,
Such selfe-conceit my Fancies fond did blinde:
For which the Gods above Trans formed mee,
From humane substance to this senceless Tree.

Seven yeares in shape of Hart thou must remaine,
And then the purple Rose by Heavens decree,
Shall bring thee to thy former shape againe,
And end at last thy wofull misery:
When this is done be sure thou cut in twaine,
This fatall Tree wherein I doe remaine.

After the voyce had breathed these Speeches from the Mulberry Tree, hee stood so much amazed at the strangenesse of the words, that for a time his sorrowes bereaved him of his speech, and his long appointed punishment constrained his thoughts to lose their naturall understanding: But yet at last recovering his sences, though not his humane likenesse, he bitterly complained of his hard misfortunes.

O unhappy creature (said the wofull Champion) more miserable than Progne in her Transformation, and more distressed then Acteon was, whose perfect picture I am made: His misery continued but a short season, for his own Dogs the same day tore him in a thousand pieces, & buried his Transformed Carkasse in their hungry bowels: mine is apointed by the angry Destinies, till seven times the Summers Sunne hath yearly repleniht his radiant brightnesse, and seven times the Winters Raine hath washt me with the showres of Heaven. Such were the complaints of the Transformed Knight of France, sometimes remembring his former fortunes, how hee had spent his dayes in the honour of his Countrey: sometimes thinking upon the place of his Nativity, renowned France, the Nurse and Mother of his life: sometimes treading with his foot (as for hands he had none) in sandy ground, ỹ print of the words the which the Mulberry Tree had repeated, and many times numbring the minutes of his long appointed punishment, with the Flowers of the Field. Tenne thousand sighes hee daily breathed from his breast, and still when the black and pitchy mantles of darke night had over spread the Azurd Firmaments, and drawne her Sable Curtains before the bright-

some

ſome windowes of the Heavens, all Creatures took their ſweet reposed reſt, and committed their tyred eyes to quiet ſléepes: All things were ſilent, except the murmuring of the running Waters, whoſe ſounding Muſick was the chiefeſt comfort this diſtreſſed Champion enioyed: the gliſtering Quéene of Night, clad in her chryſtall Robes thrée hundred times a yéere, was witneſſe of his nightly Lamentations: the wandring Howlet, that never ſings but in the Night, ſate yelling over his Head: the ruſull wéeping Nightingale with mournfull melody, chéerefully attended on his Perſon: for during the limitation of his ſeven years miſery, his truſty Stéed never forſook him, but with all diligence & true love attended upon him day and night, never wandring away, but ever kéeping him company: If the extream heat of Summer grew intollerable, or the pinching cold of Winter violent, his Horſe would be a ſhelter to defend him.

At laſt, when the terme of ſeven yeares was fully finiſhed, and that hée ſhould recover his former Subſtance, and humane Shape, his good Horſe which hée tendred as the apple of his eye, clambered a high and ſteép Mountaine, which nature had beautified with all kinde of fragrant Flowers, as odoriferous as the Garden of Heſperides: from whence hée pulled a branch of purple Roſes, and brought them betwixt his téeth to his diſtreſſed Maſter, being in his former paſſions of diſcontent, under the Mulberry Trée: The which the Champion of France no ſooner beheld, but he remembred that by a purple Roſe he ſhould recover his former ſimilitude; and ſo joyfully receiued the Roſes from his truſty Stéed: then caſting his eyes up to the Celeſtiall Throne of Heaven, hée conuaied theſe conſecrated Flowers into his empty Stomack.

After which hée laid him down upon the boſome of his Mother Earth, where he fell into ſuch a ſound ſléep that all his Senſes and vitall Spirits were without moving for the ſpace of foure and twenty houres. In which time the Windowes and the Doores of Heaven were opened, from whence deſcended ſuch a ſhowre of Raine, that it waſhed away his hayry Forth and beaſt-like Shape: his horned Head and long Viſage were turned againe into a lively Countenance, and all the reſt of his members, both Armes, Legs, Hands, Féet, Fingers Toes, with all the reſt of Natures Gifts, received their former Shape.

But

But when the good Champion awaked from his Sléep, and percived the wonderfull worckmanship of the Heavens, in Transforming him to his humane likenesse: First, hée gave honour to Almighty God: next kissed the Ground, whereon hée had lived so long in misery: then beholding his Armour which lay hard by him, bestained and almost spoyled with rust: his Burgonet and kéen edged Cutle-Axe besmeared over with dust: Then lastly, pondring in his minde, of the faithfull service his trusty Stéed had done him, during the time of his calamity, whose sable coloured Mane hung sizling down his brawny Neck, which before was wont to be Pleated curiously with Artificiall knots, and his Forehead which was wont to bée beautified with a Tawny Plume of Feathers, now disfigured with over-grown hayre: whereat the good Champion Saint Denis of France so much grieved, that he stroked down his Jetty back, till the hayre of his body lay as smooth as Arabian Silk: then pulled hée out his trusty Fauchion, which in many fierce assaults and dangerous Combats, had bén bached in the blood of his Enemies, which by the long continuance of Time tile, was almost consumed with cankered Rust, but by his labour and industrious paines, he recovered the former beauty and brightnesse again.

Thus both his Sword, his Horse, his Martiall Furniture, and all other Habliments of War being brought to their first and proper qualities, the Noble Champion intended to persevere and go forward in the adventure, in cutting down the unhappy Mulberry Trée: So taking his Sword, which was of the purest Spanish Stéel, gave such a stroke at ỹ root thereof, that at one blow he cut it quite in sunder, wherout presently flashed such a mighty Flame of Fire, that the Mane from his Horse Neck was burned, and likewise the hayre of his head had bén fired, if his Helmet had not preserved him: for no sooner was the Flame extinguished, but there ascended from the hollow Trée a naked Virgin (in Shape like Daphne which Apollo turned to a Bay Trée) fairer than Pigmalions Ivory Image, or the Northern driven snow, her Eyes more cléere than the Icie Mountains, her Chéeks like Roses dipt in Milk, her Lips more lovelier than the Turkish Rubies, her Alablaster Téeth like Indian Pearles, her Neck seemed an Ivory tower, her dainty Breasts a Garden were milk white

Doves

Doves late and sung: the rest of Natures lineaments a staine to Iuno, Pallas, or Venus, at whose excellent beauty, this valiant and undanted Champion more admired than at her wonderfull Transformation: For his eyes were so ravished with such exceeding pleasure, that his tongue could endure no longer silent, but was forced to unfold the secrets of his heart, and in these termes began to utter his minde.

Thou most Divine & singular ornament of nature, said he, fairer than the feathers of the silver Swan that swim upon Mæanders Christall Streams, and far more beautifull than Auroraes Morning Countenance, to Thée the Fairest of all faires, most humbly and onely to thy beauty do I here submit my Affections: Also I swear by the honour of my Knighthood, and by the love of my Countrey France (which vow I will not violate for all the Treasures of rich America, nor the golden Mines of Higher India) whether thou bée't an Angell descended from Heaven, or a Fury ascended from the vast Dominions of Proserpine: whether thou bée't som Fairy or Silvane Nimph, which inhabits in these fatall Woods, or else an Earthly Creature, for thy sins Transformed into this Mulberry Trée, I am not iudge. Therefore sweet Saint, to whom my heart must pay his Devotion, unfold to me thy Birth, Parentage, and Name, that I may the boldlier presume upon thy Courtesies. At which demand, this new-born Virgin, with a shamefast look, modest gesture, sober grace, and blushing countenance, began thus to Reply.

Sir Knight, by whom my life, my love, and fortunes are to be commanded, and by whom my humane Shape and naturall Form is recovered: First, know thou Magnanimous Champion, that I am by Birth the King of Thessalies Daughter, and my Name was called for my Beauty, proud Eglantine: For which contemptuous pride, I was Transformed into this Mulberry Trée, in which green substance I have continued fourteen yéers. As for my love, thou hast deserved it, before all other Knights in the World, and to thee do I plight that true promise before the Omnipotent Judger of all things: and before that secret promise shall be infringed, the Sun shall cease to shine by Day, and the Moon by night, and all the Planets forsake their proper nature.

At which words the Champion gave her the courtesie of his Countrey, and sealed her promises with a loving kisse.

After

After which, beautifull Eglantine being ashamed of her nakednesse, weaved her selfe a Gazment of grœne Rushes, intermixed with such variety of sundry Flowers, that it surpassed for workmanship the Indian Maidens curious Webs: her crisped Locks of hayre continued still of the colour of the Mulberry Tree: whereby she seemed like Flora in her greatest royalty, when the Fields were bedecked with Natures Tapestry.

After which shée washed her Lilly Hands, and Rosie-coloured Face in the Dew of Heaven: which she gathered from a Bed of Violets. Thus in her Grœn Vestiments, she intends in company of her true Love (the valiant Knight of France) to take her iourney to her Fathers Court, being as then the King of that Countrey: where after some few dayes Travell, they arrived safe in the Court of Thessaly, whose welcomes were to their owne wishes, and their entertainments most honorable: for no sooner did the King behold his Daughters safe approach, of whose strange Transformation he was ever ignorant, but he fell into such a deadly swoun, through the exœding ioy of her presence, that for a time his senses were without all vitall moving, and his heart imbrac'd so kindly her dainty body, and proffered such courtesie to the strange Knight, that Saint Denis accounted him the mirror of all Courtesie, and the pattrne of true Nobility.

After the Champion was unarmed, his stiffe and weary Limbs were bathed in new Milk and white wine, he was conveyed to a sweet-smelling fire made of Juniper, and the fair Eglantine conducted by the Maidens of Honor to a private Chamber where she was disrobed of her Silvane Attyre, and apparelled in a Vail of purple Silk: In which Court of Thessaly we will leave this our Champion of France with his Lady, and go forward in the Discourse of the other Champions, discovering what Adventures happned to them during the time of seven yeare: But first how Saint Iames the Champion of Spaine fell in love with a faire Iew, and how for her sake he continued seven yeares dumb: and after, if Apollo grant my Muse the gift of Scholerism, and dip my Pen in the Ink of Art, I will not rest my weary hand, till I have explained the honorable proœdings of the Knights of England, France, Spaine, Italy, Scotland, Wales, and Ireland, to the honour of Christendom, and the dishonour of all the professed Enemies of Christ.

CHAP. V.

How Saint Iames the Champion of Spaine, continued seven years dumb for the love of a faire Iew, and how he should have beene shot to death by the Maidens of Ierusalem, with other things which chanced in his Travels.

NOw must my Muse speak of the strange Adventures of Saint Iames of Spaine, the third Champion & renowned Knight of Christendom, and what hapned unto him in his seven years Travels through many a strange Countrey, both by Sea & Land, where his honourable Acts were so dangerous and full of wonder, that I want skill to expresse, and Art to describe: also I am forced for brevities sake, to passe over his fearfull and dangerous battell with the burning Drake upon the flaming Mount in Sicil, which terrible combat continued for the space of seven dayes and seven nights. Likewise I omit his Travell in Capadocia, through a Wilderness of Monsters: with his passage over the red Seas, where his Ship was devoured with Worms, his Mariners drowned, and Himselfe, his Horse and Furniture safely brought to Land by the Sea Nimphs and Mermaids: where after his long Travels, passed perils, and dangerous Tempests, amongst the boysterous billowes of the raging Seas, he arrived in the unhappy Dominions of Iuda, unhappy by reason of the long and troublesome misery he endured for the love of a faire Iew. For, comming to the beautifull City Ierusalem, (being in that Age the wonder of the World, for brave Buildings, stately Palaces, gorgeous Mountains, and fine wondring Temples) hee so admired the glorious Situation thereof (being the richest place that ever his eyes beheld) that he stood before the Walls of Ierusalem, one while gazing upon her golden Gates glittering against the Sunnes bright countenance, another while beholding her stately pinnacles whose lofty peering tops seemed to touch the Clouds; another while wondring at her Towers

at

of Jasper, Jet, and Ebony, her strong and fortified Walls three times doubled about the City, the glistering Spires of ỳ temple of Sion, built in the fashion and similitude of the Pyramides, the ancient Monument of Greece, whose Battlements were covered with steele, the Walls burnisht with Silver, and the ground paved with Tin. Thus as this Ennobled and famous Knight at Arms stood beholding the Situation of Ierusalem, there suddenly thundred such a peale of Ordinance within the City, that it seemed in his ravished conceit, to shake the Vayl of Heaven, and to move the deep Foundations of the fastened Earth: whereat his Horse gave such a sudden start, that hee leapt ten foot from the place whereon he stood. After this hée heard the sound of Drums, and the chéerefull Ecchoes of Brazen Trumpets, by which ỳ Valiant Champion expected some Honourable Pastime, or some great Turnament to bée at hand, which indéed so fell out: for no sooner did hée cast his vigilant eyes toward the East-side of the City, but hée beheld a Troop of well-appointed Horse come Marching through the Gates: after them twelve Armed Knights mounted on twelve Warlike Coursers, bearing in their hands twelve blood red Streamers whereon was wrought in Silk ỳ Picture of Adonis wounded with a Boar: after them the King drawne in a Chariot by Spanish Jennets, (which being a certain kinde of Steeds engendred by the Wind,) The Kings Guard were a hundred naked Mores, with Turkish Bowes and Darts, feathered with Rabens wings: after them marched Celestine the King of Ierusalems fair Daughter, mounted on a tame Unicorn, in her hand a Javelin of Silver, and Armed with a Breast plate of Gold, artificially wrought like the Scales of a Porcupine, her Guard were an hundred Amazonian Dames clad in green Silk: after them followed a number of Squires and Gentlemen, some upon Barbarian Steeds, some upon Arabian Palferies, and some on foot, in pace more nimble than the tripping Deere, and more swifter than the tamest Hart upon the Mountaines of Thessaly.

Thus Nebuzaradan Great King of Ierusalem (for so was hée called, solemnly hunted in the Wilderness of Iuda,) being a Country very much annoyed with wild Beasts, as the Lyon, the Leopard, the Bore, and such like; in which exercise, the King appointed as it was Proclaimed by his chief

Harrold at Armes, (the which hée heard repeated by a Shepheard in the Field,) that whoſoever ſlew the firſt wilde Beaſt in the Foreſt, ſhould haue in reward a Coſſlet of Stéel, ſo richly engraben, that it ſhould be worth a thouſand ſkales of Silber. Of which honourable enterpriſe when the Champion had underſtanding, and with what liberall bounty the adventurous Knights would hée rewarded, his heart was fraught with invincible courage, thirſting after glorious attempts, not onely for hope of gain, but for the deſire of honour, at which his illuſtrious and undaunted minde aymed at, to eternize his Déeds in the memorable Records of Fame, & to ſhine as a Chryſtall Mirrour to all enſuing Times. So cloſing down his Beber, and locking on his furniture, beſtrured ober the Plaines before the Hunters of Ieruſalem, in pace more ſwift than the winged Winds, till hée approached an old ſolitary and unfrequented Foreſt, wherein hée eſpied a huge and mighty wilde Bore lying before his Molly den, gnawing upon the mangled ioynts of ſome Paſſenger, which hée had murthered as he trabelled through the Foreſt.

This Bore was of wonderfull length and bigneſſe, and ſo terrible to behold, ỹ at the firſt ſight he almoſt daunted the Courage of the Spaniſh Knight: for his monſtrous head ſéemed ugly and deformed, his eys ſparkled like a fiery Furnace, his Tuskes more ſharpe than pikes of Stéel, and from his Noſtrils fumed ſuch a violent breath, that it ſéemed like a Tempeſtuous Whirle-winde, his Briſtles were more harder than ſeben times melted Braſſe, and his Tail more loathſome than a wreath of Snakes: néer whom when Saint Iames approached, and beheld how he drank the blood of Humane Creatures, and deboured their fleſh, he blew his Silber Horne, which as then hung at the Pummell of his Saddle in a Scarfe of gréen Silk: whereat the furious Monſter rouzed himſelf, and moſt fiercely aſſailed the Noble Champion, which moſt nimbly leaped from his Horſe, and with his Speare ſtroke ſuch a violent blow againſt the breaſt of the Bore, that it ſhibered into twenty pieces. Then drawing his good Fauchion from his ſide, hée gabe him a ſecond encounter: but all in baine, for hée ſtroke as it were on a Rock of Stone, or a Pillar of Iron, nothing hurtfull to the Bore: but at laſt with ſtaring eyes (which ſparkled like bur-

ning

ning Steel,) and with open Jawes, the greedy Monster assailed the Champion, intending to swallow him alive: but the nimble Knight as then trusted more upon policy than to fortitude, and so for advantage shipped from place to place, till on a sudden he thrust his keen edged Curtle-Ax down his intestine throat, and so most valiantly split his heart in sunder. The which being accomplished to his own desire, hee cut off the Boares Head, and so presented the honour of his Combat to the King of Ierusalem, who as then with his mighty Train of Knights, were but now entred the Forrest: who having graciously accepted the gift, and bountifully fulfilled his promises, demanded the Champions Countrey, his Religion, and place of his Nativity: who no sooner had intelligence that he was a Christian Knight, and borne in the Territories of Spaine, but presently his patience exchanged into extream fury, and by these words hee expressed his cankered stomack toward the Christian Champion.

Knowest thou not, bold Knight (said the King of Ierusalem) that it is the Law of Iuda to harbour no uncircumcised man, but either to banish him the land, or end his dayes by some untimely death? Thou art a Christian and therefore shalt thou dye: not all thy Countrey Treasures, the wealthy Spanish Mines, nor if all the Alpes, which divide the Countreyes of Italy and Spain, were turned to Hills of burnisht Gold, and made my lawfull Heritage, they should not redeem thy life. Yet for the honour thou hast done in Iuda I grant thee this favour, by the Law of Armes to chose thy death, else hadst thou suffered a rigorous torment. Which severe iudgement so amazed the Champion, that desperately hee would have killed himself upon his own sword, but that hee thought it a more Honour to his Countrey to die in the defence of Christendome. So like a true Enobled Knight, fearing neither the threats of the Iewes, nor the impartiall stroak of the fatall Sisters, he gave this sentence of his own death. First hee requested to be bound to a Pine Tree with his breast laid open naked against the Sun: then to have an houres respite to make his supplication to his Creator, and afterwards to bee shot to death by a true Virgin.

Which Words were no sooner pronounced, but they disarmed him of his Furniture, bound him to a Pine-Tree, and

laid his breast open, ready to entertain the bloody stroke of some unrelenting Maiden: but such pitty, meeknesse, mercy, and kinde lenity lodged in the heart of every Maiden, that none would take in hand or bée the bloody Executioner of so brave a Knight. At last the Tyrannous Nabuzaradan gave strickt comandment upon pain of death that Lots should bée cast among the Maidens of Iuda that were there present, and to whom the Lot fell, shée should be the fatall Executioner of the condemned Christian. But by fortune the Chance fell to Cœlestine the Kings own Daughter, being the Paragon of beauty, and the fairest Maid then living in Ierusalem, in whose heart no such deed of cruelty could be harboured, nor in whose hand no bloody Weapon could bée entertained. In stead of deaths fatall instrument, shée shot towards his breast a déep strained sigh the true Messenger of love, and afterwards to Heaven, she thus made her humble Supplication.

Thou Great Commander of Celestiall moving Powers, convert the cruell mottons of my Fathers minde, into a spring of pittifull teares, that they may wash away the blood of this innocent Knight, from the habitation of his stained purple soul. O Iuda and Ierusalem, within whose bosomes lives a Wilderneſſe of Tygers, degenerate from natures kinde, more cruell than the hungry Cannibals, and more obdurate than untamed Lyons: what mercilesse Tygar can unzip that breast, where lives the Image of true Nability, the very pattern of Knight-hood, and the Map of a Noble minde? No, no, before my hand shall bée stained with Christians blood, I will like Scilla, against all nature, sell my Countreys safety, or like Medea wonder with the Golden Fléece to unknown Nations.

Thus, and in such manner complained the beauteous Celestine the Kings Daughter of Ierusalem, till her sighes stopped the passage of her Speech, and her teares stained the naturall beauty of her Rosie chéeks: her hayres which glittered like to golden wires, she besmeared in dust, and disrobed her self from her costly Garments, and then with a Train of her Amazonian Ladies, went to the King her Father, where after a long suite, shée not onely obtained his life, but liberty, yet therewithall his perpetuall Banishment from Ierusalem, and from all Borders of Iuda, the want of whose sight more grieved her heart, than the losse of her own life. So this noble

and

and praise-worthy Celestine returnes to the Christian Champion, that expected every minute to entertain the sentence of death, but his expectation fell out contrary: for the good Lady after she had sealed two or three kisses upon his pale Lips, being changed through the fear of death, cut the bands that bound his body to the Tree, into many pieces, and then with a flood of salt teares, the motions of true love, shee thus revealed her minde.

Most noble Knight, and true Champion of Christendom, thy life and liberty I have gained, but therewithall thy banishment from Iuda, which is a hell of horror to my soule: for in thy bosom have I built my happinesse, and in thy heart I account the Paradise of my true love: thy first sight and lovely countenance did ravish me, for when these eyes beheld thee mounted on thy Princely Palfry, my heart burned in affection towards thee: therefore dear Knight, in regard of my love, bee thou my Champion, and for my sake weare this Ring, with this Posie engraven in it, Ardeo affectione: and so giving him a Ring from her finger, and therewithall a kisse from her mouth, shee departed with a sorrowfull sigh, in company of her Father, and the rest of his honourable Traine, back to the City of Ierusalem, being as then neare the setting of the Sunne. But now Saint Iames the Champion of Spaine having escaped the danger of death, and at full liberty, to depart from that unhappy Nation, he fell into many cogitations, one while thinking upon the true love of Celestine (whose name as yet he was ignorant of) another while upon the cruelty of her Father: in intending to depart into his own Countrey, but looking back to the Towers of Ierusalem, his minde suddenly altered, for whether hee purposed to goe, hoping to have sight of his Lady and Mistresse, and to live in some disguised sort in her presence, and bee her Loves true Champion against all Commers. So gathering certaine black Berries from the Trees, hee coloured his body all over like a Blackamoore: but yet considering that his Countrey speech would discover him, intended likewise to continue dumb all the time of his residence in Ierusalem.

So all things ordered according to his desire, hee took his iourney to the City, where with signes and other motions of dumbnesse, hee declared his intent, which was to

be

bée entertained in the Court, and to spend his time in the service of the King. Whose countenance when the King beheld, which seemed of the naturall colour of the Moores, hée little mistrusted him to bée the Christian Champion whom before hée greatly envied, but accounted him one of the bravest Indian Knights that ever his eyes beheld: therefore hée installed him with the honour of Knighthood, and appointed him to bée one of his Guard, and likewise his Daughters onely Champion. Thus when Saint Iames of Spaine saw himselfe invested in that honoured place, his soule was ravished with such exceeding ioy, that hée thought no pleasure comparable to his, no place of Elisium but the Court of Ierusalem, and no goddesse but his beloved Celestine.

Long continued hée dumb, casting forth many a loving sigh in the presence of his Lady and Mistresse, not knowing how to reveale the secrets of his minde.

So upon a time, there arrived in the Court of Nabuzaradan, the King of Arabia, with the Admirall of Babylon, both presuming upon the love of Celestine, and craving her in the way of marriage, but she exempted all their motions of love from her chaste minde, onely building her thoughts upon the Spanish Knight, which shee supposed to bée in his own Countrey.

At whose melancholy passions her importunate Suters, the King of Arabia, and the Admirall of Babylon marvelled: and therefore intended upon an evening to present her with some rare devised maske. So choising out fit Consorts for their courtly pastimes, of which number the King of Arabia was chiefe and first Leader of the Traine, ỹ great Admirall of Babylon was the second, and her own Champion Saint Iames the third, who was called in the Court by the name of the dumb Knight, in this manner the mask was performed.

First, entred a most excellent Consort of Musick, after them the aforesaid Maskers in cloath of gold, most courtously imbroidered, and danced a course about the Hall, at the end whereof the King of Arabia presented Celestine with a costly Sword, at the Hilt whereof hung a silver Globe, and upon the point was erected a golden Crowne: then the Musick sounded another course, of which the Admirall of Babylon was Leader, who presented her with a Vesture of pure

silk

Silk, of the colour of the Rain Bow, brought in by Diana, Venus, and Iuno: which being done, the Musick sounded the third time, in which course Saint Iames (though unknown) was the Leader of the Dance, who at the end thereof likewise presented Celestine with a Garland of sweet Flowers, which was brought in by the three Graces, and put upon her head. Afterward the Christian Champion intending to discover himselfe unto his Lady and Mistresse, took her by the lilly hand, and led her a stately Morisco Dance, which was no sooner finished, but he offered her the Diamond Ring which shee gave him at his departure, in the Woods, the which shee presently knew by the Poesie, and shortly after had intelligence of his long continued dumbnes, his counterfeit colour, his changing of nature, and the great danger that he put himselfe to for her sake: which caused her with all the speed shee could possibly make, to break off company, and to retire into a chamber which shee had hard by, where the same evening she had a long conference with her true and faithfull Lover and adventurous Champion: and to conclude, they made such agreement betwixt them, that the same night, unknown to any in the Court, shee bade Ierusalem adue, and by the light of Cynthia's glistering beames stole from her Fathers Pallace, where in company of none but Saint Iames, shee took her iourney toward the Countrey of Spaine. But this noble Knight by policy prevented all ensuing dangers, for he shod his Horse backwards, whereby when they were missed in the Court, they might bee followed the contrary way.

By this means escaped the two Lovers from the fury of the Iews, and arrived safely in Spain, in the City of Sivil, wherein the brave Champion Saint Iames was born: where now wee leave them for a time to their own contented minds. Also passing over the hurly burly in Ierusalem for the losse of Celestine, the vaine pursutes of adventurous Knights, in stopping the Ports and Havens, the preparing of fresh Horse to follow them, and the mustering of Souldiers to pursue them, the frantick passions of the King for his Daughter, the melancholy moane of the Admirall of Babylon for his Mistresse, and the wofull lamentation of the Arabian King, for his Lady and Love: wee will returne to the Adventures of the other Christian Champions.

CHAP. VI.

The terrible Battell betwixt Saint Anthony the Champion of Italy, and the Gyant Blanderon; & afterward of his strange entertainment in the Gyants Castle, by a Thracian Lady; and what hapned to him in the same Castle.

IT was at that time of the year, when the Earth was newly deckt with her Summers livery, when the Noble and Heroicall minded Champion Saint Anthony of Italy arrived in Thracia, where hée spent his seven years Travels to the honour of his Countrey, the glory of God, and to his owne still lasting memory: For after he had wandred through Woods and Wilderneſſes, by Hils and Dales, by Caves and Dens, and other unknown Passages, he arrived at last upon the top of an high and steepy Mountaine, whereon stood a wonderfull huge and strong Castle, which was kept by the most mighty Gyant under the cope of Heaven, whose puissant force all Thracia could not overcome, nor once attempt to withstand, but with the danger of their whole Countrey. The Gyants name was Blanderon, his Castle of the purest Marble Stone, his Gates of yellow Brasse, and over the principall Gate was Graven in Letters of Gold, these Verses following.

Within this Castle lives the scourge of Kings,
A furious Gyant, whose unconquered power
The Thracian Monarch in subiection brings,
And keeps his Daughtes Prisoners in his Tower:
Seaven Damsels fair the monstrous Gyants keeps,
That sing him Musick while he nightly sleeps.

His Bars of Steele a thousand Knights have felt,
Which for these Virgins sakes have lost their lives:
For all the Champions bold that with him dealt,
This most intestine Gyant still survives:

Let

Let simple Passengers take heed in time,
When up this steepy Mountain they do clime.

But Knights of worth, and men of Noble minde,
If any chance to travell by this Tower,
That for these Maidens sakes will be so kinde,
To try their strengths against the Gyants power,
Shall have a Virgins prayer both day and night,
To prosper them with good successefull fight.

After hée had read what was written over the Gate, desire of Fame so incouraged him, and the thirst of Honour so imboldned his valiant minde, that he either vowed to redéem these Ladies from their servitude, or die with honour by the fury of the Gyant. So going to the Castle Gate, hée stroke so vehemently thereon, with the Pummell of his Sword, that it sounded like a mighty Thunder-clap: Whereat Blanderon suddenly started up, being fast asléep close by a Fountaines side, and came pacing forth at the Gate with an Oke Tree upon his neck: who at the sight of the Italian Champion so lightly flourished it about his head, as though it had been a light Curtle-Axe, and with these Words gave the noble Champion entertainment.

What Fury hath incenst thy over-boldned minde (proud princock) thus to adventure thy feeble force, against the violence of my strong Armes? I tell thée: haddest thou the strength of Hercules, who bore the Mountain Atlas on his shoulders, or the policy of Vlisses by which the City of Troy was ruinated, or the might of Xerxes, whose Multitudes drunk up the Rivers as they passed: yet all too feeble, weak, and impotent to encounter with the mighty Gyant Blanderon: thy force I esteém like a blast of winde, and thy strokes as a few drops of water: Therefore betake thée to thy weapon, which I compare to a Bul-rush; for on this ground will I measure out thy Grave, and after cast thy feeble Palfery with one of my hands, headlong down this steepy Mountain.

Thus boasted the vain-glorious Gyant, upon his own strength. During which time, the valorous and hardy Champion had alighted from his Horse, where after hée had made his humble Suplication to the Heavens for his good spéed, and

committed his Fortune to the impartiall Queene of Destiny, hée approached within the compasse of the Gyants reach, who with his great Oke so nimbly bestird him, with such vehement blowes, that they séemed to shake the Earth, and to rattle against the Walls of the Castle like mighty thunder-claps, and had not the politick Knight continually skipped from the fury of his blowes, he had béene brused as small as flesh unto the Pot, for every stroke that the Gyant gave, the root of his Oke entred at the least two or three inches déep into the ground. But such was the wisedome and policy of the worthy Champion, not to withstand the force of his Weapon, till the Gyant grew breathlesse, and not able through his long labour to lift the Oake above his head, and likewise the heat of the Sun was so intolerable (by reason of the extreame heighth of the Mountaine, and the mighty waight of his Iron Coat) that the sweat of the Gyants Browes ran into his eyes, and by the reason that he was so extreame fat, hée grew so blind, that hée could not sée to endure Combat with him any longer, and as farre as he could perceive would have retyred or runne back againe into his owne Castle, but that the Italian Champion with a bold courage assailed the Gyant so fiercely, that hée was forced to let his Oke fall, and stand gasping for breath, which when this Noble Knight beheld, with a fresh supply he redoubled his blowes so couragiously, that they battered on the Gyants Armour like a storme of winters Haile, whereby at last, Blanderon was compelled to ask the Champion mercy, and to crave at his hands some respite of breathing: but his demand was in vaine, for the valiant Knight supposed, now or never to obtaine the honour of the day, and therefore rested not his weary Arm, but redoubled blow after blow, till the Gyant for want of breath, and through the anguish of his déep gashed wounds, was forced to give the World a farewell, and to yéeld the riches of his Castle to the most renowned Conqueror S. Anthony, the Champion of Italy: But by that time the long and dangerous encounter was finished, and the Gyant Blanderon's Head dissevered from his body, ỳ Sun sat mounted on the highest part of the Elements, which caused the day to be extream hot and sultry, whereby the Champions Armour so extreamly scalded him, that he was constrained to unbrace his Corslet, and to lay aside his Burgonet, and to cast

his

his body on the cold Earth, onely to mitigate his ouer-burthened heat. But such was the unnaturall coleneſſe of the Earth, and ſo unkindly to his ouer-laboured body, that the melted greaſe of his inward parts was coled ſuddenly, whereby his body receiued ſuch unnaturall diſtemperature, that the vapors of the Earth ſtroke preſently to his heart, by which his vitall ayre of life was excluded, and his body without ſenſe or moving: where in the mercy of pale Death, hee lay bereaued of feeling for the ſpace of an houre.

During which time faire Roſſalinde (one of the Daughters of the Thracian King, being as then Priſoner in the Caſtle) by chance looked ouer the Wals, and eſpyed the body of the Gyant headleſſe, under whoſe ſubiection ſhee had continued in great ſeruitude, for the time of ſeuen Moneths, likewiſe by him a Knight unarmed, as ſhee thought panting for breath, the which the Lady iudged to be the Knight that had ſlaine the Gyant Blanderon, and the man by whom her deliuery ſhould bee recouered, ſhee preſently deſcended the Wals of the Caſtle, and ran with all ſpeed to the aduenturous Champion, whom ſhee found dead. But yet being nothing diſcouraged of his recouery, feeling as yet a warme blood in euery member, retired back with all ſpeed to the Caſtle, and fetcht a Box of precious Balme, the which the Gyant was wont to poure into his wounds after his Encounter with any Knight: with which Balme this curteous Lady chafed euery part of the breathleſſe Champions body, one while waſhing his ſtiffe Limbs with her ſalt teares, the which like pearles fell from her eyes, another while dryed them with the Treſſes of her golden hayre, which hung dangling in the Wind, then chafing his libeleſſe body againe with a Balme of a contrary nature, but yet no ſigne of life could ſhee eſpie in the dead Knight: which cauſed her to grow deſperate of all hope of his recouery. Therefore like a louing, meeke, and kinde Lady, conſidering ſhee had loſt his life for her ſake, ſhee intended to beare him company in death, and with her owne hands to finiſh up her dayes, and to die upon his Breaſt, as Thisbe died upon the Breaſt of her true Pyramus: therefore as the Swanne ſings a while before her

death, ſo his ſorrowfull Lady warbled forth this Swan-like Song over the body of the Noble Champion.

Muſes come mourn with dolefull melody,
Kinde Silvan Nymphes that ſit in roſie bowers,
With brackiſh teares commix your harmony,
To waile with me both minutes, dayes and houres.
A heavie, ſad, and Swan-like ſong ſing I,
To eaſe my heart a while before I die.

Dead is the Knight for whom I live and die,
Dead is the Knight, which for my ſake is ſlain:
Dead is the Knight, for whom my carefull cry,
With wounded ſoul, for ever ſhall complain,
A heavie, ſad, and Swan-like ſong ſing I,
To eaſe my heart a while before I die.

Ile lay my breaſt upon a ſilver ſtream,
Anſk ſwim into Eliſiums Lilly fields:
There in Ambroſian Trees Ile write a theame,
Of all the wofull ſighes my ſorrow yeelds.
A heavie, ſad, and Swan-like ſong ſing I,
To eaſe my heart a while before I die.

Farewell fair Woods, where ſing the Nightingales,
Farewell fair Fields, where feed the light-foot Doe,
Farewell you Groves, you Hils, and Flowry Dales,
But fare you ill, the cauſe of all woes:
A heavie, ſad, and Swan-like ſong ſing I,
To eaſe my heart a while before I die.

Ring out my ruth, yon hollow Caves of ſtone,
Both Birds and Beaſts, with all things on the ground:
You ſenſeleſſe Trees, b'aſſiſtant to my mone,
That up to Heauen my ſorrowes may reſound.
A heavie, ſad, and Swan-like ſong ſing I,
To eaſe my heart a while before I die.

Let all the Towns of Thrace ring out my knell,
And write in leaves of Braſſe what I have ſaid:

That after Ages may remember well,
How Rossalinde both liv'd and dy'd a Maid:
A heavie, sad, and swan-like song sing I,
To ease my heart awhile before I die.

This wofull ditty was no soner ended, but the desperate Lady unsheathed the Champions Sword, which as yet was all besprinkled with the Gyants blood, and being at the very point to execute her intended Tragedy, and the sharp-edged weapon directly against her Ivory Breast, shee heard the distressed Knight give a grievous & terrible groan, whereat she stopped her remorseleese hand, and with more discretion tendered her owne safety: for by this time the Balme wherewith shee annoynted his body, by wonderfull operation, recovered the dead Champion, insomuch that after some few gasps and heavie sighes, hee raised up his stiff Limbes from the cold Earth, where like one cast into a Trance, for a time he gazed up and downe the Mountain, but at the last having recovered his lost Senses, espied the Thracian Damsell stand by not able to speak one word, her joy so abounded: But after some continuance of time, he revealed to her the manner of his dangerous encounter, and successefull Victory; and she the cause of his recovery, and her intended Tragedy. Where, after many kinde salutations, she courteously took him by the hand, and led him into the Castle, where for that night hee lodged his weary Limbes in an easie Bed stuffed with Turtle Feathers, and softest Thistle Down: the Chamber where he lay, had as many Windowes as there were Months in the yeer, and as many doores, as there were Quarters in a yeare, and to describe the curious Architecture, and the artificiall Workmanship of the place, were too tedious, and a work without end.

But to be short, the noble minded Knight slept soundly after his dangerous battell, without mistrust of Treason, or rebellious cogitatiõs, till golden Phœbus bade him good-morrow. Then rising out of his loathfull Bed, he Attyred himselfe, not in his wonted Habiliments of War, but in purple Garments according to the time of peace, and so intended to over view the rarities of the Castle: But the Lady Rossalinde all the morning was busied in looking to his horse, preparing delicates

for

for his repast, and in making a fire against his up-rising, where after hée had refresht his weary spirits with a dainty Banket, and carousèd down two or thrée Bowles of Grécish wine, he after by the counsell of Rossalinde, stripped the Gyant from his Iron Furniture, and left his naked body upon a craggy Rock, to be devoured of hungry Ravens: which being done, the Thracian Virgin discovered all the secrets of the Castle to the adventurous Champion: First, she led him to a leaden Tower: where hung a hundred well approved Corslets, with other martiall Furniture, which were the spoyles of such Knights as he had violently slain: after that, she brought him to a Stable, wherein stood a hundred pampered Jades, which daily fed upon nothing but humane flesh: Against it was directly placed the Gyants own lodging, his Bed was of Iron, Corded with mighty Bars of Steele, the Tester and Covering of Carved Brasse, the Curtains were of Leaves of Gold, and the rest of a strange and wonderfull substance of the colour of the Element: after this shée led him to a broad Pond of water more clear than quick silver, the Streams whereof lay continually as smooth as Chry stall, whereon swam six milk-white Swans with Crowns of Gold about their necks.

Here, said the Thracian Lady, begins the hell of all my griefe. At which words a pearled showre of teares ran from the conduits of her eyes, that for a time they stald the passage of her tongue: but having discharged her heart from a few sorrowfull sighes, shée began in this manner to tell her forepassed fortunes:

These six milk-white Swans, most honourable Knight, you behold swimming in this River (quoth the Lady Rossalinde) be my naturall Sisters, both by birth and blood, and all Daughters to the King of Thrace, being now Governor of this unhappy Countrey, and the beginning of our imprisonment began in this unfortunate manner:

The King my Father, ordained a solemne hunting to bée holden through the Land, in which honourable Pastime, my selfe in company of my six Sistes was present. So in the middle of our Sports, when the Lords and Barons of Thracia were in Chase after a mighty thée Lyon, the Heavens suddenly beganne to lowre, the Firmaments over-cast, and a generall darknesse over-spread the Face of the whole Earth:

Earth: then presently rose such a Storme of Lightning and Thunder, as though Heaven and Earth had met together: by which our Lordly Troop of Knights and Barons were separated one from another, and we poore Ladies forced, by misfortune to seek for shelter under the bottome of this high and steepy Mountaine: where, when this cruell Gyant Blanderon espyed us, as hee walked upon his Battlements, he suddenly descended the Mountaine, and fetcht us all under his Arm up into the Castle, where ever since wee have lived in great servitude: and for the wonderfull Transformation of my six Sisters, thus it came to passe as followeth:

Upon a time the Gyant being over-charged with Wine, grew enamoured upon our Beauties, and desired much to enjoy ỳ pleasures of our Virginities, our excellent gifts of Nature so enflamed his minde with Lust, that he would have forced us every one to satisfie his sinfull desires: hee took my them Sisters one by one into his Lodging, thinking to deflowre but their earnest prayers so prevailed in the sight of God, that he preserved their Chastities by a most strange and wonderfull Miracle, and turned their comly Bodies into the Shape of milk-white Swans, even in the same Forme as here you see them swimming. So when this monstrous Gyant saw that his intent was crost, and how there was none left behind to supply his want, but my unfortunate selfe, hee restrained his filthy lust, not violating my honour with any staine of infamy, but kept me ever since a most pure Virgin, only with sweet inspiring Musick to bring him to his sleep.

Thus have you heard (most Noble Knight) the true Discourse of my most unhappy Fortunes, and the wonderfull Transformation of my six Sisters, whose losse to this day is greatly lamented throughout all Thracia: and with that word thee made an end of her Tragicall Discourse, not able to utter the rest for weeping. Whereat the Knight being oppressed then with like sorrow imbraced her about the slender waist, and thus kindly began to comfort her:

My most deare and kinde Lady, within whose countenance I see how Vertue is enthronized, and in whose minde lives true magnanimity, let these few Words suffice to comfort thy sorrowfull Cogitations. First, think that the Heavens are most beneficiall unto thee, in preserving thy

chastity from the Gyants insatiate desires: then for thy delivery by my meanes from thy slavish servitude: thirdly and lastly, that thou remaining in thy naturall shape and likenesse, mayest live to bee the meanes of thy Sisters Transformations: Therefore dry up these Chrystall pearled teares, and bid thy long continued sorrowes adue: for griefe is companion with despaire, and despaire a procurer of infamous death.

Thus the woefull Thracian Lady was comforted by the noble Christian Champion: where, after a few kinde greetings, they intended to Travell to her Fathers Court, there to relate what had hapned to her Sisters in the Castle, likewise the Gyants confusion, and her own safe delivery, by the illustrious Prowesse of the Christian Knight. So taking the keyes of the Castle, which were of a wonderfull waight, they locked up the Gates, and paced hand in hand downe the steepy Mountaine, till they approached the Thracian Court, which was distant from the Castle some ten miles: but by that time they had a sight of the Pallace, the Sunne was wandred to the under World, and the light of Heaven sate muffled up in Clouds of pitch, the which not a little discontented the weary Travellers: but at last comming to her Fathers Gate, they heard a solemn sound of Bels, ringing the funerall knell of some Noble State: the cause of which solemne ringing they demanded of the Porter, who in this manner expressed the truth of the matter unto them.

Faire Lady, and most renowned Knight (said the Porter) for so you seeme, both by your speeches and honourable demands, the cause of this ringing is, for the losse of the Kings seven Daughters, the number of which Bels be seven, called after the names of the seven Princesses, which never yet have ceased their dolefull melody, since the departure of the unhappy Ladies, nor never must, untill joyfull newes be heard of their safe return.

Then now their taskes be ended, (said the noble minded Rossalinde) for we bring happy newes of the seven Princesses abidings. At which words the Porter being ravished with joy, in all haste ranne to the Steeple, and caused the Bels to cease. Whereat the King of Thrace being at his Royall Supper, and hearing the Bels to cease their wonted melody,

melody, suddenly started up from his Princely Seat, and like a man amazed ranne to the Pallace Gate, whereas hée found his Daughter Rossalinde in company of a straunge Knight: which when hée beheld, his ioy so exceéded, that hée swounded in his Daughters bosome, but being recovered to his former sense he brought them up into his Princely hall, where their entertainments were so honourable, and so gracious in the eyes of the whole Court, that it were too tedious and overlong to describe: but their ioy continued but a short season; for it was presently dasht with Rossalindes Tragicall Discourse: for the good old King when he heard of his Daughters Transformations, and how they lived in the shape of Milke-White Swans, he rent his Locks of silver hayre, which time had dyed with the pledge of wisdome: his rich Imbroydered Garments hée tore in many pieces, and clad his Aged Limbes in a dismall black, and sable Mantle, as discontented then as the wofull King of Troy, when hée beheld his owne Sonne dragged by the hayre of his head up and downe the Stréts: also hée commanded, that his Knights and adventurous Champions, in stead of glistering Armour, should weare the Wéeds of Death, more black in hue than Winters darkest nights, and all the Courtly Ladies and gallant Thracian Maidens, in stead of silken Vestiments, hée commanded to wear both heavie, sad, and malancholy Ornaments, and even as unto a solemne funerall, to attend him to the Gyants Castle; and there obsequiously to offer up unto the angry Destinies, many a bitter sigh and teare, in remembrance of his Transformed Daughters; which Decrée of the sorrowfull Thracian King was performed with all convenient spéed: for the next morning no sooner had Phœbus cast his beauty into the Kings Bed-chamber, but hée apparelled himselfe in mourning Gazments, and in company of his melancholy Traine, set forward to his wofull Pilgrimage. But here we must not forget the Princely minded Champion of Italy, for the noble Lady Rossalinde, who at the Kings departure towards the Castle, craved leave to stay behinde, and not so suddenly to begin new Travels: whereunto the King quickly condescended, considering their late iourney the evening before: so taking the Castle Keyes from the Champion, hée bade his Pallace adue, and committed his Fortune

to his sorrowfull journey; where wee leave him in a world of discontented passions, and awhile Discourse what hapned to the Christian Champion and his beloved Lady: for by that time the Sunne had thrice measured the World with his restlesse Steedes, and thrice his sister Luna wandred to the West, the Noble Italian Knight grew weary of his long continued rest, and thought it a great dishonour and a scandall to his valiant minde, to remaine where nought but Chamber Sports were resident, and desired rather to abide in a Court that entertained the dolefull murmuring of Tragedies, or where the joyfull sound of Drums and Trumpets should be heard: therefore he took Rosalinde by the hand, being then in a dump for the want of her father, to whom the Noble Knight in this manner expressed his secret intent:

My most devoted Lady and Mistresse (said the Champion) a second Dido for thy Love, a Elaine to Venus for thy Beauty, Penelopes compare for constancie, and for chastity the wonder of all Maids: the faithfull love that hitherto I have found since my arrivall, forever shall be shrined in my heart, and before all Ladies under the cope of Heaven, thou shalt live and die my Loves true Goddesse: and for thy sake Ile stand as Champion against all Knights in the World: But to impaire the honour of my Knight-hood, and to live like a Carpet Dancer in the Laps of Ladies I will not: though I can tune a Lute in a Princes Chamber, I can sound a fierce Alarum in the Field, Honour calls mee faith, deare Rosalinde, and Fame intends to buckle on my Armour, which now lies rusting in the Isle Court of Thrace: Therefore I am constrained (though most unwilling) to leave the comfortable sight of thy Beauty, and commit my fortune to a longer Travell; but I protest, whersoever I become, or in what Region soever I bee harboured, there will I maintaine to the losse of my life, that both thy love, constancy, beauty, and chastity, surpasseth all Dames alive: and with this promise, my most divine Rosalinde, I bid thee heartily well. But before the honourable-minded Champion could finish what hee had purposed to utter, the Lady being wounded inwardly with extreame griefe, notable to moure to keep silent any longer, but into tears falling from her eyes, brake off his speech in this manner:

Sir Knight (said shée) by whom my Liberty hath béen obtained: the name of Lady and Mistresse wherewith you entitle mée, is too high and proud a Name, but rather call mée Hand-maid, or thy servile Slave, for on thy Noble Person will I ever more attend: It is not Thrace can harbour mée when thou art absent, and before I doe forsake thy company and kinde Fellowship, Heaven shall bée no Heaven, the Sea no Sea, nor the Earth no Earth: but if thou provest unconstant, as Nisus did to Scilla, who for his sake stole her Fathers purple Hat, whereon depended the safety of his Countrey, or like wandring Aeneas forsake the Queene of Carthage: these tender and soft hands of mine shall never bée unclapsed but hang upon thy Horse Bridle, till my body like Thestus Sonne bée dasht in sunder against hard Flinty Stones: Therefore forsake me not, dear Knight of Christendome. If ever Camina proved true to her Sinatus, or Alsione to her Ceyx, Rosalinde will bée as true to thée: so with this plighted promise shée caught him fast about his Neck, from whence shée would not unclose her hands, till he had vowed by the Honour of true Chivalry, to make her sole Companion, and only Partner in his Travels: and so in this order it was accomplished.

They being both agréed, shée was most trimly Attyred like a Page, in gréene Sarcenet, her Hayr bound up most cunningly with a Silk List, artificially wrought with curious knots, that shée might travell without suspition or blemish of Honour; her Rapier was a Turkish Blade, and her poynted of the finest fashion, which shée wore at her back tyed with an Orenge tawnie coloured Scarfe, beautified with Tassels of unwoven Silk, her Buskins of the smoothest Kids Skins, her Spurs of the purest Lydian Steele. In which when the Noble and Beautifull Lady was Attyred, shée seemed in Stature like the God of Love, when he sate dandled upon Didoes Lap, or rather Ganimede, Joves Minion, or Adonis, when Venus shewed her white Skin, to entrap his eyes to her unchast desires. But to bée briefe, all things being in readinesse for their departure from Thrace, this Famous Worthy Knight mounted upon his eager Steed, and the magnanimous Rosalinde on her gentle Palfray, in pace more easie than the winged Winds, or a Cockle Boat floating upon Chrystall Streames, they both rode so

to the Countrey of Thracia, and committed their iourney to the Queene of Chance: Therefore smile Heavens, and guide them with a most happy Starre, untill they arrive where their souls doe most desire. The bravest and boldest Knight that ever wandred by the way, and the most loveliest Lady that ever eye beheld.

In whose Travels my Muse must leave them for a season, and speak of the Thracian Mourners, which by this time had watered the earth with abundance of their Ceremonious teares, and made the Elements true witnesses of their sad Laments, as hereafter followeth in this next Chapter.

CHAP. VII.

How Saint Andrew the Champion of Scotland, travelled into a Vale of walking Spirits, and how hee was set at liberty by a going Fire, after his iourney into Thracia, where he recovered the six Ladies to their naturall Shapes, that had lived seven years in the likenesse of milk white Swans, with other accidents that befell the most Noble Champions

NOw of the honourable Adventures of S. Andrew the famous Champion of Scotland, must I Discourse, whose seven years Travels were as strange as any of the other Champions: For after he had departed from the Brazen Pillers as you heard in the beginning of the History, hee travelled through many a strange & unknown Nation, beyond the Circuit of the Sun, where but one time in the yeare hee shewes his bright some Beames, but continually darknesse over spreads the Countrey, and there lives a kinde of people that have heads like dogs, that in extremity of hunger doe devoure one another, from which people this noble Champion was strangely delibered, where after he had wandred some certaine dayes, neither seeing the gladsome brightnesse of the Sunne, nor the comfortable countenance of the Moon, but one-

ly

ly guided by duskie Planets of the Elements, he happed to a Vale of walking Spirits: which he supposed to be the very Dungeon of burning Acheron: there he heard the blowing of unseen fires, broyling of Furnaces, ratling of Armour, trampling of Horses, gingling of Chaines, lumbring of Iron, roaring of Spirits, and such like horrible noyses, that it made the Scotish Champion almost at his wits end: But yet having an undaunted courage, exempting all feare, hee humbly made his Supplication to Heaven, that God would deliver him from that discontented place of terror: and so presently as the Champion kneeled upon the barren ground (whereon grew neither herb, flower, grasse, nor any other græn thing) hee beheld a certaine flame of Fire, walking up and down before him, whereat hee grew in such an extasie of feare, that hee stood for a time amazed, whether it were best to go forward, or to stand still: But yet recalling his sences, he remembred himselfe, how he had read in former times of a going Fire called Ignis fatuus, the Fire of Destiny, by some, Will with the Wisp, or Will with the Lanthorn; and likewise, by some simple Country people, The faire maid of Ireland, which commonly used to lead wandring Travellers out of their wayes: The like imaginations entred the Champions minde. So encouraging himselfe with his owne conceites, and chearing up his dull sences, late oppressed with extream fear, hee directly followed the going Fire, which so lustily went before him, that by the time the Guider of the night had climed twelve Degrees in the Zodiack, hee was safely delivered from the Vale of walking Spirits, by the direction of the going Fire.

Now began the Sunne to dance about the Firmament, which he had not seene in many moneth before: whereat his dull sences much reioyced, being long covered before with darknesse, that every step he trode was as pleasurable, as though hee had walked in a Garden bedeckt with all kinde of fragrant Flowers,

At last, without any further molestation, hee arrived within the Territories of Thracia, a Country as you heard in the former Chapter, adorned with the beauty of many faire Woods and Forrests, through which hee travelled with small rest, and lesse sleep, till hee came to the foot of the Mountaine, whereupon stood the Castle wherein the wofull

King,

King of Thracia in company of his sorrowfull Subiects, still lamented the unhappy Destinies of his six Daughters, turned into Swans having Crowns of Gold about their neckes; When the valiant Champion Saint Andrew beheld the lofty Situation of the Castle, and the invincible strength it seemed to bee of, he expected some strange Adventure to befall him in the said Castle: So preparing his Sworde in readinesse, and buckling close his Armour, which was a shirt of silver Maile for lightnesse in Travell, he climed the Mountain, whereupon he espied the Gyant lying upon a craggy Rock, with Limbs and Members all rent and torne, by the fury of hunger-starved Fowles: which loathsome spectacle was no little wonder to the worthy Champion, considering the mighty Stature and bignesse of the Gyant: where leaving his putrified body to the Winds, he approached the Gates: where after he had read the Superscription over the same, without any interruption entred the Castle, whence he expected a fierce encounter by some Knight that should have defended the same: but all things fell out contrary to his imagination, for after he had found many a strange novelty and hidden secret closed in the same, he chanced at last to come where the Thracians duly observed their Ceremonious Mournings, which in this order was daily performed, first upon Sundayes, which in that Countrey is the first day in the Week, all the Thracians Attired themselves after the manner of Bacchus Priests, and burned perfumed Incense, with sweet Arabian Frankincense, upon a Religious Shrine, which they offered to the Sunne, as chiefe Governour of that day, thinking thereby to appease the angry Destinies, and so recover the unhappy Ladies to their former Shapes: upon Mondayes clad in Garments after the manner of Silvanes, a colour like to the waves of the Sea, they offered up their woefull teares to the Moone, being the Guider and Mistresse of that day: upon Tuesdayes like Souldiers trailing their Banners in the dust, and Drums sounding sad and dolefull melody, in signe of discontent, they committed their proceedings to the pleasure of Mars, being Ruler and Guider of that day: upon Wednesday like Scholars, unto Mercury: upon Thursday, like Potentates, to Iove: upon Friday like Lovers, with sweet sounding Musick to Venus: & upon Saturday like manuall Professors, to the angry & discontented Saturn.

Thus

Thus the wofull Thracian King, with his sorrowfull subiects, consumed seven Moneths away, one while accusing Fortune of despight, another while the Heavens of iniustice: the one for his Childrens Transformations, the other for their long limited punishments. But at last, when the Scotish Champion heard what bitter moan the Thracian made about the River, hee demanded the cause, and to what purpose they observed such vain Ceremonies, contemning the Majesty of Iehovah, and onely worshipping but outward and vain Gods: to whom the K. after a few sad tears strayned from the conuits of his aged eys, Replyed in this manner.

Most Noble Knight, for so you seem by your gesture and other outward appearance, (quoth the King,) if you desire to know the cause of our continuall grief, prepare your ears to hear a Tragick and wofull Tale, whereat me thinks I see the Elements begin to mourn, and cover their Azured countenance with sable Clouds. These Milkwhite Swans you see, whose necks are beautified with golden Crowns, are my six naturall Daughters, Transformed into this Swan like substance, by the appontment of the Gods: for of late this Castle was kept by a cruell Gyant named Blanderon, who by violence would have ravished them, but the Heavens to preserve their Chastities, prevented his lustfull desires, and Transformed their Beautifull Bodies to these milk-white Swans: And now seven times the chærefull Spring hath renewed the Earth with a Summers Liverie: and seven times the nipping Winter Frosts have bereaved the Trees of leaf and bud, since first my Daughters lost their Virgins shapes: Seven Sumers have they swum upon this Chrystall Streame: where, in stead of rich attyre, and imbroydered Vestments, their smooth silver coloured Feathers adorne their comely Bodies: Princely Pallaces, wherein they were wont, like tripping Sea-nymps, to dance their measures up and down, are now exchanged into cold streames of water: wherein their chiefest melodie, is the murmuring of cold liquid bubbles, and their ioyfulnest pleasure to hear the harmony of humming Bees, which some Poets call the Muses birds.

Thus have you heard (most worthy Knight) the rufull Tragedy of my Daughters, for whose sakes I will spend the

remnant of my dayes heavily, complayning of their long appointed punishments, about ỳ Banks of this unhappy river. Which sad Discourse was no sooner ended, but the Scotish Knight (having a minde furnished with all Princely thoughts and a tongue washt in the Fountaine of Eloquence) thus Replyed, to the comfort and great reioycing of the Company.

Most noble King (quoth the Champion) your heavie and dolorous Discourse hath constrained my heart to a wonderfull passion, and compelled my very soule to rue your Daughters miseries: But yet a greater grieke and deeper sorrow than that hath taken possession in my Breast, whereof my eyes have beene witnesse, and my eares unhappy hearers of your misbeliefe, I mean your unchristian Faith: For I have seene since my first arrivall into this same Castle, your prophane and vaine Worshipping of strange and false gods, as of Phœbus, Luna, Mars, Mercury, and such like Poeticall Names, which ỳ Majesty of High Iehovah utterly contemns. But magnificent Governour of Thracia, if you seek to recover your Daughters happinesse by humble Prayers, and to obtaine your soules content by true teares, you must abandon all such vaine Ceremonies, & with true humility Beleeve in the Christians God, which is the God of wonders, and chiefe Commander of the rowling Elements, in whose quarrell this uncorquered Arm, and this undaunted Heart of mine shall fight: and now be it known to thee, great King of Thrace, that I am a Christian Champion, by birth a Knight of Scotland, bearing my Countreys Armes upon my Breast (for indeed thereon hee bore a Silver Crosse set in blue Silk) and therefore in the Honour of Christendome, I challenge forth the proudest Knight at Armes, against whom I will maintain that our God is the true God, and the rest fantasticall and vaine Ceremonies.

Which sudden & unexpected Challenge, so daunted the Thracian Champions, that they stood amazed for a time, gazing upon one another, like men dropt from the Clouds: but at last consulting together, how the challenge of the strange Knight, was to the dishonour of their Countrey, and utter scandall of all Knightly Dignity: they, with a generall consent craved leave of the King that the Challenge might be taken, who as willingly condescended as they demanded. So both time and

place

place was appointed, which was the next morning following, by the Kings commandment, upon a large and plain Medow close by the Rivers side, whereon the fir Swans were swimming: whereupon after the Christian Champion had cast down his Steely Gauntlet, and the Thracian Knight accepted thereof, every one departed for that night, the Challenger to ỳ East side of the Castle to his Lodging, and the Defendants to the West, where they slept quietly till the next morning, who by the break of day were wakened by a Herald at Arms: but all the passed Night, our Scotish Champion never entertained one motion of rest, but busied himself in trimming his Horse, buckling on his Armour, Lacing on his Burgonet, and making Prayers to the Divine Majesty of God, for the Conquest and Victory, till the Mornings beauty chased away the darknesse of the Night: and no sooner were the windowes of the day fully opened, but the Valiant and noble minded Champion of Christendome entered the List, where ỳ King in company of the Thracian Lords was present to behold the combate: and so after Saint Andrew had twice or thrice traced his Horse up and down the Lists, bravely flourishing his Lance, at ỳ top whereof hung a Pendant of Gold, whose Poesie was thus writen in silver Letters, This day a Martyr, or a Conquerour: Then entred a Knight, in exceeding bright Armour, mounted upon a Courser as white as the Northerne Snow, whose Caparison was of the colour of the Elements; betwixt whom was a fierce Encounter: but the Thracian had the foil, and with disgrace departed the Lists. Then secondly, entred another Knight in Armour, Varnished with green Varnish, his Steed of the colour of an Iron Gray; who likewise had the repulse by ỳ worthy Christian. Thirdly, entred a Knight in a black Corslet, mounted upon a big-boned Palfrey, covered with a vale of Sable Silk, in his hand he bore a Lance nayled round about with Plates of Steel: which Knight amongst the Thracians was accounted the strongest in the World, except it were those Gyants that descended from a monstrous Linage: But no sooner encountred these hardy Champions, but their Lances shivered in sunder, and flew so violently into the Ayre, that it much amazed the Beholders: then they alighted from their Steeds, and so valiantly bestirred them with their keen edged Fauchions, that the fiery sparkles

flew so fierce from these Noble Champions steely Helmets, as from an Iron Anvill: But the combate endured not very long, before the most hardy Scotish Knight espyed an advantage, wherein he might shew his matchlesse fortitude: whereupon hée struck such a violent blow upon the Thracians Burgonet, that it cleaved his head iust downe to the shoulders: whereat the King suddenly started from his Seat, and with a wrathfull countenance threatned the Champions death in this manner:

Proud Christian (said the King) thou shalt repent his death, and curse the time that ever thou camest to Thracia: his bloud we will revenge upon thy head, and quit thy committed cruelty with a sudden death: and so in company of a hundred Armed Knights, hée encompassed the Scotish Champion, intending by multitudes to Murther him. But when the valiant Knight S. Andrew saw how hée was suppressed by Treachery, & invironed with mighty Troops, he called to Heaven for succour, and animated himselfe by these words of encouragement: Now for the Honour of Christendom, This day a Martyr or a Conquerour: and therewithall he so valiantly behaved himself with his trusty Curtle-Axe, that he made lanes of murthered men, and felled them down by Multitudes, like as the Harvest man doth Mow down ears of ripened corn; whereby they fell before his face like leaves from Trées, when the Summers pride declines her glory. So at the last, after much bloudshed, the Thracian King was compelled to yéeld to the Scotish Champions mercy, who swore him for the safety of his life, to forsake his prophane Religion, and become a Christian, whose living true God the Thracian King vowed for evermore to worship, and thereupon hée kist the Champions Sword.

This conversion of the Pagan King, so pleased the Majesty of God, that hée presently gave end to his Daughters punishments, and turned the Ladies to their former Shapes. But when the King beheld their smoth Feathers, which were as white Lillies, exchanged to naturall fairenesse, and that their black Bils and slender Necks were converted to their first-created Beauty (where for externall fairenesse the Queen of Love might build her Paradise,) he bade adue to his griefe and long-continued sorrowes, protesting ever after

after to continue a true Christian for the Scotish Champions sake: by whom and by whose divine Orisons, his Daughters obtained their former Features: so taking the Christian Knight in company of the six Ladies, to an excellent rich Chamber prepared with all things according to their wishes, where first the Christian Knight was unarmed, then his wounds washed with white wine, new-milk, and rose-water, and so after some dainty repast, conveyed to his nights repose. The Ladies being the joyfullest creatures under Heaven, never entertained one thought of sleep, but passed the night in their Fathers company, (whose minde was ravished with unspeakable pleasures) till the mornings messenger bade them good morrow.

Thus all things being prepared in a readinesse, they departed the Castle, not like mourners to a heavie Funerall: but in triumphing manner, marching back to the Thracian Pallace, with streaming Banners in the winde, Drums and Trumpets sounding joyfull melody, and with sweet inspiring Musick, caused the Ayre to resound with Harmony: But no sooner were they entred the Pallace, (which was in distance from the Gyants Castle, some ten miles) but their Tryumphs turned to exceeding sorrow, for Rossalinde with the Champion of Italy, as you heard before, was departed the Court: which unexpected newes so daunted the whole company, but especially the King, that the Tryumphes for that time were deferred, and Messengers dispatcht in pursute of the adventurous Italian, and the lovely Rossalinde.

Likewise when S. Andrew of Scotland had intelligence how it was one of those Knigts that was imprisoned with him under the subjection of the wicked Enchantresse Kalyb, as you heard first in the beginning of the History, his heart thirsted for his most honourable Company, and his eyes seldome closed quietly, nor took any rest, until he was likewise departed in the pursute of his sworn friend, which was the next night following, without making any acquainted with his intent: likewise, when the six Ladies understood the secret departure of the Scotish Champion, whom they affected dearer than any Knight in all the World, they stored themselves with sufficient Treasure, and by stealth took their journeyes from their Fathers Pallace, intending

intending either to finde out the victorious and approved Knight of Scotland, or to end their lives in some Forraign Region.

The rumour of whose departure no sooner came to the Kings eares, but hée purposed the like travell, either to obtain the sight of his Daughters again, or to make his Tomb in a Countrey beyond ỹ circuit of the Sunne. So attiring himselfe in homely Russet, like a Pilgrime, with an Ebon staffe in his hand tipt with Silver, took his journey all unknown from his Pallace, whose sudden and secret departure, struck such an extream and intollerable heavinesse in the Court, that the Pallace Gates were sealed up with sorrow, and the Walls be hung with sable Mourning Cloth. The Thracian Lords exempted all Pleasure, and like Flocks of Shéep straied up and down without Shepheards, the Ladies and Courtly Gentles sate sighing in their private Chambers: where we leave them for this time, and speak of the Successe of the other Champions, and how Fortune smiled on their Adventurous proceédings.

CHAP. VIII.

How Saint Patrick the Champion of Ireland redeemed the six Thracian Ladies out of the hands of thirty bloody-minded Satyres, and of their purposed Travell in a pursuit after the Champion of Scotland.

BUt now of that valiant and hardy Knight at Arms, S. Patrick, the Champion of Ireland, must I speak, whose Adventurous Accidents were so nobly performed, that if my Pen were made of Stéel, yet should I weare it to the stumps, sufficiently to declare his Prowesse, & worthy Adventures. When hée departed from the Brazen Piller, from the other Champions, the Heavens smiled with a kinde

kinde Aspect, & sent him such a happy Star to be his Guide, that it led him to no Courtly pleasurs, nor to vain delights, but to the Throne of Fame, where Honour sate enstalled upon a seat of Gold. Thither travelled the Warlike Champion of Ireland, whose illustrious Battels the Northern Iles have Chronicled in leaves of Brasse: therefore Ireland be proud, for from thy bowels did spring a Champion, whose Prowesse made the Enemies of Christ to tremble, and watered the Earth with Streams of Pagans blood: witnesse whereof the Ile of Rodes, the key and strength of Christendom, was recovered from the Turks, by his Martiall and invincible Prowesse; where his Dangerous Battels, fierce Encounters, bloudy Skirmishes, and long Assaults, would serve to fill a mighty Volume, all which I passe over, & wholly Discourse of things appertaining to this History. For after the Wars of Rodes were fully ended, S. Patrick (accounting idle ease the nurse of cowardise) bade Rodes farewell, being then strongly fortified with Christian Souldiers, and took his iourney through many an unknown countrey, where at last, it pleased so ẏ Quéen of Chance, to direct his steps into a solitary Wildernes, inhabited onely by wilde Satyrs, and a People of inhumane qualities, giving their wicked minds onely to Murther, Lust, and Rape: wherein the Noble Champion Travelled up and down many a weary step, not knowing how to qualifie his hunger, but by his own industry in killing of wild Venison, and pressing out the bloud betwéen two flat Stones, and daily roasted it by the heat of the Sunne: his lodging was in the hollow trunck of a blasted Tree, which nightly preserved him from the dropping showers of Heaven; his chiefe Companions were sweet resounding Ecchoes, which commonly reanswered the Champions words.

In this manner lived Saint Patrick the Irish Knight, in the Woods, not knowing how to set himselfe at liberty, but wandring up and down as it were in a maze wrought by the curious Workmanship of some excellent Gardiner, it was his Chance at last, to come into a dismall shady thicket beset about with balefull Misletoe, a place of horrour, wherein he heard the cryes of some distressed Ladies, whose bitter Lamentations séeined to pierce the Clouds, and to crave succour at the hands of God, which unexpected cryes not a

little

little daunted the Irish Knight: so that it caused him to prepare his weapon in readinesse, against some sudden Encounter: So couching himself close under the root of an old withered Oake (which had not flourished with greene leaves in many a yeare) hee espied afarre off a crew of bloudy-minded Satyres, haling by the hayre six unhappy Ladies through many a thorny brake & bryer, whereby the Beauty of their crimson cheekes was all besprent with purple goze, and their eyes (within whose clear Glasses one might behold the god of Love dancing) all to berent and torne by the fury of the Bryers, whereby they could not see the light of Heaven, nor y place of their unfortunate abiding: which woefull spectacle forced such a terror in the heart of the Irish Knight, that he presently made out for the rescue of the Ladies, to redeem them from the fury of the mercilesse Satyres, which were in number about some thirty, every one having a club upon his neck, which they had made with roots of young Okes and Pine-Trees; yet this adventurous Champion being nothing discouraged, but with a bold and resolute minde, let drive at the sturdiest Satyre, whose Armour of defence was made of a Bulls hide, which was dryed so hard against the Sunne, that the Champions Curtle Axe prevailed not: after which the fell Satyres encompassed the Christian Knight round about, and so mightily oppressed him with downe-right blowes, that had he not by good fortune leapt under the boughes of a spreading Tree, his life had beene forced to give the World a speedy farewell. But such was his nimble and active policy, that ere long hee sheathed his sharp pointed Faulchion in one of the Satyres breasts: which woefull sight caused all the rest to flie from his presence, and left the six Ladies to the pleasure and disposition of the most noble and courageous Christian Champion:

Who after hee had sufficiently breathed, and cooled himselfe in the chill Ayre, (being almost windlesse through the long Encounter and bloudy Skirmish) he demanded the cause of the Ladies Travels, and by what meanes they hapned into the hands of those mercilesse Satyres, who most cruelly and tyrannically attempted the utter ruine and cruell spoyle of their unspotted Virgnities. To which curteous demand one of the Ladies, after a deep-fetcht sigh or two, (being strained from the bottome of her most sorrowfull heart)

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in the behalfe of her selfe and the other distressed Ladies, Replyed in this order:

Know brave minded Knight, that wée are the unfortunate Daughters of the King of Thrace, whose lives have béen unhappy ever since our Birthes. For first, wée did endurea long Imprisonment under the hands of a cruell Gyant, and after the Heavens to preserve our Chastities from the wicked desire of the said Gyant, Transformed us into the Shape of Swans, in which likenesse wée remained seven yéares, but at last recovered by a worthy Christian Knight, named Saint Andrew, the Champion of Scotland, after whom wée have travelled many a weary step, never crost by any violence, untill it was our angry Fates to arrive in this unhappy Wilderneſſe, where your eyes have béen true witnesses of our wofull misfortunes. Which sad Discourse was no sooner finished, but the worthy Champion thus began to comfort the distressed Ladies:

The Christian Champion after whom you take in hand this weary Travell (said the Irish Champion) is my approved Friend, for whose company and wished sight, I will goe more weary miles, then there bé Trées in this vaste Wilderneſſe, and number my steps with the multitudes of Sands hidden in the Seas: therefore, most excellent Ladies, true Ornaments of Beauty, bée sad companions in my Travels, for I will never cease till I have found our honourable Friend, the Champion of Scotland, or some of those brave Knights, whom I have not séene these seven Summers,

These Words so contented the sorrowfull Ladies, that without any exception they agréed, and with as much willingnesse consented, as the Champion demanded. So after they had recreated themselves, eased their wearinesse, and cured their wounds, which was by the secret vertues of certaine Herbs growing in the same Woods, they took their iourneys anew under the conduct of this worthy Champion Saint Patrick, where, after some dayes Travell, they obtained the sight of a broad beaten way, where committing their Fortunes to the fatall Sisters, and setting their faces toward the East, they merrily iourneyed together. In whose fortunate Travels we leave them, and speak of the seventh

Christian Champion, whose Adventurous Exploits and Knightly Honours deserve a golden Pen, dipt in the Inke of true Fame to Discourse at large.

CHAP. IX.

How Saint David the Champion of Wales, slew the Count Palatine in the Tartarian Court, and after how he was sent to the Enchanted Garden of Ormondine, wherein by Magick Art he slept seven yeares.

SAint David the most Noble Champion of Wales after his departure from the Brazen Pillar, whereas the other Champions of Christendome divided themselves severally, to seek forraign Adventures, he atchieved many memorable things, as well in Christendome, as in those Nations that acknowledge no true God: which for this time I omit, and only Discourse what hapned unto him among the Tartarians: For being in the Emperour of Tartaries Court (a place very much honoured with valorous Knights, and highly graced with a Traine of Beauteous Ladies) where the Emperour upon a time ordained a solemne Just and Turnament to bee holden in the honour of his Birth day: whither resorted at the time appointed, (from all the Borders of Tartary) the best and the hardiest Knights there remaining. In which honorable and Princely exercise, the noble Knight Saint David was appointed Champion for the Emperour, who was mounted upon a Morocco Steed, betrapped in a rich Caparison, wrought by the curious workmanship of Iudian Women, upon whose Shield was set a golden Griffin rampant in a Field of Blue.

Against him came the Count Palatine, Sonne and Heyr apparent to the Tartarian Emperour, brought in by twelve Knights, richly furnished with Habiliments of Honour, who paced three times about the Lists, before the Emperour and many Ladies that were present to behold the Honourable Turnament. The which being done, the twelve Knights departed

parted the Lists, and the Count Palatine prepared himselfe to Encounter with the Christian Knight, (being appointed chiefe Champion for the day;) who likewise prepared himselfe, and at the Trumpets sound by the Heralds appointment, they ran so fiercely each against other, that the ground seemed to shake under them, and the Skies to resound Ecchoes of their mighty strokes.

At the second Race, the Champions ranne, Saint David had the worst, and was constrained through the forcible strength of the Count Palatine, to leane backward, almost beside his Saddle, whereat the Trumpets began to sound in signe of Victory; but yet the valiant Christian nothing dismayed, but with a courage (within whose eyes sate Knightly rebeuge) ranne the third time against the Count Palatine, and by the violence of his strength, he overthrew both Horse and man, whereby the Counts body was so extreamly bruised with the fall of his Horse, that his heart blood issued forth by his mouth, and his vitall spirits pressed from the mansion of his Breast, so that hee was forced to give the World a timelesse farewell.

This fatall overthrow of the Count Palatine, abashed the whole Company: but especially the Tartarian Emperour, who having no more Sonnes but him, caused the Lists to bee broken up, the Knights to bee unarmed, and the murthered Count to bee brought by foure Squires into his Pallace, where, after hee was dispoyled of his Furniture, and the Christian Knight received it in the Honour of his Victory, the wofull Emperour bathed his Sonnes body with teares which dropped like Chrystall Pearls upon the congealed blood, and after many sad sighes, hee breathed forth this wofull Lamentation:

Now are my Trymphs turned to everlasting Woes, from a Comicall Pastime, to a direfull and bloody Tragedy; O most unkinde Fortune, never constant but in change! Why is my life deferred to see the downfall of my deare Sonne, the Noble Count Palatine? Why rends not this accursed Earth whereon I stand, and presently swallow up my body into her hungry bowels? is this the use of Christians? for true Honour to repay Dishonour? Could not base blood serve to staine his deadly hands withall, but the Royall blood of

my deare Sonne, in whose revenge the face of the Heavens is stained with blood, and crys for vengenance to the Majesty of mightly Iove. The dreadfull Furies, the direfull daughters of dark night, and all the balefull company of burning Acheron whose loynes be girt with Serpents, and hayre behanged with wreathes of Snakes, shall haunt, pursue, and follow that accursed Christian Champion, that hath bereaved my Countrey Tartary of so precious a Jewell as my deare Son the Count Palatine was, whose magnanimous Prowesse did surpasse all the Knights of our Countrey.

Thus sorrowed the wofull Emperour for the death of his Noble Sonne: sometime making the Ecchoes of his Lamentations pierce the Elements: another while forcing his bitter Curses to sinke to the déep foundation of Acheron: one while intending to be revenged on Saint David the Christian Champion, then presently his intent was crost with a contrary imagination, thinking it was against the Law of Armes, and a great dishonour to his Countrey, by violence to oppresse a strange Knight, whose actions had ever béene guided by true Honour, but yet at last this firme resolution entred into his minde.

There was adioyning upon the Borders of Tartary, an Enchanted Garden, kept by Magick Art, from whence never any returned that attempted to enter, the Governour of which Garden was a notable and Famous Nigromancer, named Ormondine, to which Magician the Tartarian Emperour intended to send the adventurous Champion S. David, thereby to revenge the Count Palatines death. So the Emperour after some few dayes passed, and the Obsequies of his Sonne being no sooner performed, but he caused ỳ Christian Knight to be brought into his presence, to whom he committed this heavie Task, and weary Labour.

Proud Knight (said the angry Emperour) thou knowest since thy Arrivall in our Territories; how highly I have honoured thée, not onely in granting liberty of life, but making thée chiefe Champion of Tartarie, which high Honour thou hast repaid with great ingratitude, and blemished true Nobility, in acting my deare Sonnes Tragedy: for which unhappy Déed thou rightly hast deserved death. But yet know accursed Christian, that mercy harboureth

in

in Princely minds, and where Honour sits enthroniz'd there Justice is not to severe: Although thou hast deserved death, yet if thou wilt adventure to the Enchanted Garden, and bring hither the Magicians Head, I grant thée not onely life, but therewithall the Crowne of Tartarie after my decease: because I sée thou hast a minde furnished with Princely thoughts, and adorned with true Magnanimity.

This heavie Taske, and strange Adventure, not a little pleased the Noble Champion of Wales, whose minde ever thirsted after worthy Adventures: and so after some consecrate thoughts, in this manner he Replyed;

Most high and magnificent Emperour, (said the Champion) were this Task which you enjoyne me to, as wonderfull as the Labours of Hercules, or as fearefull as the Enterprize wich Iason made for the Golden Fléece, yet would I attempt to finish it, and returne with like Tryumph to Tartarie, as the Macedonian Monarch did to Babylon, when hée had conquered part of the wide World. Which words were no sooner ended, but the Emperour bound him by his Oath of Knight hood, and by the love hée bore unto his native Countrey, never to follow other Adventure, till hée had performed his promise, which was to bring the Magician Ormondine's Head into Tartary: whereupon the Emperour departed from the Noble Knight Saint David, hoping never to sée him return, but rather to heare of his utter confusion, or everlasting imprisonment.

Thus the Valiant Christian Champion, being bound to his promise, within three dayes prepared all necessaries in readinesse for his departure: and so travelled West-ward, till hee approached the sight of the Enchanted Garden, the Situation whereof somewhat daunted his Valiant Courage: for it was encompassed with a Hedge of withered Thornes and Bryers, which séemed continually to burne: upon the top thereof sate a number of strange and deformed things, some in the likenesse of night-Owles, which wondred at the presence of Saint David; some in the shape of Progues Transformation, foretelling his infortunate successe, and some like Ravens, that with their harsh throats ring forth hatefull knels of woefull Tragedies; the Elements which

covered the Enchanted Garden, seemed to be over-spread with misty Clouds, from whence continually shot Flames of Fire, as though the Skies had been filled with blazing Comets: which fearfull Spectacle, as it seemed the very pattern of Hell, struck such a terrour into the Champions heart, that twice he was in minde to return without performing the Adventure, but for his Oath and Honour of Knight-hood, which hee had pawned for the accomplishment thereof: So laying his body on the cold Earth, being the first Nurse and Mother of his life, hee made his humble Petition to God, that his minde might never be oppressed with Cowardise, nor his heart daunted with faint Feare, till hee had performed what the Tartarian Emperour had bound him to, the Champion rose from the Ground, and with cheerefull looks beheld the Elements, which seemed in his conceit to smile at the Enterprise, and to foreshew a lucky event.

So the Noble Knight Saint David with a valiant courage went to ỹ Garden Gate, by which stood a Rock of Stone, over spred with Mosse: In which Rock by Magick Art was enclosed a Sword, nothing outwardly appearing but the Hilt, which was the richest in his judgement, that ever his eyes beheld, for the Stale-work was engraven, very curiously, beset with Jasper and Saphire Stones; the Pummell was in the fashion of a Globe, of the purest Silver that the Mines of rich America brought forth: about the Pummell was engraven in Letters of Gold these Verses following.

My Magick spels remaine most firmly bound,
The Worlds strange wonder, unknown by any one,
Till that a Knight within the North be found,
To pull this Sword from out this Rock of stone:
Then ends my Charmes, my Magick Arts and all,
By whose strong hand, wise Ormondine must fall,

These Verses drave such a conceited imagination into the Champions minde, that hee supposed himself to be the Northern Knight, by whom the Negromancer should bee conquered: Therefore without any further advisement hee put his hand into the Hilt of the rich Sword, thinking

presently

presently to pull it out from the Enchanted Rock of Ormondine: But no sooner did hée attempt that vaine Enterprise, but his valiant courage and invincible fortitude failed him, and all his Senses were over-taken with a sudden and heavie Sléep, whereby hée was forced to let goe his hold, and to fall flat upon the barren Ground, where his eyes were so fast locked up by Magick Art, and his waking Senses drowned in such a dead slumber, that it was as much impossible to recover himselfe, from sléep, as to pull the Sunne out of the Firmament. The Negromancer, by his Magick skill had intelligence of the Championsunfortunate successe: who sent from the Enchanted Garden foure Spirits, in the similitude and likenesse of foure beautifull Damsels, which wrapped the drowsie Champion in a Sheet of fine Arabian Silk, and conveyed him into a Cave, directly placed in the middle of the Garden, where they layed him upon a soft Bed, more softer than the down of Culvers: where those beautifull Ladies through the Art of wicked Ormondine, continually kept him sléeping for the terme of seven years: one while singing with sugred Songs, more sweéter and delightfuller than the Syrens melody: another while with rare conceited Musick, surpassing the sweétnesse of Arions Harp, which made the Dolphins in the Seas dance at the sound of his sweét inspiring Melody: or like the Harmony of Orpheus, when he tourned down into Hell, where the Devills reioyced to heare his admired Notes, and on Earth, Trées and Stones leaped when hée did but touch the silver Strings of his Ivory Harp.

Thus was S. Davids Adventure crost with a wonderfull bad successe, whose dayes Travels was turned into a nights repose, whose nights repose was made a heavie Sléep, which endured untill seven years were fully finished, where we leave S. David to the mercy of the Negromancer Ormondine, and returne to the most Noble and magnanimous Champion Saint George, where we left him imprisoned in the Souldans Court. But now, Gentle Reader, thou wilt think it strange, that all these Christian Champions should méet together againe, séeing they be separated into so many Borders of the World: First, Saint Denis the Champion of France, remayneth now in the Court of Thessaly, with his Lady

Eglantine:

Eglantine: S. Iames the Champion of Spaine, in the City of Sivill with Celestine, the fair Lady of Ierusalem: S. Anthony the Champion of Italy, travelling the World, in the company of a Thracian Maiden, attyred in a Pages apparell: S. Andrew the Champion of Scotland, seeking after ỹ Italian: S. Patrick the Champion of Ireland, after the Champion of Scotland: S. David of Wales, sleeping in the Enchanted Garden, adioyning to the Kingdome of Tartary: & S. George the Famous Champion of England, imprisoned in Persia: of whom, and whose Noble Adventures, I must awhile Discourse, till the honoured Fame of the other Champions compels me to report their Noble and Princely Atchievements.

CHAP. X.

How Saint George escaped out of Prison at Persia, and how he redeemed the Champion of Wales from his Enchantment, with other things that hapned to the English Knight, with the Tragicall Tale of the Nigromancer Ormondine.

NOw seven times had frosty-bearded Winter covered both Herbs and Flowers with Snow, and behung the Trees with Chrystall Icikles: seven times had Lady Ver Beautified every Field with Natures Ornaments; and seven times had withered Autumne robbed the Earth of spring Flowers, since the unfortunate S. George beheld the chearfull light of Heaven, but lived obscurely in a dismall Dungeon, by the Souldan of Persias commandement, as you heard before in the beginning of the History: his unhappy Fortune so discontented his restlesse thoughts, that a thousand times a year hee wisht an end of his life, and a thousand times he cursed the day of his Creation: his sighes in number did counterbatle a heap of sand, whose top might seeme to reach the Skies, the which he vainly breathed forth against the Wals of the Prison, many times making his humble Supplications to the Heavens to redeem him from that vale of misery, and many times seeking occasion desperatly to abridge his dayes, & so triumph in his own Tragedy.

But

But at last, when seven yéares were fully ended, it was the Champions luckie fortune to finde in a secret corner of the Dungeon a certaine Iron Engin, which time had almost consumed with rust, wherewith, with long labour hée digged himselfe a passage through the ground, till hée ascended iust in the middle of the Souldans Court, which was at that time of the night when all things were silent: the Heavens hée then beheld beautified with Stars, and bright Cynthia whose glittering Beames he had not seene in many hundred nights before, seemed to smile at his safe delivery, and to stay her wandring course, till hée most happily found meanes to get without the compasse of the Persians Court, where danger might no longer attend him, nor the strong Gates of the City hinder his Flight, which in this manner was performed. For now the noble Knight being as fearfull as the bird newly escaped from the Fowlers Net, gazed round about, and listned where he might heare the voyce of people; at last hée heard the Grooms of the Souldans Stable, furnishing forth Horses against the next morning for some Noble Atchievement. Whereupon the Noble Champion Saint George taking the Iron Engin, wherewith he redeemed himselfe out of Prison, hée burst open the Doores, where he slew all the Grooms in the Souldans Stable: which being done, hée tok the strongest Palfray, and the richest Furniture, with other necessaries appertaining to a Knight at Arms, and so rode in great comfort to one of the City Gates, where he saluted the Porter in this manner:

Porter, open the Gates, for Saint George of England is escaped, and hath murthered the Grooms, in whose pursute the City is in Arms. Which words the simple Persian beleeved for truth, and so with all speed opened the Gates, whereat the Champion of England departed, and left the Souldan in his dead sleep, little mistrusting his suddene escape.

But by that time the purple-spotted morning had parted with her gray, and the Sunnes bright countenance appeared on the Mountaine tops, Saint George had ridden twenty miles from the Persian Court, and before his departure was hunted in the Souldans Pallace, the English Champion had recovered the sight of Grecia, past all danger of the Persian Knights, that followed him with a swift pursute. By this

time the extremity of hunger so sharply tormented him, that hée could Travell no further, but was constrained to sustaine himselfe with certaine wild Chesnuts in stead of Bread, and sowre Orenges in stead of drink, and such faint food that grew by the wayes as hée travelled, where the necessity and want of Victuals compelled the Noble Knight to breath forth this pitifull complaint.

O hunger, hunger, (said the Champion) more sharp than the stroak of death, thou art the extreamest punishment that ever man endured: If I were now King of Armenia, and chiefe Potentate of Asia, yet would I give my Diadem, my Scepter, with all my Provinces, for one shiver of browne bread: O that this Earth would bee so kinde, as to open her bowels and cast up some food, to suffice my want: or that the Ayre might bée choakt with Mists, whereby feathered Foules for want of breath might fall, and yéeld mée some succour in this my Famishment, and extream penury: or that the Oceans would out spread their Branched Armes, and cover these Sun-burnt Valleys with their Treasures, to satisfie my hunger: but O now I sée, both Heaven and Earth, Hils and Dales, Skies and Seas, Fish and Fowls, Birds and Beasts, and all things under the cope of Heaven, conspire my utter over-throw: better had it bèn if I had ended my dayes in Persia, than here to be famished in the broad World, where all things by Natures appointment are ordained for mans use. Now in stead of Courtly Delicates, I am forced to eat the fruit of Trées, and in stead of Grécish Wine, I am compelled to quench my thirst with morning dew, which nightly falls upon the blades of Grasse.

Thus complained Saint George, till glittering Phœbus had mounted the top of Heaven, and drawn the misty vapors from the Ground, whereby hée might behold the prospects of Grecia, and which way to Travell most safely. And as he looked, he espied directly before his face a Tower standing upon a Chalky Clift, distant from him some thrée Miles, whither the Champion intended to goe, not to séek for Adventures, but to rest himselfe after his tourney, and to get such Victuals as therein he could finde to suffice his want.

So setting forward with a spéedy pace, the Heavens séemed to smile, and the Birds to ring chirping peales of melody, as though

though they did Prognosticate a Fortunate Event. The way hée found so plain, and the journey so easie, that within half an hour hée approached before the said Tower: where upon the Wall stood a most Beautifull Woman, attyred after the manner of a distressed Lady, and her loks heavie, like the Quéen of Troy, when she beheld her Pallace on Fire. The Valiant Knight Saint George, after he had alighted from his Horse, he gave her this courteous Salutation.

Lady (said hée) for so you séem by your outward appearance, if ever you pitied a Travailer, or granted succour to a Christian Knight, give to me one meales meat, now almost famished. To whom the Lady after a cruël frown or two, answered in this order.

Sir Knight (quoth shée) I advise thée with all spéed to depart, for here thou gettest but a cold Dinner: my Lord is a mighty Gyant, and beléeveth in Mahomet, and if hee once do understand that thou art a Christian Knight, not all the Gold of higher India, nor the riches of wealthy Babylon can preserve thy life. Now by the Honour of my Knight-hood (Replyed Saint George,) and by the great God that Christendom adores, were thy Lord more stronger than mighty Hercules, that bore Mountaines on his back: here will I either obtain my Dinner, or die by his accursed hand.

These Words so abashed the Lady, that shée went with all spéed from the Tower, and told the Gyant how a Christian Knight remained at the Gate, which had sworn to suffice his hunger in despight of his will: whereat the furious Gyant suddenly started up being as then in a sound sléep, for it was the middle of the day: who took a bat of Iron in his hand and came down to the Tower Gate. His Stature was in height five yards, his Head bristled like a Bore, a foot there was betwixt each brow, his eys hollow, his mouth wide, his lips were like to flaps of stéel, in all his proportion more like a Devill than a man, Which deformed Monster so daunted the courage of Saint George, that hee prepared himself to death, not through fear of the monstrous Gyant, but for hunger and féebleneſſe of body: but here God provided for him, and so restored to him his decayed strength, that hée endured Battell till the closing up of the Evening, by which time the Gyant grew almost blinde, through the sweat that ran

down from his monstrous Browes, whereat Saint George got the advantage, and wounded the Gyant so cruelly under the short Ribs, that he was compelled to fall to the Ground, and to give end to his life.

After which happy Event of the Gyants slaughter, the invincible Champion Saint George first gave the Honour of his Victory to God, in whose power all his Fortune consisted. Then entring the Tower, whereas the Lady presented him with all manner of Delicates, and pure Wines; but the English Knight, suspecting Treachery to be hidden in her proferred courtesie, caused her first to taste of every Dish: Likewise of his Wine, lest some violent poyson should bee therein commixt: finding all things pure and wholsome as nature required, he sufficed his hunger, rested his weary body, and refreshed his Horse.

And so leaving the Tower in keeping of the Lady, hee committed his Fortune to a new Travell: where his revived spirits never entertained longer rest, but to the refreshing of himself and his Horse, so travelled he through part of Grecia, the Confines of Phrygia, and into the Borders of Tartary, within whose Territories hee had not long tourned, but hee approached the sight of the Enchanted Garden of Ormondine, where Saint David the Champion of Wales had so long slept by Magick Art. But no sooner did hee behold the wonderfull Situation thereof, but hee espyed Ormondines Sword enclosed in the Enchanted Rock: where after hee had read the Superscription written about the Pummell, he assayed to pull it out by strength: where he no sooner put his hand into the Hilt, but he drew it forth with much ease, as though it had been hung by a threed of untwisted Silk: but when he beheld the glittering brightnesse of the Blade, and the wonderfull richnesse of the Pummell, he accounted the Prize more worth than the Armour of Achilles, which caused Ajax to run mad, and more richer than Medeas Golden Fleece: But by that time Saint George had circumspectly lookt into every secret of the Sword, he heard a strange and dismall voyce thunder in the Skies, a terrible & mighty tumbling in the Earth, whereat both Hils and Mountains shook, Rocks removed, and Oakes rent into pieces: After this, the Gates of the Enchanted Garden flew open, whereat incontinently came forth

Ormondine

Ormondine the Magician, with his hayre staring on his head, his eyes sparkling, his cheeks blushing, his hands quivering, his legges trembling, and all the rest of his body distempered, as though Legions of Spirits had encompast him about; hee came directly to the worthy English Knight that remained still by the Enchanted Rock, from whence hee had pulled the Magicians Sword: whence after the Negromancer had sufficiently beheld his Princely countenance, whereon true Honour sate enthronized, and viewed his portly Personage the image of true Knight-hood, the which seemed in the Magicians eyes to bee the rarest work that ever Nature framed: First, hee took the Valiant and Magnanimous Champion Saint George of England, by the steely Gauntlet, and with great humility kissed it, then proffering him the courtesies due unto Strangers, which was performed very graciously; hee afterward conducted him into the Enchanted Garden, to the Cave where the Champion of Wales was kept sleeping by the four Virgins singing delightfull Songs, and after setting him a Chaire of Ebony, Ormondine thus began to relate of wonderfull things.

Renowned Knight at Armes (said the Negromancer) Fames worthiest Champion, whose strange Adventures all Christendome in time to come shall applaud: be silent till I have told my Magick Tale, for never after this must my tongue speak again: The Knight which thou seest here wrapped in this Sheet of Gold, is a Christian Champion as thou art, sprung from the Ancient Seed of Trojan Warriours, who likewise attempted to draw this Enchanted Sword, but my Magick Spels so prevailed, that he was intercepted in the Enterprise, and forced ever since to remain sleeping in this Cave: but now the hour is almost come of his recovery, which by thee must bee accomplished: thou art that Adventurous Champion, whose invincible hand must finish up my detested life: and send my fleeting soul to draw thy fatall Chariot upon the Banks of burning Acheron: for my time was limited to remain no longer in this Enchanted Garden, but till that from the North should come a Knight that should pull this Sword from the Enchanted Rock, which thou happily hast now performed, therefore I know my time is short, and my hour of Destiny at hand; What I report, write it in Brazen lines.

lines, for the time will come when this Discourse shall highly benefit thée. Take héed thou observe thrée things: First, that thou take to Wife a pure Maid: Next, that thou erect a Monument over thy Fathers Grave: And lastly, that thou continue a professed Foe to the Enemies of Christ Jesus, bearing Arms in Honour and praise of thy Countrey. These things being truly and iustly observed, thou shalt attain such Honour, that all Kingdoms of Christendome shal admire thy Dignity: what I speak is upon no vain Imagination, sprung from a frantick brain, but pronounced by the mysticall and déep Art of Negromancy.

These Words were no sooner ended, but the most Honoured and fortunate Champion of England, requested the Magician to describe his passed Fortunes, and by what meanes hée came first to be Governour of that Enchanted Garden.

To tell the Discourse of mine own life (Replyed Ormondine) will bréed a new sorrow in my heart, the remembrance whereof will rend my very soul: but yet (most Noble Knight) to fulfill thy request, I will force my tongue to declare what my heart denies to utter: Therefore, prepare thine ear to entertain the wofullest Tale that ever tongue delivered.

And so, after Saint George had sate awhile silent, expecting his Discourse, the Magician spake as followeth:

The wofull Tragicall Discourse, pronounced by the Negromancer Ormondine, of the misery of his Children.

I Was in former time, (so long as Fortune smiled upon me) the King and onely Commander of Scythia, my name Ormondine, graced in my youth with two fair Daughters, whom Nature had not only made Beautifull, but repleniſht them with all the gifts that Art could devise: The elder, whose name was Castria, the faireſt Maid that ever Scythia brought forth, her eyes like flaming Torches, so dazled her Beholders, that like attractive Adamants, they coniured them to admire her Beauty: Amongst a number of Knights that were ensnared with her Love, there was one Floridon, Son to the King of Armenia, equal to her in all excellent Ornaments of Nature, a lovelier Couple never trod on Earth, or graced any Princes Court in the World.

This

This Floridon so fervently burned in affection with the admired Castria, that he lusted after her Virginity, and practised both by policy, and faire promises to enjoy that precious pleasure, which after fell to his owne destruction: For upon a time, when the mantles of dark Night had closed in the light of Heaven, and the whole Court had entertained a silent rest, this lustfull Floridon entred Crastrias Lodging, furthered by the Chamber-maid, where, to her hard hap, hée cropped the bud of sweet Virginity, and left such a pawne within her Womb, that before many dayes were expired, her shame began to appear, and the deceived Lady was constrained to reveale her griefe to Floridon: who in the meam time had betrothed himselfe to my younger Daughter, whose name was Marcilla, no lesse beautified w̄ Natures Gifts, than her elder Sister; but when this unconstant Floridon perceived that her Belly began to grow big with ỹ burthen of his unhappy Séed, he upbraided her with shame, laying dishonour in her dish, calling her Strumpet, with many ignominious words, forswearing himselfe, never to have committed any such infamous Déed, protesting that he ever scorned to imbe in womans bands, and counted chamber-Love a deadly sting, and a déep infection to the Honour of his Knight-hood.

These unkind Speaches drove Crastria into such extream passion of mind, that she with a shamefull look and blushing Cheeks after this manner revealed her sorrowes unto him:

What knowes not Floridon (quoth the Lady) her, whom his Lust hath stained with dishonour? Sée, sée, unconstant Knight the pledge of faithlesse Vows, behold ỹ Womb where springs thy lively Image, behold this Mark which stains my Fathers Ancient House, and sets a shamefast blush upon my Cheeks alwayes when I behold the company of Chaste Virgins: Dear Floridon, shadow this my shame with Marriage-Rites, that I bée not accounted a by-word to the World, nor that this my Babe in time to come, be termed a Base-born child: Remember what plighted Promises, what Vowes & Protestations, past betwixt us, remember the place and time of my dishonour, and be not like the furious Tygers, that repay love with despight.

At which Words Floridon with a wrathfull Countenance, Replyed in these Words: Egregious and shamelesse Creature (quoth hée) with what brazen Face dareſt thou out-brave mée thus:

thus: I tell thée Castria, my love was ever yet to follow Arms, to beare the sound of Drums, to ride upon a nimble Steed, and not to trace a Carpet Dance, like Priams Sonne, before the lustfull eyes of Menelaus Wife: Therefore bée gone, disturbing Strumpet, go sing thy harsh melody in company of night-birds, for I tell thee, the day will blush to cover thy monstrous shame.

Which reproachfull Speeches being no sooner ended, but Floridon departed her presence, not leaving behind him so much as a kinde look: whereat the distressed Lady, being oppressed with intollerable griefe, sunk downe dead, not able to speak for a time, but at last, recovering her senses, shée began anew to complain.

I that was wont (quoth shée) to walk with Troops of Maids, must now abandon and utterly forsake all company, and seek some secret Cave, wherein I may sit for evermore and bewaile my lost Virginity: If I returne unto my Father, hée will refuse me: if to my Friends, they will be ashamed of me: if to Strangers, they will scorne me: if to my Floridon, Oh, hée denyeth me, and accounts my sight as ominous as the balefull Crocodiles! Oh that I might in the shape of a Bird, or like the Ravished Philomela, fill every Wood & Wildernesse with my dishonour, for now I am neither chaste Virgin, nor honest Wife, but a shamelesse Strumpet, and the Worlds vile scorn: whereat mée thinks, I sée how vertuous and chaste Maidens point and terme me a vicious Dame. Oh unconstant Floridon! thou didst promise to shadow this my fault with Marriage, but now Vowes I sée are vaine: Thou hast forsaken me, and tyed thy Faith unto my Sister Marcilla, who must enjoy thy Love, because shée continues Chaste without any spot of dishonour. Oh! woe to thée unconstant Knight, thy flattering eyes deceived mée, and thy glosing tongue inticed mée to commit that Sinne, which all the Ocean Streames can never wash away: Why stand I relating thus in vaine? the Déed is done, and Floridon will tryumph o'r the spoyle of my Virginity, while hée lyes dallying in my Sisters Armes: Nay, first, the fatall Lights of Funerals shall mask about his Marriage Bed, and his Bridall blaze Ile quench with blood: for I will goe unto their Marriage Chamber, where as these hands of mine shall rend my Sisters

Wombe,

Womb, before thée shall enioy the interest of my Bed: ragheart in stead of love, delight in murther, let vengeance be ever in thy thoughts, untill thou hast quencht with blood the furies of disloyall love.

Thus complained the wofull Castria, roving up and down the Court of Scythia, untill the mistresse of the Night had spent five Monthes: at the end of which time, the appointed Marriage of Floridon and Marcilla drew nigh, the thought whereof proded an endlesse terrour to her heart, and of a more intollerable burthen, than the paines of her Womb; the which she girded in so extreamly for feare of suspition, and partly under colour to bring about her intended Tragedy. which was in this bloody and execrable manner accomplished and brought about.

The day at last came, wherein Floridon and Marcilla should tie that sacred knot of Marriage, and the Princes and Potentates of Scythia were all present as witnesses to Himens holy Rites: In which honourable Assembly, none were more busier than Castria, to beautifie her Sisters Wedding. The Ceremonies being no sooner performed, and the day spent in all pleasures fitting the honour of so great and mighty a Traine, but Castria requested the use of the Countrey, which was this; that the first night of every Maidens Marriage, a known Virgin should lie with the Bride, which honourable Task was committed to Castra: who provided against the houre appointed, a silver bodkin, and hid it secretly in the trammels of her hair, wherewith she intended to prosecute revenge. The Brides Lodging-Chamber was appointed far from the hearing of any one, lest the noyse of people should hinder her quiet sleep.

But at last, when the houre of her wishes approached, that the Bride should take leave of her Ladies and Maidens that attended her to her Chamber, the new married Floridon in company of many Scythian Knights, committed Marcilla to her quiet rest, little mistrusting the bloody purpose of her Sisters minde.

But now behold, how every thing fell out according to her desires. The Ladies and Gentlewomen were no sooner departed, and silence taken possession of the whole Court, but Castria with her own hands locked the Chamber Doore, and secretly conveied the Keyes under ỹ Beds head, not perceived

by the betrayed Marcilla: which poore Lady after some few speeches, departed to Bed: wherein she was no sooner layed, but a heavie sleep over mastered her Senses, whereby her tongue was forced to bid her Sister good night, who as then sate discontented by her Bed side, watching the time, wherein shee might conveniently act the bloody Tragedy: upon a Court-cupbord stood two burning Tapers that gave light to the whole Chamber, which in her conceit seemed to burne blue: which fatall spectacle encouraged her to a more speedy performance: and by the light of the two Lamps she unbraced her Vestures, & stripped her self into her milk-white Smock, having not so much upon her head, as a Caule to hold up her golden haire: after this she took her silver Bodkin, that before shee had secretly hidden in her haire, and with a wrathfull countenance, (upon whose browes sate the Image of pale Death,) shee came to her new Married Sister, being then over-come with a heavie slumber, and with her Bodkin pierced her tender Breast: who immediatly at the stroke thereof started from her sleep, and gave such a pittifull scrike, that it would have wakened the whole Court, but that the Chamber stood farre from the hearing of Company, except her bloody-minded Sister, whose hand was ready to redouble her fury, with a second stroke.

But when Marcilla beheld the sheets and ornaments of her bed distaind with purple gore, and from her breast runne streames of crimson blood, which like to a fountaine trickled from her Ivory bosome, she breathed forth this earnest exclamation against the cruelty of Castria.

O Sister, (said shee) hath nature harboured in thy breast a bloody minde! What fury hath incenst thee thus to commit my Tragedy? In what have I misdone, or wherein hath my tongue offended thee? What cause hath beene occasion, that thy remorselesse hand against nature, hath converted my joyfull Nuptials, to a wofull Funerall? This is the cause (replyd Castria, and therewithall shewed her Womb, grown big through the burthen of her Child) that I have bathed my hands, in thy detested blood.

See, see, Marcilla (said she) the unhappy bed, wherein thy accursed Husband hath sowne his seed, by which my Virgins honour is for ever stained; this is the spot which thy heart-blood must wash away, and this is the shame that nothing

but

but death shall finish; therefore a sweet revenge, and a present murther likewise will I commit upon my selfe, whereby my loathed soule, in company of my unborn Babe shall wander with thy Ghost along the Stygian Lakes.

¶ Which words being no sooner finished, but she violently pierced her own breast, whereby the two Sisters blood were equally mingled together: but now Marcilla being the first wounded, and the nearer drawing toward death, shee woefully complained with this dying Lamentation.

Draw near (said she) you blazing Stars, you earthly Angels, you imbroidered girls, you lovely Ladies, & flourishing dames of Scythia, behold her woefull end, whose glories mounted to the Elements, behold my marriage Bed here beautified with Tapestry, converted to deaths bloody habitation, my brave Attyre to Earthly Mould, and my Princely Pallaces to Elizium shades, being a place appointed for those Dames that lived and dyed true Virgins: for now I feele the paines of death closing my lives windowes, and my heart ready to entertain the stroke of destiny. Come Floridon, come, in stead of Armes, get Eagles wings, that in thy bosome I may breathe my murthered Ghost. World, fare thou well, I was too proud of my inticing pleasures: thy Princely Pomp and all thy glittering Ornaments, I must for ever bid adue. Father, farewell, with all my Masking Traine of Courtly Ladies, Knights and Gentlewomen; my death, I know will make thy Pallace deaths gloomy regiment; and last of all, farewell my Noble Floridon, for thy sweet sake Marcilla here is murthered.

At the end of which words, the dying Lady being faint with the abundance of blood that issued from her wounded breast, gave up the Ghost. No sooner had palsdeath seized upon her lifelesse body, but Castria likewise through the extremity of her wound was ready to entertaine the stroke of the fatall Sisters, who also complained in this manner: Hearken you loving Girles, (said she) to you I speak, that know what endlesse griefe disloyall and false love breeds in constant minds, the thought whereof is so intollerable to my soule that it exceeds ỹ torments of Danaus daughters, which continually fill water into bottomlesse Tubs in Hell. Oh ỹ my eares had never listened to his sugred speeches, or never known what courtly Pleasures meant, where Beauty lives a bait for every

lustfull eye: but rather to have lived a Countrey Lasse, where swéet content is harboured, and beauty shrouded under true humility, then had not Floridon bereaved mée of my swéet Virginity, nor had this accursed hand committed this cruell murther: but Oh! I féel my soul passing into Elizium shades where Creusas shadow, and Didoes Ghost have their abidings: thither doth my spirit flie, to bée entertained amongst those unhappy Ladies whom unconstant love hath murthered: thus Castria not being able to speak any longer, gave a very grievous sigh, and so bade adue to the World.

Now when the morning Sun had chased away the darksome night, Floridon who little mistrusted the Tragedy of the two Sisters, repaired to the Chamber Doar, with a consort of skilfull Musicians, where the inspiring Harmony sounded to the Walls, and Floridons morning salutations were spent in vain: for death so stopt the two Princesses eares, that no resound of thanks at all re-answered his words, which caused Floridon to depart, thinking them to bée asléep, and to return within an hour after, who without any company came to the Chamber-Doore, where hée again found all silent: at which suspecting some further event, hée burst open the Doore, where hée no sooner entred, but hée found the two Ladies weltring in their own gore: which woefull spectacle presently so bereaved him of his wits, that like a frantick man hee raged up and down, and in this manner bitterly complained: Oh you immortall Powers, open the wrathfull Gates of Heaven, and in your Justice punish me, for my unconstant Love hath murthered two of the bravest Ladies that ever nature framed, revive swéet Dames of Scythia, and hear me speak, that am the woefullest wretch that ever spake with tongue: If Ghost may here be given for Ghost, dear Lady take my soul and live, or if my heart might dwel within your breasts, this hand shall equally divide it: But words I sée are vain, and my proffer cannot purchase life, nor recover your breathing spirits: yet vengeance shall you have, this hand shall untwine my fatall twist, and bereave my bloody breast of life, whereby my unhappy Ghost shall follow you through Tartar Gulfes, through burning Lakes, and through the lowring shades of dreadfull Cocytus: gape, gape, swéet Earth and in thy Womb make all our Tombes together.

Which

Which woefull Lamentation being no sooner breathed from his sorowfull breast, but he finished his dayes, by the stroke of that same accursed bodkin that was the bloody instrument of the two Sisters death; the which hée found still remaining in the remorseleſſe hand of Castria.

Thus have you heard (most worthy Knight) the true Tragedy of thrée of the most goodliest Personages that ever Nature framed: but now with diligent eares listen to the unfortunate Discourse of mine own misery, which in this unhappy manner fell out: for no sooner came the flying newes of the murthered Princes to my eares, but I grew into such a discontented passion that I abandoned my selfe from company of people, and sate for seven Monthes in a solitary passion, lamenting the losse of my Children, like wéeping Niobe, which was the sorrowfullest Lady that ever lived.

During which time, the report of Floridons unhappy Tragedy was bruited to his Fathers eares, being the sole King of Armenia: whose griefe so excéeded the bounds of reason, that with all convenient spéed he gathered the greatest strength Armenia could make, and in revenge of his Sonnes murther, entred my Territories, and with his well-approved Warriors subdued my Provinces, slaughtered my Souldiers, conquered my Captaines, slew my Commons, burnt my Cities, and left my Countrey Villages desolate, where, when I beheld my Countrey over-spread with Famine, fire, and Sword, thrée infestive plagues, wherewith Heaven scourgeth the sins of the wicked, I was forced for safegard of my life, to forsake my native Habitation, and Kingly Government, only committing my Fortune, (like a banisht exile) to wander unknown Passages, where care was my chiefe companion, and discontent my only solliciter: at last it was my Destiny to arrive in this unhappy place, which I supposed to be the walks of despaire, where I had not remained many dayes in my melancholy passions, but mée thought the wany iawes of déep Avernus opened, from whence ascended a most fearefull Devill, that inticed me to bequeath my fortune to his disposing, and hée would defend mée from the fury of the whole World: to which I presently condescended upon some assurance. Then presently he placed before my face this Enchanted Sword, so surely closed in stone, that it should never bée

pulled out, but by the hands of a Christian Knight; and till that Task were performed, I should live exempt from all danger, although all the Kingdomes of the Earth assayled me: which Task (most adventurous Champion) thou hast now performed, whereby I know the houre of my death approcheth, and my time of confusion is a hand.

This Discourse pronounced by the Negromancer Ormondine, was no sooner finished, but the worthy Champion Saint George heard such a terrible rating in the Skyes, and such a lumbring in the Earth, that he expected some strange event to follow: then casting his eyes aside, hée saw the Enchanted Garden to vanish, and the Champion of Wales to awake from his long sléep, wherein hée had remained seven years: who like one newly risen from a swoun, for a time stood speechlesse, not able to utter one word, till hée beheld the noble Champion of England, that stedfastly gazed upon the Negromancer: who at the vanishing of the Enchantment, presently gave a most terrible groan and died.

The two Champions, after many courteous embracings, and kinde greétings, revealed each to other the strange adventures they had passed. Saint David told how he was bound by the Oath of his Knight-hood, to performe the adventure of Ormandine: whereupon Saint George presently delivered the Enchanted Sword, with the Negromancers Head into the hands of Saint David, the which hée presently dissevered from his dead body. But here must my weary Muse leave Saint David travelling with Ormandines Head to the Tartarian Emperour, and speak of the following Adventures that hapned to Saint George, after his departure from the Enchanted Garden.

CHAP.

CHAP. XI.

How Saint George arrived at Tripoly in Barbary, were hee stole away Sabra the Kings Daughter of Egypt, from the Blackmoore King, and how shee was known to bee a pure Virgin by the meanes of a Lyon, and what hapned unto him in the same Adventure.

SAint George, after ỹ recovery of Saint David, as you heard in the former Chapter, dispatched his iourney towards Christendome, whose pleasant Banks he long desired to behold, and thought every day a year, till his eyes enioyed a sweet sight of his Native Countrey England, upon whose Chalkey Cliffes hee had not rod in many a weary Summers day: therefore committing his iourney to a fortunate Successe, he travelled through many a dangerous Countrey: where the people were not only of a bloody disposition, given to all manner of wickednesse, but the soyle greatly annoyed wᵗ wild Beasts, through which he could not well Travell without danger: therefore he carried continually in one of his hands, a weapon ready charged, to encounter with the Heathen people, if occasion should serve, and in the other hand, a bright burning blaze of fire, to defend him from the fury of wild Beasts if by violence they assailed him.

Thus in extream danger travelled the Noble and adventurous Champion Saint George, till hee arrived in the Territories of Barbary, in which Countrey hee purposed for a time to remaine, and to seeke for some Noble Atchievement, whereby his fame might be encreased, and his honored name ring through all the Kingdomes of the World: and being encouraged with this Princely cogitation, the Noble Champion of England climed to the top of a huge Mountaine; where hee unlocked his Bever, which before had not been lifted up in many a day, and beheld the wide and spacious Countrey, how it was beautified with lofty Pines, and

adorned

adorned with many goodly Pallaces. But amongst the number of the Towers and Cities which the English Champion beheld, there was one which seemed to exceed the rest both in situation and brave Buildings, which hee supposed to bee the chiefest City in all the Countrey, and the place where the King usually kept his Court: to which place Saint George intended to travell, not to furnish him selfe with any needfull thing, but to accomplish some honourable Adventure, whereby his worthy Deeds might be eternized in the Books of memory. So after he had descended from the top of the steepy Mountaine and had travelled in a low Valley about some two or three miles, he approached an old and almost ruinated Hermitage over-grown with Mosse, & other withered weeds, before the Entrey of which Hermitage sate an ancient Father upon a round Stone, taking the heat of the warm Sun, which cast such a comfortable brightnesse upon the Hermits Face, that his white Beard seemed to glister like silver, and his Head to exceed the whitenesse of the Northren Isicles: of whom after Saint George had given the due reverence that belonged unto Age, he demanded the name of the Countrey, and the City he travelled to, and under what King the Countrey was Governed: To whom the courteous Hermit thus Replyed:

Most Noble Knight, for so I gesse you are, by your Furniture and outward appearance, you are now in the confines of Barbary, the City opposite before your eyes is called Tripoly, remaining under the Government Almidor, the black King of Moroco: in which City he now keepeth his Court, attended on by as many valiant Knights as any King under the cope of Heaven.

At which words the Noble Champion of England suddenly started, as though he had intelligence of some balefull newes which deeply discontented his Princely mind: his heart was presently incenst with a speedy revenge, and his mind so extreamly thirsted after Almidors Tragedy, that he could scarce make answer againe to the Hermits words: But bridling his fury, the angry Champion spake in this manner:

Grave Father (said he) through ỹ treachery of that accursed King, I endured seven years imprisonment in Persia, where I suffered both hunger, cold, and extream misery: but if I had my good Sword Askalon, and my trusty Palfray which I left in the

the Egyptian Court where remaines my betrothed love, the Kings Daughter of Egypt, I would bee revenged upon the head of proud Almidor were his guard more strong than the Army of Xerxes, whose multitudes drank Rivers dry. Why, said the Hermit, Sabra the Kings Daughter of Egypt, is Queen of Barbary, and since her nuptials were solemnly performed in Tripoly, are seven Summers fully finished.

Now by the honour of my Countrey England (replied Saint George) the place of my Nativity, and as I am a true Christian Knight, these eyes of mine shall never close, nor this undaunted heart never entertain one thought of peace, nor this unconquered hand receive one minutes rest, untill I have obtained a sight of that sweet Princesse, for whose sake I have endured so long imprisonment: therefore dear Father, be thus kinde to a traveller, as to exchange thy clothing, for this my rich furniture and lusty Steed, which I brought from the Souldan of Persia, for in the habit of a Palmer, I may enjoy the fruition of her sight without suspition: otherwise I must néds be constrained by violence with my trusty Fauchion to make way into her Princely Pallace: where I know shée is attended on most carefully, by many Valiant and Courragious Knights: therefore courteously deliver mee thy Hermits gown, and I will give thée to boot with my Horse and Armour, this Boxe of costly Jewels: which when the grave Hermit beheld, he humbly thanked the Noble Champion, and so with all the spéed they could possible make: exchanged apparell, and in this manner departed.

The Palmer being glad, repaired to his Hermitage with Saint Georges furniture, and Saint George in the Palmers apparell towards the City of Trypoly, who no sooner came neere to the sumptuous buildings of the Court, but hée espied a hundred poore Palmers knéeling at ỳ Gate, to whom Saint George spake in this manner, not with lofty and Heroicall spéeches, beséeming a Princely Champion, but with méek and humble words, like to an aged Palmer.

My dear brethren (said the Champion) for what intent remain you here, or what expect you from this Honourable Court?

We abide here (answered the Palmers) for an Almes, which the Queen once a day hath given this seven yeers,

for the sake of an English Knight named Saint George, whom she affecteth above all the Knights in the World. But when will this be given (said Saint George?)

In the afternoone (Replyed the Palmers) untill which time, upon our bended knées wée hourely pray for the good fortune of that most Noble English Knight. Which Speéches so highly pleased the Valiant-minded Champion, Saint George, that hée thought every minute a whole yéere, till the golden Sunne had past away the middle part of Heaven: for it was but newly risen from Aurora's Bed, whose light as yet with a shamefast radiant blush, distained the Eastern Skie.

During which time, the most valiant and magnanimous Champion, Saint George of England, one while remembring the extreme misery he indured in Persia, for her sake, whereat hée let fall many Chrystall teares from his eyes: another while thinking upon the terrible Battell he had with the burning Dragon in Egypt, where hée redéemed her from the fatall fawes of death: at last it was his chance to walke about the Court, beholding the sumptuous Buildings, and the curious engraven Works by the atchivement of man, bestowed upon the glistering Windowes: where he heard to his exceeding pleasure, the heavenly Voyce of his beloved Sabra, descending from a Window upon the West side of the Pallace, where shée warbled forth this sorrowfull Ditty upon her Ivory Lute:

Die all desires of joy and Courtly pleasures,
Die all desires of Princely Royalty,
Die all desires and worldly treasures,
Die all desires of stately Majesty:
Sith he is gone that pleased most mine eye,
For whom I wish ten thousand times to die.

O that mine eyes might never cease to weep,
O that my tongue might evermore complaine,
O that my soule might in his bosome sleep,
For whose sweet sake my heart doth live in paine:
In woe I sing with brinish teares besprent,
Out-worne with griefe, consum'd with discontent.

In

In time my sighes will dim the Heavens faire light,
Which hourely flie from my tor mented breast,
Except Saint George that Noble English Knight,
With safe return abandon my unrest:
Then carefull cryes shall end with deep annoy,
Exchanging weeping teares, for smiling joy.

Before the face of Heaven this Vow I make,
Though unkind friends have wed me to their will,
And crownd me Queen, my ardent flames to slake,
Which in despight of them shall flourish still,
Beare witnesse, Heavens and Earth, what I have said,
For George's sake I live and die a Maid.

Which sorowfull Ditty being no sooner ended, but she departed the Window, quite from the hearing of the English Champion, that stood gazing up to the Casements, preparing his eares to entertaine her swéet tuned melody the second time: but his expectation was in vaine; whereat he grew into more perplexed passions, then Aeneas, when he had lost his beloved Crusa amongst the Army of the Grecians: sometimes wishing the day to vanish in a moment, that the houre of her benevolence might approach: other times comforting his sad cogitations with the remembrance of her true chastity, and long continued constancy for his sake; comparing her love unto Thysbes, her chastity to Dianaes, her constancy to Penelopes.

Thus spent hée the time away, till the glorious Sunne began to decline to the Western parts of the Earth, when the Palmers should receive her wonted benevolence: against which time, the English Champion placed himselfe in the middest of them, that expected the wished houre of her comming, who at the time appointed, came to the Pallace Gate, attyred in mourning Vestures like Prolixena King Priams Daughter, when shée went to sacrifice, her haire after a careless manner hung wavering in the wind, almost changed from yellow burnisht brightnesse, to the colour of silver, through her long continued sorowes and griefe of heart, her eyes séemed to have wept seas of teares, and her wonted beauty (to whose excellent fairenesse, all the Ladies in the world did sometimes yéeld obeysance) was now staind

with the pearled dew that trickled down her cheekes: where after the sorrowful Queen had inwardly numbred y Palmers, and with vigilant eyes beheld the Princely countenance of Saint George, her colour began to change from red to white, and from white to red, as though the Lilly and the Rose had strove for Superiority: but yet colouring her cogitations under a smooth brow, first delivered her Almes to the Palmers, then taking Saint George aside, with him she thus kindly began to confer: Palmer (said shee) thou resemblest both in Princely countenance and courteous behaviour, that thrice honoured Champion of England, for whose sake I have daily bestowed my benevolence for this seven years: his name is Saint George, his Fame I know thou hast heard reported in many a Countrey to be the bravest Knight that ever buckled on steel Helm: therefore for his sake I will grace thee with the chiefest honour in this Court: instead of thy russet Gabardin I will cloath thee in purple silk, and instead of thy Ebon staffe, thy hand shall weild the richest Sword that ever Princely eye beheld. To whom the Noble Champion Saint George replyed in this courteous manner.

I have heard (quoth he) the Princely Atchievements and magnanimous Adventures of that honoured English Knight which you so dearly affect, bruited through many a Princes Court, and how for the love of a Lady, he hath endured a long imprisonment, from whence he never looketh to returne, but to spend the remnant of his dayes in lasting misery: at which words the Queen let fall from her eyes such a shower of pearled teares, and sent such a number of strained sighs from her grieved heart, that her sorrow seemed to exceed the Queenes of Carthage, when shee had for ever lost the sight of her beloved Lord. But the brave-minded Champion Saint George purposed no longer to continue secret, but with his discovery to convert her sorrowfull mones to smiling toy: and so casting off his Pallmers weed, acknowledged himself to the Queene, and therewithall shewed the half Ring, whereon was ingraven this Posie, Ardeo affectione: which Ring in former time (as you may read before) they had very equally divided betwixt them to bee kept in remembrance of their plighted Faiths. Which unexpected sight highly pleased the beauteous Sabra,

and

and her joy so exceeded the bounds of reason, that shee could not speak one word, but was constrained through her new conceived pleasure, to breathe a sad sigh or two into the Champions bosome, who like a true ennobled Knight, entertained her with a loving kisse, where after these two Lovers had fully discoursed each to other the secrets of their soules, Sabra how shee continued for his love a pure Virgin, through the secret vertue of a golden Chame steept in Tygers blood, the which shee wore seven times doubled about her Ivory Neck, took him by the gentle hand, and led him into her Husbands Stable, where stood his approved Palfray, which shee for seven years had fed with her own hands: who no sooner espyed the returne of his Master, but hee grew more proud of his presence, then Bucephalus of the Macedonian Monarch, when he most joyfully returned in Tryumph from any Victorious Conquest.

Now is the time (said the excellent Princesse Sabra) that thou mayest seale up the quittance of our former loves: therefore with all convenient speed take thy approved Palfray, and thy trusty Sword Askalon, which I will presently deliver into thy hands, and with all celerity convay me from this unhappy Countrey: for the King my Husband with all his adventurous Knights, are now rode forth on hunting, whose absence will further our flight: but if thou stay till his return, it is not a hundred of the hardiest Knights in the world can beare mee from this accursed Pallace. At which words, Saint George having a minde graced with all excellent Vertues, Replyed in this manner:

Thou knowest, my divine Mistresse, that for thy love I would endure as many dangers, as Iason suffered in the Ile of Colcos, so I might at last enjoy the pleasure of true Virginity. But how is it possible thou canst remaine a pure Maid, when thou hast beene a Crowned Queene these seven years, and every night hast entertained a King into thy Bed?

If thou findest mee not a true Maid (quoth shee) in all that thou canst say or doe, send me back again hither unto my Foe, whose Bed I account more lothsome than a den of Snakes, and his sight, more ominous than the Crocodiles. As for the Morocco Crown, which by force of Fiends was set upon my Head, I wish that it might be turned into a blaze of quenchlesse Fire,

so might not endanger my body: and for the name of Queene; I account it a vaine title; for I had rather be the English Lady, than the greatest Empresse in the World.

At which Speeches Saint George willingly condescended, and with all speed purposed to goe into England: and therewith hall sealed an assurance with as sweet a kisse, as Paris gave to lovely Helena, when she consented to forsake her native Countrey, and to travell from her Husband Menelaus into Troy. So losing no time, lest delay might breed danger, Sabra furnished her selfe with sufficient Treasure, and speedily delivered to Saint George his trusty Sword, which shee had kept seven years for his sake, with all ỹ Furniture belonging to his approved Steed, who no sooner received her proffered Gifts, which he accounted dearer than the Asian Monarchy, but presently he sadled his Horse, and beautified his strong Limbs with rich Caparisons. In the meane time, Sabra through fair speeches and promises, obtained the good will of an Eunuch, that was appointed for her Guard in the Kings absence, to accompany them in their Travell, and to serve as a trusty Guide, if occasion required: which with the Lady stood ready at the Champions commandement; who no sooner had furnished himselfe with sufficient Habiliments of Warre belonging to so dangerous a journey, but hee set his beloved Mistresse upon a gentle Palfray, which alwayes knéeled downe untill she had ascended the Saddle: and likewise her Eunuch was mounted upon another Steed, whereon all their rich Furniture with costly Jewels and other Treasure was borne.

So these three worthy Personages committed their Travels to the guide of Fortune, who preserved them from the dangers of pursuing Enemies, which at the Kings return from hunting, followed amain to every Port & Haven, that divided the Kingdom of Barbary from the Confines of Christendome. But kind Destiny so guided their steps, that they travelled another way, contrary to their expectations: for when they looked to arrive upon ỹ Territories of Europe, they were cast upon the fruitfull Banks of Grecia: in which Countrey wee must tell what hapned to the three Travellers, and omit the vaine pursute of the Morocco Knights, the wrathfull melancholy of the King, and the bruited rumour that was amongst the Commons of the Queenes departure, who caused the larum,

larum-bels to berung out, and the Beacons, to be set on fire, as though the Enemy had entred their Countrey.

But now Melpomene, thou Tragick Sister of the Muses, report what unluckie crosses hapned to these three Travellers in the Confines of Grecia, and how their smiling Comedy was by ill hap turned into a weeping Tragedy: for when they had tourneyed some three or foure Leagues ober many a lofty Hill, they came nigh unto a mighty and vaste Wilderneſſe, through which the wayes seemed so long, and the Sun-beames so exceedingly glowed, that Sabra what for wearineſſe in Travell, and the extream heat of the day, was constrained to rest under the shelter of a mighty Oke, whose Branches had not been lopt in many a year: where she had not long remained, but her heart began to faint for hunger, and her colour that was but a little before as fayre as any Ladies in the world, began to change for want of a little drink: whereat the most famous Champion Saint George halfe dead with very griefe, comforted her as well as he could after this manner:

Faint not my dear Lady (said he) here is that good Sword that once preserved thee from the burning Dragon; and before thou shalt die for want of sustenance, it shall make way to every corner of the Wilderneſſe; where I will either kill some Venison to refresh thy hungry stomack, or make my tomb in the bowels of some monstrous Beast: therefore abide thou here under this Tree in company of thy faithfull Eunuch, till I return either with the flesh of some wilde Deere, or else some flying Bird, to refresh thy spirits for a new Travell.

Thus left he his beloved Lady with the Eunuch to the mercy of the Woods, and travelled up and down the Wilderneſſe till he espied a Herd of fatted Deere, from which company he singled out the fayrest and like a tripping Satyre coursed her to death: then with his keene-edged Sword cut out the goodliest Haunch of Venison that ever Hunters eye beheld; which Gift he supposed to be most welcome to his Beloved Lady. But mark what hapned in his absence to the two weary Travellers abiding under the Tree: where after Saint George's departure, they had not long sitten discoursing, one while of their long tourneyes, another while of their late delivery from the Blackamoore King, spending the stealing time away

away with many an ancient story, but there appeared out of a thicket two huge & monstrous Lyons, which came directly pacing towards the two Travellers: which fearfull spectacle when Sabra beheld, having a heart over-charged with the extream feare of death, wholly committed her soule into the hands of God, and her body almost famished for food, to suffice the hunger of the two furious Lyons: who by the appointment of Heaven, proffered not so much as to lay their wrathfull Pawes upon the smallest part of her Garment, but with eager mood assayled the Eunuch, untill they had buryed his body in the empty vaults of their hungry Bowels: then with their Teeth lately embrued in blood, rent the Eunuches Steed into small peeces: which being done, they came to the Lady, which late quaking halfe dead with feare, and like two Lambs couched their Heads upon her lap, where with her hands she stroked down their brizled haires, not daring almost to breathe, till a heavie sleep had over-mastered their furious senses: by which time, the Princely minded Champion Saint George returned with a peece of Venison upon the point of his Sword; who at that unexpected sight, stood in a maze, whether it were best to flie for safegard of his life or to venture his fortune against the furious Lyons. But at last, the love of his Lady encouraged him to a forwardnesse, when hee beheld quaking before the dismall gates of death: So laying downe his Venilon, hee presently like a Victorious Champion, sheathed his approved Fauchion most furiously into the bowels of one of the Lyons. Sarba kept the other sleeping in her lap till his prosperous hand likewise dispatched him: which Adventure being performed, hee first thanked Heaven for the Victory, and then in this kinde manner saluted his Lady.

Now (Sabra said he) I have by this sufficiently proved thy true Virginity; for it is the nature of a Lyon, be hee never so furious, not to harm the unspotted Virgin, but humbly to lay his brizled Head upon a Maidens lap. Therefore, divine Paragon, thou art the Worlds chiefe wonder for Love & Chastity, whose honoured Vertues shall ring as farre as Phœbus lends his Lights, and whose Constancy I will maintaine in every Land where I come, to bee the truest under the Circuit of the Sunne: at which words he cast his eye aside, and beheld

beheld the bloody spectacle of the Eunuches Tragedy, which by Sabra was woefully discoursed, to the great griefe of Saint George, where sad sighs serued for a dolefull knell to bewaile his untimely death: but having a Noble minde not subiect to vaine sorrow, where all hope of life is past, ceased his griefe, and prepared the Venison in readinesse for his Ladies repast, which in this order was dressed.

Hée had in his Pocket a Fire-lock, wherewith hée strook fire and kindled it with Sun-burned Mosse, and encreased the flame with other dry wood which hée gathered in the Wildernesse: against which they rosted the Venison, and suffised themselues to their own contentments. After which ioyfull repast, these two Princely Persons set forwards to their wonted Trauels, whereby the happy Guide of Heaven so conducted their steps, that before many dayes passed, they arriued in the Grecian Court, euen upon that day, when the Marriage of the Grecian Emperour should bée solemnly holden: which Royall Nuptials, in former times had bèn bruited into every Nation in the World, as well into Europe, as Africa and Asia: at which honourable Marriage the braue knights then liuing on Earth were present: for golden Fame had bruited the report thereof to the eares of the seuen Champions: in Thessaly, to Saint Dennis the Champion of France, there remaining with his beauteous Eglantine: into Ciuill, to Saint Iames the Champion of Spaine, where he remained with his louely Celestine: to Saint Anthony the Champion of Italy, then trauelling into the Borders of Scythia, with his Lady Rossalinde: likewise to Saint Andrew the Champion of Scotland: to Saint Patrick the Champion of Ireland: and to Saint David the Champion of Wales, who all atchieued many memorable Aduentures in the Kingdome of Tartary, as you haue heard before discoursed at large.

But now Fame, and smiling Fortune consented, to make their knightly Atchiuements to shine in the eyes of the whole World, therefore by the conduction of Heaven, they generally arriued in the Grecian Emperours Court: of whose Tilts and Turnaments therein performed, to the Honour of his Nuptials, my weary Muse is bound to Discourse.

CHAP. XI.

How the seven Champions arrived in Grecia at the Emperours Nuptials, where they performed many Noble Atchievements, and how after open Warres were proclaimed against Christendome by the discovery of many Knights, and how every Champion departed into his owne Countrey.

SO speak of the number of Knights, that assembled in the Grecian Court together, were a labour over-tedious, requiring the Pen of a second Homer: Therefore will I omit the Honorable Traine of Knights and Ladies that did attend him to the Church; their costly Garments and glistering Ornaments, exceeding the Royalty of Hecuba, the beauteous Queen of Troy. And also I passe over the sumptuous Banquets, the honorable services, and delicious Cheare that beautified the Emperours Nuptials, with the Stately Maskes and Courtly Dances performed by many Noble Personages, and chiefly Discourse of the Knightly Atchievements of the seven Champions of Christendom, whose honourable proceedings, and magnanimous Encounters have deserved a golden Pen to relate: for after some few dayes spent in Chamber sports, to the great pleasure of the Grecian Prince, the Emperour presently proclaymed a solemn Justing to be holden for the space of seven dayes, in the honour of his Marriage, and appointed for his chiefe Champions, the seven Christian Knights; whose Names as then were not known by any one except their own attendants.

Against the appointed day the Turnaments should begin, the Emperour caused a wonderfull large frame of timber-work to be erected: whereon the Empresse and her Ladies might stand, for the better view of the Tilters, and at pleasure behold the Champions Encounters, most nobly performed in the Honour of their Mistresses: likewise in the compasse of the Lists were pitched seven Tents of seven several colours,

wherein

wherein the seven Champions might remaine till y sound of silver Trumpets summoned them to appeare.

Thus every thing prepared in readinesse, fitting so great a Royalty, the Princes and Ladies placed in their Seats, the Emperour with his new married Empresse inbested on their lofty Thrones, strongly guarded with a hundred armed Knights, the Kings Heralds solemnly proclamed the Turnaments, which in this most royall manner began.

The first day Saint Dennis of France was appointed chief Champion against all Commers, who was called by the title of the golden Knight, who at the sound of the Trumpet entred the Lists, his Tent was of the colour of the Marigold, upon the top an artificiall Sunne framed, that seemed to beautifie the whole Assembly: his Horse of an Iron Gray, graced with a spangled Plume of Feathers: before him rode a Page in purple silke, bearing upon his Crest three golden Floure de Luces, which did signifie his Arms. Thus in this Royall manner entred Saint Dennis the Lists: where after he had traced twice or thrice up and down, to the open view of the whole companny, hee prepared himselfe in readinesse to begin the Turuament: against whom ran many Grecian Knights, which were Foyled by the French Champion, to the wonderful Admiration of all the Beholders: but to be brief, he so worthily behaved himselfe, and with such Fortitude, that the Emperour applauded him for the bravest Knight in the World.

Thus in great Royalty, to the exceeding pleasure of the Emperour, was the first day spent, till the darke Evening caused the Knights to break off Company, and repayre to their Nights repose. And the next morning no sooner did Phœbus shew his splendant brightnesse, but the king of Heralds under the Emperour, with a noyse of Trumpets awaked the Champions from their silent sleep, who with all speed prepared for the second dayes Exercise. The Chiefe Champion appointed for that day, was the Victorious Knight Saint Iames of Spaine: which, after the Emperour with his Empresse had seated themselves with a stately train of beautifull Ladies, entred the Lists upon a Spanish Bennet betrapt with a rich Caparison: directly over against the Emperours Throne, his Tent was pitcht, which was of the colour of

Quick silver, whereon was portrayed many fine Devices: before the Tent attended foure Squires, bearing four severall Scutchions in their hands, whereon were curiously painted the foure Elements: likewise hée had the title of the Silver Knight, who behaved himself no lesse worthy of all Princely commendations than the French Champion the day before. The third day S. Anthony of Italy was chief Challenger in the Turnament, whose Tent was of the colour of the skies, his stéed furnished with costly habiliments, his Armour after the Barbarian manner, his Shield plated round about with stéel, whereon was painted a golden Eagle in a Field of Blue, which signified the ancient armes of Rome: likewise he had the title of the Azure Knight, whose matchlesse Chivalry for that day won the prize from all the Grecian Knights, to the great reioycing of his Lady Rosalinde, the King of Thracia's Daughter that still remained in Pages attire, wherein (for the deare love she bore S. Anthony) disguisedly she stole from the Court, whose discovery shall hereafter be expressed. The fourth day by the Emperours appointment, the valiant and worthy Knight Saint Audrew of Scotland obtained that Honour, as to be chief Challenger for the Turnament: his Tent was framed in the maunner of a ship, swimming upon the waves of the Sea, inbironed about with Dolphins, Tritons, and many strange contrived Mermaides: upon the top stood the picture of Neptune the God of the Seas, bearing in his hand a Streamer, whereon was wrought in Crimson-Silke a corner Crosse which seemed to bée his Countries Armes: he was called the red Knight, because his Horse was covered with a bloody veil, his worthy Atchievements obtained such favour in the Emperours eyes, that he threw him his silver Gantlet, which was prized at a thousand Portagues, and with his own hands conducted him to a rich Pavilion, where after his Noble Encounters, hée enioyed a sweét repose. The fift day S. Patrick of Ireland, as Chief Champion, entred the Lists upon an Irish Hobbie, covered with a veil of Grèen, attended on by six Silvane Knights, every one bearing upon his shoulder a blooming trée: The Tent resembled a Summers Bower, at the entry whereof stood the picture of Flora beautified with a wreath of sweét-smelling Roses: hée was named the Grèen Knight, whose

whose worthy Prowesse so daunted ỳ Defendants, that before the Turnament began, they gave him the honour of the day. Upon the sixt day the Heroicall and Noble-minded Champion of Wales obtained such favour at the Emperours hands, that he was likewise chiefe Challenger, who entred the Lists upon a Tartarian Palfray, covered with a veyl of Black, to signifie a black and Tragicall day should befall to those Grecian Knights, that durst approve his invincible fortitude: his Tent was pitched in the manner and form of a Castle in the West-side of the Lists, before the Entrey whereof, hung a golden Shield, whereon was lively portrayed a silver Gryffon rampant, upon a golden Helmet, which signified the Ancient Arms of Britain. His Princely Atchevements, not only obtained due commendations at the Emperours hands, but of the whole Assembley of the Grecian Ladies wherewith they applauded him to be ỳ most Noble Knight that ever shivered Lance, and the most fortunate Champion that ever entred into the Grecian Court. Upon the seventh and last day of these Honourable Turnaments and most Noble proceedings, the Famous and Valiant Knight at Arms, Saint George of England, as chiefe Challenger, entred the Lists, upon a Sable-coloured Steed, betrapt with bars of burnisht gold, his fore-head beautified with a gorgeous Plume of purple Feathers, from whence hung many pendants of gold, his Armour of the purest Lydian Steele nailed fast together with silver Plates, his Helmet engraven very curiously, beset with Indian Pearl, & Jasper stones: before his Brest plate hung a silver Table in a damask Scarfe, whereon was pictured a Lyon rampant in a bloody field, bearing three golden Crowns upon his head: before his Tent stood an Ivory Chariot guarded by twelve cole-black Negroes; wherein his beloved Lady and Mistresse Sabra sate invested upon a silver Globe, to behold the Heroicall Encounters of her most noble and magnanimous Champion Saint George of England: his Tent was as white as the Swans Fethers, glittering against the Sun, supported by four ioyntlesse Elephants framed of the purest Brasse, about his Helmet he tyed a wreath of Virgins haire, where hung his Ladies glove, which he wore to maintain her excellent gifts of nature to exceed all Ladies on the earth. These costly Habiliments ravished the Beholders with such unspeakable pleasure,

that they stood gazing at his Furniture, not able to withdraw their eyes from so heavenly a sight. But when they beheld his Victorious Encounters against the Grecian Knights, they supposed him to be the invincible Tamer of that seven-headed Monster that clambred to the Elements, offring to pull Jupiter from his Throne. His Stéed never gave Encounter with any Knight, but he tumbled Horse and Man to the ground, where they lay for a time bereft of sense. The Turnament endured for that day, from the Suns rising, till the cole black Evening Star appeared, in which time he conquered five hundred of the hardiest Knights then living in Asia, and shivered a thousand Lances, to the wonderfull admiration of the Beholders.

Thus were the seven Dayes brought to end by the seven worthy Champions of Christendome, in reward of whose Noble Atchievements, the Grecian Emperour being a man that highly favoured Knightly Procédings, gave them a Golden Trée with seven Branches, to bée divided equally amongst them. Which honourable Prize they conveied to Saint George's Pavillion, where in dividing the Branches, the seven Champions discovered themselves each to other, and by what good fortune they arrived in the Grecian Court whose long-wished sight so reioyced their hearts, that they all accounted that happy day of méeting, the ioyfullest day that ever they beheld. But now after the Turnaments were fully ended, and the Knights rested themselves some few dayes recovering their wonted agility of body, they fell to a new exercise of Pleasure, not appearing in glistering Armour before the Tilt, nor following the loud sounding Drums and silver Trumpets, but spending away the time in Courtly Dances amongst their beloved Ladies and Mistresses, in more Royalty than the Phrygian Knights when they presented the Paragon of Asia with an Enchanted Mask. There wanted no inspiring Musick to delight their eares, no pleasant Sonnets to ravish their senses, nor no curious Dances to please their eyes. Sabra she was the Mistresse of the Revels, who graced the whole Court with her excellent Beauty, which séemed to excéed the rest of the Ladies in fairenesse, as far as the Moon surpasseth her attending Stars in a frosty Night, and when she danced, shée séemed like Thetis triping on the silver sands, with whom the Sun did fall in love: and if she chanced to smile, the cloudy

Elements

Elements would weep, and drop down heavenly dew as though they mourned for love. There likewise remained in the Court the six Thracian Virgins, that in former time lived in the shape of Swans, which were as beautifull Ladies as ever eye beheld, also many other Ladies attended the Empresse, in whose companies the seven Champions daily delighted: sometimes discoursing of amorous Conceits: other times delighting themselves with sweet sounding Musick: then spending the day in Banquetting, Revelling, Dancing, and such like Pastimes, not once injuring their true betrothed Ladies. But their Courtly Pleasures continued not long, for they were suddenly dashed with a certaine newes of open Warre proclaymed against all Christendome, which fell out contrary to the expectation of ỹ Christian Knights. There arrived in the Grecian Emperours Pallace, a hundred Heralds of a hundred severall Provinces, which proclaimed utter defiance to all Christian Kingdomes, by these words.

We the High and Mighty Emperours of Asia and Africa, great Commanders both of Land and Seas, Proclaim by generall consent of all the Eastern Potentates, utter ruine and destruction to the Kingdoms of Christendome, and to all those Nations where any Christian Knights are harboured: First, the Souldan of Persia, in revenge of a bloody slaughter done in his Pallace, by an English Champion: Ptolomy the Egyptian King in revenge of his Daughter, violently taken away by the same Knight: Almidor the black King of Morocco, in revenge of his Queen, likewise taken away by the said English Champion: The great Governour of Thessaly, in revenge of his Daughter, taken away by a French Knight: The King of Ierusalem, in revenge of his Daughter, taken away by a Spanish Knight: The Tartarian Emperour, in revenge of his son Count Palatine, slaine by the unhappy hand of the Champion of Wales: the Thracian Monark, in revenge of his vain Tzabell after his seven Daughters, now in keeping of certaine Christian Knights: in revenge of which injuries, all the Kingdomes from the further parts of Prester Iohn's Dominions, to the Borders of the red Seas, have set down their hands and seales to be Aders in this bloody Warre.

This Proclamation was no sooner ended, but the Grecian Emperour likewise consented to their bloody determination,

tion, and thereupon gave speedy commandment to Muster up the greatest strength that Grecia could afford, to joyn with the Pagans, to the utter ruine and confusion of Christendome: which bloody Edict, or rather inhumane Judgement pronounced by the accursed Infidels, compelled ỹ Christian Champions to a speedy departure, every one to hasten to his own Countrey, there to provide for the Pagans entertainment: so after due considerations, the seven Champions departed, in company of their betrothed Ladies, who chose rather to live in their Husbands bosomes, than with their misbeleeving Parents: where after some few dayes they arrived in the spacious Bay of Portugall, in which Haven they bowed by the Honour of true Knight-hood, to meet againe within six Months ensuing, there to conjoyn all their Christian Armies into one Legion: upon which plighted resolution, the worthy Champions departed one from another: Saint George into England, Saint Dennis into France, Saint Iames into Spain Saint Anthony into Italy, Saint Andrew into Scotland, Saint Patrick into Ireland, S. David into Wales: whose pleasant Banks, they had not beheld in many years before: where their entertainments were as honourable as their hearts desired: but to speak of the Mustering up of Souldiers in every Christian Kingdome, and what strength arrived at the appointed time, in ỹ Bay of Portuagal, shall be discoursed in the sequell of this History, and how troublesome Wars over-spread the whole Earth, where the Heroycall Deeds of these Noble Champions shall at large bee described: Also of the overthrow of many Kings and Kingdomes, ruines of Towns and Cities, and the decay of many flourishing Common-weales: Likewise of the bloody Tragedies of many unchristian Princes: wherat the Heavens will mourn, to see the effusion of blood trickle from the breasts of murthered Infants, ỹ heaps of slaughtered Damsels trampled to pieces by Souldiers Horse, and the Streets of many a City sprinkled with the blood of reverend Age: Therefore gentle Reader, accept of this my labour with a smooth brow and a kind countenance, and my weary Muse shall never rest, till I have finished the pleasant History of these Heroycall Champions.

CHAP.

CHAP. XIII.

How the seven Champions of Christendom arrived with all their Troops in the Bay of Portugal: the number of the Christian Armies, and how Saint George made an Oration to his Souldiers.

AFter the seven Champions of Christendome Arrived in their native Countreys, and by true Reports had blazed abroad to every Princes ear, the bloody resolution of the Pagans, and how the Provinces of Africa and Asia had Mustred up their Forces to the Invasion of Europe: all Christian Kings then at the entreaty of the Champions, appointed mighty Armies of well approved Souldiers, both by Sea and Land, to intercept the Infidels wicked intention. Likewise by the whole consent of Christendome, the Noble and Fortunate Champion of England, Saint George, was appointed Chiefe Generall, and principall Leader of the Armies, and the other six Champions were Elected for his Councell and chiefe Assistants in all attemps that appertained either to the benefit of Christendom, or the furtherance of their Fortunate Proceedings.

This Honourable Warre so fired the hearts of many youthfull Gentle-men, and so encouraged the minds of every common Souldier, that some mortgaged their Lands, and at their own proper charges furnished themselves: some sold their Patrimonies to serve in these Honourable Warres: and other some forsook Parents, Kindred, Wife, Children, Friends, and Acquaintance, and without constraint of pressing, offered themselves to follow so Noble a Generall, as the renowned Champion of England, and to spend their blood in the just quarrell of their native Countrey. To be brief one might behold the Streets of every Town and City throughout all the Dominions of Europe, beautified with Troops of Souldiers, which thirsted after nothing but Fame and Honour. Then the joyfull sound of thundring Drums, and the

Ecchoes of silver Trumpets summoned them to Armes; that followed with as much willingnesse as the Grecians followed Agamemnon to the woefull overthrow of Troy: for by that time the Christian Champions had sported themselves in the bosomes of their kinde Mistresses, the forward Captaines taken leave of their Courtly Pastimes, and the willing Souldiers bade adue to their Friends and Acquaintance, the Spring had covered the Earth with a new Livery; which was the appointed time the Christian Armies should meet in Portugall, there to joyn their severall Troops into one Legion: which promise caused the Champions to bid adue to their native Countreys, and with all speed to buckle on their Furnitures, and to hoyse up Sayles, where after a short time, the winde with a calm and prosperous Gale, cast them happily into the Bay of Portugall.

The first that arrived in that spacious Haven, was the noble Champion Saint George, with an hundred thousand courragious English Souldiers, whose forwardnes betokene a fortunate successe, and their willing minds, a joyfull victory. His Army set in Battell-Ray, seemed to counterpoll the number of the Macedonian Souldiers where with worthy Alexander conquered the Western World: his Horse-men being in number twenty thousand, were armed all in black Corslets: their Lances bound about with Plates of Steele: their Steeds vered with Maile three times doubled: their Colours were the sanguine Crosse, supported by a golden Lyon: his sturdy Bowmen, whose conquering gray-Gose wing in former times hath terrified the circled Earth, being in number likewise twenty thousand, clad all in red Mandillians, with Caps of the same colour, bearing thereon likewise a sanguine Crosse, being the true badge and honour of England: their Bowes of the strongest Yew, and their Arrowes of the soundest Ash, with forked heads of Steele, and their Feathers bound on with green wax and twisted silk. His Musketiers being in number ten thousand, their Muskets of the widest bore, with Fire-locks wrought by curious workmanship, yet of such wonderfull lightnesse, that they required no Rest at all to ease their right aymtug armes. His Caliber-shot likewise ten thousand of the smaller timbred men, but yet of as courragious minds, as the tallest Souldiers in his Army. His Pikes and Bils to

guard

guard the waving Ensigns, thirty thousand, clad all in strong glittering bright Armour: likewise followed ten thousand labouring Pioners, if occasion served, to undermine any Town or Castle, to intrench Forts or Sconces, or to make a passage through Hils and Mountaines, as worthy Hannibal did when as he made a way for his Souldiers thorow the lofty Alpes, that divide the Countreys of Italy and Spaine.

The next that arrived within the Bay of Portugall, was the Princely minded Champion Saint David of Wales, with an Army of fifty thousand of true borne Brittaines, furnished with all Habiliments of Warre to so Noble and Valiant a Service, to the high renown of his Countrey, and true Honour of his Progeny: their Armour in richnesse nothing inferiour to the Englishmens: their Colours were a golden crosse, supported by a silver Gryffon: which Scutchion signified the Ancient Armes of Wales: for no sooner had Saint George a sight of the Valiant Brittaines, but he caused his Musketiers presently to entertaine them with a Volley of Shot to expresse their happy and joyfull welcome to shore, which speedily they performed so couragiously with such a rattling noyse, as though the Firmament had burst in sunder, and the Earth made Echo to their thundring melody.

But no sooner were the Skies cleared from the smoak of the reaking Powder, and that Saint George might at pleasure discern the Noble & Magnanimous Champion of Wales, who as then rode upon a milk-white Hobbie in silver Armour, guarded with a Traine of Knights in purple Vestures: but he greeted Saint David with kinde courtesies, & accompanied him to the English Tent, which they had erected close by the Port side, where for that night these two Champions remained spending the time with unspeakable pleasure: and so upon the next day after, Saint David departed to his own Tent, which he had caused to be pitcht some quarter of a League from the English Army.

The next that arrived on the fruitfull Banks of Portugall, was Saint Patrick, the Noble Champion of Ireland, with an Army likewise of fifty thousand, attired after a strange and wonderfull manner: their Furnitures were of the skins of wild Beasts, but yet more unpierceable than the strongest Armour of Proofe: they bore in their hands mighty

Darts, tipt at the end with pricking Steele, which the courageous and Valiant Irish Souldiers by the agility of their Armes, could throw a full flight shot, and with forcible strength, would strike three or foure inches into an Oke, and with such a certaine ayme, that they would not misse the breadth of a foot.

These adventurous and hardy Souldiers no sooner Arrived on the shore, but the English Musketteirs gave them a Princely entertainment, and presently conducted the Noble minded Champion Saint Patrick, to ỹ English Tent, where the three Champions of England, Wales, and Ireland, passed away the time with exceeding great Royalty, laying down Plots how to pitch their Camps to the most disadvantage of the misbeleeving Enemy, and setting down perfect directions which way they were best to March, and such like Devices for their owne safeties, and the benefit of Christendom.

The next that landed on the Banks of Portugall, was Saint Andrew the worthy Champion of Scotland, with three score thousand of well approved Souldiers: his Horsemen, the bold adventurous Gallowayes, clad all in quilted Jackets, w Lances of the Turkish fashion, thick and short, bearing upon their Beavers the Armes of Scotland, which was a corner Castle supported by a naked Virgin: his Pikemen the stiffe and hardy men of Orcady, which continually use to lie upon freezing Mountaines, the Isle Rocks, and the Snowie Vallies: his shot the light-foted Calidonians, that if occasion serve, can climb the highest Hill, and for nimblenesse in running, over-goe the swift-foted Stag.

These bold adventurous Scottish men in all forwardnesse, deserved as much Honour at the English Champions hands as any of the other Nations before: therefore hee commanded his Shot, at their first entry on Land, to give them a Noble Entertainment, which they performed most Royally, and also conducted Saint Andrew to the English Tent, where, after he had given Saint George ỹ courtesie of his Countrey, departed to his Tent, which was distant from the English Tent a mile.

The next that Arrived was Saint Anthony the Champion of Italy, with a band of fourescore thousand brave Italian Souldiers, mounted on Warlike Coursers, every Horseman attended on by a naked Negro, bearing in his hand a Streamer

of

of watchet Silk, with the Armes of Italy thereon set in Gold, every footman furnished with approved furniture in as stately a manner as the Englishmen, who at their landing received as Royall an Entertainment, as the other Nations: and likewise Saint Anthony was as highly honoured by the English Champion, as any of the other Christian Knights.

The next that Arrived was Saint Dennis the Victorious Champion of France, with a band of fourescore thousand. After him marched twelve Dukes of twelve severall Dukedomes, being then under the Government of the French King, every one at his own proper cost and charges, maintaining two thousand Souldiers, in these Christian Wars: their Entertainments were as glorious as the rest.

The last of all the Christian Champions that Arrived upon the fruitfull Banks of Portugall, was the magnanimous Knight Saint Iames of Spaine, with a band likewise of fourescore thousand; with him he brought from the Spanish Mines ten Tun of refined Gold, only to maintain Souldiers in the defence of Christendom, who no sooner landed with his Troops, but the other six Champions gave him the Honourable welcome of a Souldier, and ordained a solemn Banket for the generall Armies, whose number iustly surmounted five hundred thousand: which Legions they conioyned into one Camp Royall, and after placed their Wings and Squadrons Battell-wise, chiefly by the direction of Saint George, being then Chief Generall by the consent of the Christian Kings: who after he had overviewed the Christian Armies, his countenance seemed to prognosticate a crowned Victory, and to foretell a fatall overthrow to the misbelæving Potentates: therefore to encourage his Princely Followers to persevere in their wonted willingnesse, pronounced this Princely Oration.

You men of Europe (said he) and my Countrey-men, whose conquering Fortunes never yet have feared the Enemies of Christ, you see we have forsook our native Lands, and committed our Destinies to the Queene of Chance, not to fight in any unjust quarrell, but in the true cause of Israels Anointed, not against nature to climb the Heavens, as Nimrod and the Gyants proffered in former time: but to prevent the Invasion of Christendom, the ruine of Europe, and the intended overthrow of all Christian Provinces: the bloody minded

Infidels have mustered up Legions, in numbers like blades of grasse, that grow upon the flourishing downs of Italy, or the Stars of Heaven in the coldest Winters night, protesting to fil our Countreys with Seas of blood, to scatter our Streets with mangled limbs, and convert our glorious Cities into Flames of quenchlesse Fire: Therefore dear Countrey-men, lyve not to see our Christian Virgins spoyled by lustfull rape, nor drag'd along our Streets like guiltlesse Lambs to a bloody slaughter: nor live to see our harmlesse Babes, with bruised brames, dasht against hard flinty Stones, nor live to see our unlucky age, whose hair resemble silver Wines, lye bleeding on the Marble Pavements: But like true Christian Souldiers fight in quarrel of your countries. What though the Pagans be in number ten to one, yet Heaven I know will fight for Christendom and cast them down before our faces, like drops of Aprill Showers. Be not dismayed to see them in ordered Ranks, nor fear not when you behold the Streamers hovering in the waving winde, when as their steeled Pikes like to a thorny Forrest will over spread whole Countreys: thousands of them I know will have no heart to fight, but flie with cowardly fear like flocks of sheep before the greedy Wolfe. I am the Leader of your noble minds, that never fought in vaine, nor never entred Battell but returned with Conquest. Then every one with me build upon this Princely resolution: for Christendom we fight, for Christendom we live and die.

This Souldier-like Oration was no sooner finished, but the whole Army with a generall voyce cryed, to Arms, to Arms with Victorious George of England: which Noble resolution of the Souldiers, so reioyced the English Champion, and likewise encouraged the other Christian Knights with such a forwardnesse of minde, that they gave speedy commandement to remove their Tents, and to March with easie iourneys towards Tripoly in Barbary, where Almidor the black King of Morocco had his Residence: in which Travell wee must leave for a while the Christian Army, and speak of the innumerable Troops of Pagan Knights, that arrived at one instant in the Kingdome of Hungary, and how they fell at variance in the Election of a Generall: which civill Mutiny caused much effusion of blood to the great hurt both of Africa and Asia, as here followeth.

CHAP.

CHAP. XIV.

Of the diſſention and diſcord that hapned amongſt the Army of the Pagans in Hungary: the Battell betwixt the Chriſtians and the Moores in Barbary; and how Almidor the black King of Morocco was ſodden to death in a Cauldron of boyling lead and brimſtone.

THe irefull Pagans, after they had levied their martiall-forces both by Sea and Land repaired to their generall place of meeting, there to conclude of the utter ruine of Chriſtendome: for no ſooner could Winter withdraw his chill froſt from the Earth, and Flora took poſſeſſion of his place, but the Kingdom of Hungary ſuffered exceſſive penury, through ỳ numberleſſe Armies of ỳ accurſed Infidels, being their appointed place of meeting: for though Hungary of all other Countreys both in Africa and Aſia, then was the richeſt and plentifulleſt of Victuals to maintaine a Camp of men: yet was it mightily over-preſt and greatly burthened with multitudes, not only with want of neceſſaries to relieve Souldiers, but with extream cruelty of thoſe bloody minded Miſcreants, that through a civill diſcord which hapned amongſt them, about the Election of a Generall, they converted their union to a moſt inhumane ſlaughter, and their Triumphant Victory to a diſmall bloody Tragedy: For no ſooner arrived their Legions upon the Plaines of Algernos, being length and breadth one and twenty Leagus, but the King of Hungary cauſed their muſter Rolls to be publickly read, and iuſtly numbred in the hearing of the Pagan Knights, which in this manner was proclaimed through the Camp:

Firſt, Be it known unto all Nations that fight in the Quarrell of Africa and Aſia, under the Conduct of our three great Gods, Mahomet, Tarmagant, and Apollo, what in-

vincible

vincible Forces bée now arrived in this renowned Kingdome of Hungary, a Land honoured through the World, not only for Arms, but curious Buildings, and plentified with all manner of Riches.

First, We have from the Emperour of Constantinople two hundred thousand Turks. From the Emperour of Grecia, two hundred and fifty thousand. From the Emperour of Tartary, a hundred threescore and three thousand. From the Souldan of Persia, two hundred thousand. From the King of Ierusalem, foure hundred thousand. Of Moores one hundred and twenty thousand. Of cole-black Negars, one hundred and forty thousand. Of Arabians, one hundred and sixty thousand. Of Babylonians, one hundred thirty thousand and odde. Of Armenians, one hundred and fifty thousand. Of Macedonians, two hundred and ten thousand. Of Siracusians, fifteene thousand six hundred. Of Hungarians three hundred and six thousand. Of Sicilians, seventeen thousand three hundred. Of Scythians, one hundred and five thousand. Of Parthians, ten thousand and three hundred. Of Phrygians, seven thousand and two hundred. Of Ethiopians, sixty thousand. Of Thracians fourscore thousand. Likewise from the Provinces of Prester John, three hundred thousand of unconquered Knights, with many other petty Dominions and Dukedoms, whose number I omit for this time, lest I should seem over tedious to the reader.

But to conclude, Such a Camp of Armed Souldiers Arrived in Hungary, that might in one Month have destroyed Christendom, had not God defended them from those Barbarous Nations, and by his invincible power confounded the Pagans in their own Practises: for no sooner had the Heralds proclaimed through the Camp, what a number of Nations joyned in Armes together, but the Souldiers fell at dissention one with another, about the Election of a Generall: some vowed to follow none, but the King of Ierusalem: some Ptolomy, the Egyptian King: and some the Souldan of Persia, every one protesting, either to persevere in their own wils, or to lose their lives in the same quarrell.

Thus in this manner parts were taken on all sides, not only by the meaner sort, but by Leaders and Commanders of Bands; whereby the Kings and Potentates were forced to commit their wils to their Souldiers pleasure. This civill

broyl so discouraged the whole Army, that many withdrew their forces and presently marched homewards, as the King of Morocco with his tawny Moores, and cole-black Nigars: likewise the Souldan of Persia, Ptolomy the Egyptian King, the Kings of Arabia and Ierusalem, every one departed into their own Countreys, cursing the time they attempted first so vain an Enterprise. The rest, not minding to pocket up abuses fell from brawling beasts, to downe-right blowes, whereby grew such sharp and bloody War, that it cost more Souldiers, lives than the Civill Mutiny at the destruction of Ierusalem. Which Battel by ỹ trefull Pagans continued without ceasing for the space of three dayes: in which Encounters, the murthered Infidels, like scattered corne, over-spread the Fields of Hungary: the fruitfull Valleys lay drowned in purple gore: the Fields of corn consumed with Flames of Fire: their Towns and Cities ruinated with wasting War; wherein the Fathers were sad witnesses of their Childrens slaughters, and the Sons beheld their Parents reverend haires, more white than tryed silver, besmeared with clodded blood: there might the Mothers see their harmelesse Babes borne up and down the Streets upon Souldiers Lances: there might they see their silken Ornaments and rich Attyre in pooles of blood lie swimming up and down: there might they see the braines of honest Dames and pure Virgins dasht against hard flinty Stones: there might they see their Courts and Pallaces by Souldiers burned to the ground; there might they see how Councellers in their Scarlet Gowns lay burning in the fire: there might they see how Kings and Quenes were arm in arm consumed to ashes: there might they behold and see how melted gold in choked Sinks lay every where: there might they see the bloodiest Tragedies that ever eye beheld, & the wofullest newes that ever Christians ear heard told. In this long and bloody Warre, one sucking child was not left alive to report the Story to ensuing Ages, no not a Souldier to cary Armes throughout the Kingdome of Hungary, so iustly was the vengeance of God thrown upon the heads of these mis-beleeving Miscreants, that durst attempt to lift their hands against his true Annoynted Nations: for no doubt but the invincible Army of the Pagans had ruinated the Borders of Europe, had not the mighty hand of God with his unspeakable mercy

béne Christendomes defence, and confounded the Infidels in their own Civill Wars, which bloody and strange overthrow of those unchristian people, let us forever bury in the lake of oblivion, and persevere in the fortunate proceedings of the seven Champions of Christendome, who had entred the Borders of Barbary, before Almidor the black King of Morocco, with his scattered Troopes of Moores and Negars returned from Hungary, and by Fire and Sword had wasted many of his chiefest Townes and Forts, whereby the Countrey was much weakned, and the Commons compelled to sue for mercy at the Champions hands, who bearing true Christian minds, within their hearts continually pitty harboured, vouchsafed to grant mercy to those that yelded their lives to the pleasure of the Christian Knights: but when S. George had intelligence of Almidors approach with his weakned Troops, hée presently prepared his Souldiers in readinesse to give the Moores a bloody banquet, which was the next morning by break of day performed, to the high Honour of Christendom: but the night before the Moores knowing the Countrey better than the Christians, got the advantage both of winde and Sun: whereat Saint George being something dismayed, but yet nothing discouraged, imboldned his Souldiers with many heroicall Spéeches, proffering them frankly the Enemies Spoyles, and so with the Suns uprising entred Battell, where the Moores fell before the Christians Swords, as eares of Corn before the Reapers Sickles.

During this Conflict, the seven Champions still in the Fore front of the Battell, so adventurously behaved themselves, that they slew more Negars, than a hundred of the bravest Knights in the Christian Armies. At last Fortune intending to make Saint George's Prowesse to shine brighter than the rest, singled out the Morocco King, betwixt whom and the English Champion, was a long and dangerous Fight: but Saint George so couragiously behaved himselfe with his trusty Sword, that Almidor was constrained to yéld to his mercy. The Army of the Moores séeing their King taken Prisoner, presently would have fled: but that the Christians being the lighter of foot, overtook them, and made the greatest slaughter of them that ever hapned in Barbary.

Thus after the Battell ended, and the joyfull sound of

Victory

Victory rung through the Christian Army, the Souldiers furnished themselves with the Enemies Spoyles, and marched by Saint George's direction to the City of Tripoly, being then almost unpeopled through the late slaughter which was there made: in which City after they had rested some dayes, and refreshed themselves with wholsome food, the English Champion, in revenge of his former proffered injuries by the Morocco King, gave this severe Sentence of death.

First, hee commanded a brazen Cauldron to be filled with boyling Lead and Brimstone: then Almidor to be brought to the place of death by twelve of the Noblest Peeres in Barbary therein to be consumed, flesh, blood, and bone: which was duly performed within seven dayes following. The brazen Cauldron was erected by ỹ appointment of Saint George, directly in the middle of the chiefest Market place, under which a mighty hot fire continually burned, for the space of eight and forty houres: whereby the boyling Lead and Brimstone seemed to sparkle like fiery Furnaces in Hell, and the heat to exceed the burning Oven at Babylon.

Now all things being thus prepared in readinesse, and the Christian Champions present to behold the wofull spectacle; the condemned Black-amore King came to the place of Execution, in a shirt of fine Indian Silk, his hands pynioned together with a Chain of Gold, and his Face covered with a Damask Scarf, his Attenders and Chief Conducters twelve Moores, Peers, clad in Sable Gowns of Taffatie, carrying before him the Wheele of Fortune, with the Picture of an Usurper climing up with this Motto on his Breast, I will be King in spite of Fortune: upon the top of the Wheele, the Picture of a Monarch vaunting, with this Motto on his Breast: I am a King in spite of Fortune: Lastly, on the other side of the Wheele, the Picture or perfect Image of a Deposed Potentate, falling with his Head downwards, with this Motto on his Breast, I have been a King while pleased Fortune: which plainely signified the Chance of Warre, and of inconstant Destiny: his Guard was a hundred Christian Souldiers, holding Fortune in disdaine: after them attended a hundred of Morocco Virgins in black Ornaments, their hair bound up with Silver Wyers, and covered with Veyls of black Silk, signifying the sorrow

of their Countrey for the losse of their Soveraign. In this mournfull manner came the unfortunate Almidor to the boyling Cauldron; which when hée came near, his heart waxed cold, and his tongue devoyd of utterance for a time: at last hée brake forth into these earnest Protestations, praising more for his life, then the whole Kingdom of Barbary could perform.

Most mighty and invincible Champion of Christendome (quoth hée) let my life bée ransomed, and thou shalt yéerely receive ten Tuns of tryed gold, five hundred webs of woven silke, the which our Indian Maids shall sit and spinn with silver wheéles: a hundred Ships of Spices and refined Sugar shall bée yearly payd thée by our Barbary Merchants: a hundred Wagons likewise laden with Pearl and Jasper Stones, which by our cunning Lapidists shall bée yearly chosen forth and brought thée home to England, to make that blessed Countrey the richest Land within the Dominions of Europe: likewise I will deliver up my Diademe with all my Princely Dignities, and in company of these Morocco Lords, like bridled Horses, draw thée daily in a silver Chariot up and downe the circled Earth, till death gives end to our lives Pilgrimage: therefore most admired Knight at Armes, let these salt teares that trickle from the conduits of my eyes, obtain one grant of comfort at thy hands, for on my bended knées I beg for life, that never before this time did kneél to mortall man.

Thou speakest in vain (replyed Saint George) not the Treasures hidden in the déepest Seas, nor all the golden Mines of rich America, shall redéem thy life: thou knowest, accursed Homicide, thy wicked practices in the Egyptian Court, where thou proffieredst wrongfully to bereave me of my life: likewise through thy treachery, I endured a long imprisonment in Persia, where for seven yeares I drank foule Channell water, and sufficed my hunger with bread of Bran Meale: my food was loathsome flesh of Rats and Mice, and my resting-place, a dismall Dungeon, where neither Sunne nor the chearfull light of Heaven lent mée comfort during my long continued misery: for which inhumane dealing and proffered injuries the heavens inforce me to a speédy revenge, which in this manner shall be accomplished.

Thou

Thou seest the torment prepared for thy death, this brazen cauldron filld with boyling lead and brimstone, wherein thy cursed body shall be speedily cast, and boiled, till thy detested limbes be consumed to a watry substance in this sparkling liquour; therefore prepare thy self to entertain the violent stroke of death, and willingly bid all thy Kingly dignities farewell: but yet I let thee understand, that mercy harbours in a Christians heart, and where mercy dwells there faults are forgiven upon some humble penitence: though thy Trespasse deserves no pity but severe punishment, yet upon these considerations I will grant thee liberty of Life; First, that thou wilt forsake thy false gods, Termagant and Apollo, which bee but the vain imaginations of men, and believe in our true and everliving God, under whose Banner we Christians have taken in hand this long warr. Secondly, thou shalt give commandement, that all thy Barbarous Nations bee Christened in the faith of Christ. Thirdly, and lastly, that thy three Kingdomes of Barbarie, Morocco and Iudia, sweare true Allegeance to all Christian Kings, and never to bear Armes, but in the true quarrell of Christ and his anointed Nations. These things duly observed, thy Life shall bee preserved, and thy liberty obtained, otherwise look for no mercy but a speedy and most terrible death.

These words more displeased the unchristian King of Morocco, than the sentence of his condemnation, whereupon in these brief speeches he set down his resolution.

Great Potentate of Europe (replyed Almidor) by whose mightinesse Fortune sits fettered in the chaines of power, my golden Diadem, and Regall Scepter by constraint I must deliver up: but before I forsake my Countrey gods, I will endure a hundred deaths; and before my Conscience bee reformed to a new faith, the earth shall be no earth, the sea no sea, the heaven no heaven. Thinkest thou now proud Christian, by thy threatned torments, to make me forget my Creator, and believe in thy God, the supposed King of Jewes, and basely borne under an Oxe's Stall? No, no accursed Christians, you off spring of Cain, you generation of Ismael, you seed of Vipers, and accursed through the World, look for a speedy shower of vengeance to raine from Heaven upon your wicked Nations: your bloudy practices have pierst

the Battlements of Iove, and your tyrannies beaten open the Gates of mighty Mahomet, who hath provided whips of burning wyre to scourge you for your cruelties, proffered against his blessed worshipers: and now with this deadly curse I bid you all farwell: the plagues of Egypt light upon your Kingdome: the curse of Cain upon your Children the famine of Ierusalem upon your friends, and the misery of Oedipus upon your selves.

This wicked resolution and balefull curse, was no sooner ended by the desperate minded Almidor, but the impatience of Saint George was so highly moved, that he gave present Commandement to the appointed Executioners to cast him into the boyling Cauldron; which incontinently they performed to the terrour of all the Beholders: To see this wofull Spectacle, the Battlements of Temples were so thronged with people, the Houses covered with women and children, and the streets filled with Armed Souldiers that it was a wonder to behold: amongst which multitudes there were some particular Persons, that at the sight of Almidors death fell downe and brake their necks: but the generall number, as well of Pagans as Christians, cryed with chearfull voyces, Honour and Victory follow Saint George of England, for he hath redeemed Barbary from a miserable servitude. Which joyfull hearing so delighted the seven Champions of Christendome, that they caused their Conduits to run with Wines, the Streets to be beautified with Bonefires, and a sumptuous Banquet to be proclaimed thorow the City, which after continued for the space of seaven dayes in more magnificent Royalty, than the Banquet at Babylon, when the Macedonian Monarch returned from the Worlds Conquest.

The Champions Liberality procured such faithfull love in the hearts of the Morocco Peeres, that with a generall consent they chose Saint George for their lawfull King, whereafter they had invested him in the Princely Seat of the Morocco Potentate, they set the Crown upon his head, and after presented him with an impetious Pall, which the Kings of Barbary usually wore upon their Coronation day, protesting to forsake their prophane Religion, and be Christned in the faith of Christ.

This

This promised conversion of the Infidels, more delighted the English Champion, then to have the whole worlds honour at command: for it was the greatest point of his Knightly Oath, to advance the Faith of Christ, and to inlarge the bounds of Christendom: after his Coronation was solemnly performed, the other six Champions conducted him to a Princely Pallace, where he took true Allegeance of the Morocco Lords by plighted Oath to be true to his Crowne: after this he established the Christian Lawes to the benefit of the whol Countrey: then he commanded all the Ceremonious Rites of Mahomet to be trodden under feet, and the true Gospel of Christ to be preached: likewise he caused all that did remain in Barbary to be Christened in the new faith: but these observations continued but a time, as hereafter shall be discovered at large: For Fame not intending to let the worthy Champions long to remain in the idle Bowers of peace, summoned them to persevere in their Noble Atchievements, and to muster up anew their Souldiers, whose Armour, cankered ease had almost staind with rust: therefore Saint George comitted the Government of his Countrey, to four of the principall Péeres of Morocco and marched towards the Countrey of Egypt, where lived treacherous Ptolomy, the Father of his beloved Lady Sabra, whom he had left in the Kingdome of England: In which tourney and happy arrivall in Egypt, we will leave the seven Champions for a time, and speak of the faithlesse Infidels in Barbarie, after the departure of the Christians, whose former honours they slightly regarded: For no sooner had S. George with his Martiall Troups bidden their Countrey adue, but the faithlesse Moores reconciled themselves to their former gods, and purposed a spédy revenge for the death of Almidor, against all Christians that remained within the limits of that Heathen Nation: For there were many Souldiers wounded in the late Battel: Likewise a number oppressed with sickneſſe, which the Christian Champions had left behinde for their better recoveries: upon whom the Barbarous Moores committed their first tyranny: for they caused the distressed Souldiers to be drawne upon sleds to the uttermost parts of the Citie, and there put them into a large and old Monastery, which they presently set on fire, and most inhumanely burned the Christian

Souls

Souldiers, and after converted the place into a filthy Lea-
ſt ill: many Women and ſuccourleſſe Children they dragged
up and down the Streets, till their braines were daſht againſt
the Stones, and the blood had covered the Earth with a
purple hue: Many other cruelties were committed by the
wicked Infidels, againſt the diſtreſſed Chriſtians, which I
purpoſe to paſſe over, and wholy Diſcourſe of the woefull and
bloody murther of an Engliſh Merchant and his Wife, in
the ſame City of Tripoly: the report whereof may force even
mercileſſe Tygers to relent, and thoſe eyes to ſhed ſprings
of teares that never wept before. The bloody minded Ne-
gars violating both Oath and promiſe before plighted to Saint
George, by violence ſet upon the Merchants Houſe, where
firſt they made a Maſſacre of his Servants, and before his
face caſt their dead bodies to hunger-ſtarved Dogs; then
comming to the Merchant, they bound him faſt with hempen
Cords, to the ſtrongeſt poſt in his Houſe, and after took
his Children, being ſeven of the goodlieſt Boyes that ever
Nature framed, whom they likewiſe tyed round about him.
When one of the Moores being crueller then the reſt, proffe-
red to deflour the Merchants Wife before his face: but ſhe
in Chaſtity like Camma, chuſing rather an honourable death
then an infamous life, ſpit in the Negars face, and moſt bit-
terly reviled him, yeelding neither to his force, nor his bloody
threats: but ſnatching a knife from his girdle, vowed to
ſheath it in her boſome, before ſhee would loſe that precious
gemme of Honour, that once being gone could not be reco-
vered for all the Worlds Treaſure.

This reſolution of the Engliſh Merchants Wife, cauſed
the ſtern Negar to exceed in cruelty: but the principall of
that wicked company, being a bloody and mercileſſe Tyrant,
ſtabbed one of the lilly Children before the Moores face.

Now ſtubborn Dame (quoth hee) will thou yeeld to my
deſires, and preſerve the lives of the other ſix Children? Or-
therwiſe ſhalt thou behold them butchered in the ſame man-
ner. To ſeal my Honour for the lives of my Children (re-
plyed ſhee) will bee an offence to God, and a continuall cor-
ſive to my Husbands heart if we live together: Therefore,
accurſed Monſter, proſecute your tyranny: It is not all
your threats and bloody dealings ſhall convert my chaſte
minde,

minde, nor once enforce my thoughts to give any consent thereunto.

These words being no sooner ended, but the lustfull Moore took another of her Children, and stabbed before her Husbands face, thinking thereby to force the Merchant to entreat his Wife to consent to the wicked Negars determinations: but hée being as resolute as his vertuous Wife, spake in this manner:

O you cursed black dogges of Barbary, more worse in quality then bloody Tygers, and more mercilesse then wicked Cannibals! think you that the murther of our Children shall enforce our hearts to yeeld to your lustfull desires? No, no, persevere in your Tyrannies: if I had a hundred Children, twice the number of King Priams, yet would I lose them all, before I will indure to see my Wives dishonour: Children may be gotten againe, but her Honour never recovered,

These words pricked the Negars to the gall, and caused them to commit the wickedest Deed that ever was practised under the Celestiall Globe of Heaven: First, they sheathed their Poniards in the Wreasts of all the Merchants Children, whose guiltlesse blood stained all the Chamber with a crimson colour: then with their Fauchions did they cut their bodies all in sunder, and caused seven Pies to be made of their flesh, and after served in a Banquet to their wofull Parents, whom the mercilesse Moores set at a square Table, the Merchant placed directly opposite against his wife, where they were constrained either to feed upon their own Children, or starve for want of other sustenance.

This wofull spectacle strook such a griefe into the English Merchants heart, that hée could scarce indure to speak for weeping: his wife, when shée beheld the heads of her lovely Sonnes lying upon the Table, as it were looking to Heaven for revenge, breathed forth this dying Lamentation:

O silly Babes, I would you had beene strangled in my Wombe at your first conception: then should not these accursed Infidels have triumpht thus in your unhappy Tragedies, nor your unfortunate Parents beheld this lucklesse day: whereon I pray that never Sunne may shine againe, but be accounted an ominous day throughout the whole World:

for Heaven I hope (poore Babes) will raine a showre of vengeance on their Heads, that have caused this your untimely death; and with this prayer I now bid the World farewell.

At which words her griefe so exceeded the bounds of reason, that it stayed the passage of her breath, whereby shee was forced to yeeld her soule to the Paradise of peace. She being no sooner dead, but the sorrowfull Merchant likewise bitterly exclaymed against the iniustice of Fortune, and the Tyranny of the Barbarous Moores accounting his Destiny more hapless then the Thracian Kings, that buryed his Children in his own bowels: and the cruelty of these Infidels to exceed the Tyranny of Nero, that caused his Mothers Womb to be opened that hee might behold the place of his Conception: but when the Merchant had sufficiently bewayled the Murther of his Children, the death of his wife, and his owne misery, hee yeelded his soule to the furious stroak of death. The end of whose long languishments, when the wicked Moores had intelligence of, they caused their dead bodies to bee carryed to the top of a high Mountaine, and to be left for the prey of hungry Ravens: But the Sunne consumed them like the mornings dew, and by the wonderfull workmanship of Heaven, in the same place sprung a Bower of Roses, to signifie the unspotted honour of the Merchant and his vertuous Wife; which Miracle wee leave to the wonder of the Moores, and speak of the Christian Champions proceedings, that by this time were arrived in the Kingdome of Egypt.

CHAP.

CHAP. XI.

How the Christians arrived in Egypt, & what hapned to them there The Tragedy of the lustfull Earl of Coventry, How Sabra was bound to a stake to bee burned, and how Saint George redeemed her: Lastly, how the Egyptian King cast himself from the top of a Tower, and broke his neck.

During the time of the bloody murther wrought by the Barbarous Moores upon the English Merchant and his Wife, with his seven Children, as you heard in the former Chapter, the Champions of Christendom arrived upon the Territories of Egypt, where they supposed to have met with Legions of Armed Souldiers, and to have adventured their lives upon the Chance of Warre: but all things fell out contrary to their expectations: for they found the Gates of every City set open, and every Village and Towne unpeopled: for the Commons at the report of the Christians Arrivall, secretly hid their Treasure in the Caves of the Earth, in deep Wels, and such like obscure places, and a generall feare and extream terrour assailed the Egyptians, as well the Peeres of the Land, as the simple Countrey people: many fled into Woods and Wildernesses, and closely hid themselves in hollow Trees: many digged Caves in the Ground, where they thought best to remain in safety: and many fled to high Mountaines, where they long time lived in great extremity, feeding upon the Grasse of the Ground: so greatly the Egyptians feared the Army of the Christians, that they expected nothing but the Ruine of their Countrey, and the lesse of their own lives, and the murther of their Wife and Children.

But to speak of the Christian Champions, who finding the Countrey desolate of people, suspected some deep policy of the Egyptians, thinking them to have mustered their Warlike Forces to bid them Battell: therefore Saint George gave commandement through the whole Camp, that not a man upon paine of death, should break his Rank, but march advisedly with their Weapons ready prest to Encounter Battell, as though the Enemies had already placed themselves opposite against them: which speciall charge the Christian Souldiers duly observed, looking neither after the wealth of Cities nor the spoyle of Villages, but circumspectly marched according to their Leaders directions along the Countrey of Egypt, till they approached the sight of King Ptolomies Court: which when the Noble Champion of England beheld, in this manner encouraged he his Followers:

Behold (said hee) yon invincible Captaines of Christendome, yonder curled Towers where wicked Ptolomy keeps his Court; those Battlements, I say, were they as richly built as the great Pyramides of Greece, yet should they bee subverted and layd as levell with the Ground, as the City of Carthage; there hath that accursed Ptolomy his residence, that for preserving his Daughter from the burning Dragon, treacherously sent mee into Persia, where for seven years I lived in great extremity in a dismall Dungeon, where the Sunne did never give mee light, nor the company of people comfort: In revenge whereof, my heart shall never rest in quiet, till I see the Buildings of his Pallace set on fire, and converted into a place of desolation, like to the glorious City in Phrygia, now over spread with stinking weeds and loathsome puddles: therefore let all Christian Souldiers, that fight under the Banner of Christendome, and all that love George of England your chosen Generall, draw forth your Warlike Weapons, and like the angry Greeks, overturn those glittering Battlements; leave not one Stone upon another, but lay it as levell with the ground, as the Harvest Reapers do Fields of ripened corne: let your wrathfull furies fall upon these Towers, like drops of April showers, or like stormes of Winters haile, that it may be bruited through the World, what iust vengeance did light upon the pride of Egypt; leave not (I say) as you love

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your Generall, when you have subverted the Pallace, not one man alive, no, not a sucking Babe, but let them suffer vengeance for the wickednesse of their King. This is my Decree, brave Knights of Christendome, therefore march forward: Heaven and Fortune be your good speed.

At which words the Souldiers gave a general shout, in sign of their willing minds. Then began the silken streamers to flourish in the Air, the Drums cheerfully to sound forward, the silver Trumpets recorded Ecchoes of Victory: the barbed Steeds grew proud of this attempt, and would scarce upon the ground, but leapt and danc't with as much courage, as did Bucephalus the Horse of Macedonian Alexander always before any notable Victory; yea, every thing gave an evident signe of good successe, as well senseless things as living creatures.

With this resolution marched the Christians, purposing the utter confusion of the Egyptians, and the woefull ruine and destruction of Ptolomies sumptuous Pallace. But when the Souldiers approached the Gates with warlike Weapons, ready to assault, there came pacing out thereat, the Egyptian King, with all the chiefest of his Nobles, attyred in black and mournfull Ornaments, bearing in their hands Olive Branches: next them the barbed Souldiers in Egypt, bearing in their hands broken weapons, shivered Lances, and torne Ancients: likewise followed, thousands of Women and Children, with Cypresse Wreaths about their Heads, and in their Hands Olive Branches, crying for mercy to the Christians, That they would not utterly destroy their declining Country, but shew mercy to unhappy Egypt; This unexpected sight, or rather admirable wonder, caused Saint George to sound a Retreat, and gave commandement through the Christian Army, to withhold their former vowed vengeance from the Egyptians, till hee understood what they required: which charge being given and duly observed, Saint George with the other six Champions came together, and admitted the Egyptian King with his Nobles to their presence, who in this manner began to speak for his Countrey.

You unconquered Knights of Christendome, whose worthy Victories and Noble Atchievments the whole World admires:

admires, let him that never knéeled to any man till now, and in former times disdained to humble himself to the greatest Potentate on Earth, let him I say, the most unfortunate wretch alive, crave mercy, not for my selfe, but for my Countrey: my Commons blood will be required at my hands: our murthered Infants will call to Heaven for revenge, and our slaughtered Widdowes cry sink downe to Hell for revenge: so will the vengeance of Heaven light upon my soule, and the curse of Hell upon my head. Renowned Champion of England, under whose custody my dear Daughter is kept, even for the love of her bemercifull to Egypt. The former wrongs I proffered thée when I sent thée like a guiltlesse Lamb into Persia, was contrary to my will: for I was incenst by the flattery of that accursed Blackmoore King, whose soule for evermore be scourged with Whips of Wyre, and plagued with the punishment of Tantalus in Hell: if my life will serve for a just revenge, here is my naked Breast, let my heart blood staine some Christians Sword, that you may bear the bloody witnesse of my death into Christendome, or let mée be torne into a thousand pieces by mad untamed Stéeds, as was Hippolitus Sonne of Theseus in his Charmed Chariot.

Most mighty Controulers of the World, command the dearest things in Egypt, they be at your pleasures, we will forsake our gods, and beléeve in that God which you commonly adore: for hée is the true and living God, ours false and hatefull in the sight of Heaven.

This penitent Lamentation of the Egyptian King caused the Christian Champion to relent, but especially Saint George, who having a heart be[illegible] fled with a well spring of pitty, not only granted mercy to the whole Countrey, but vouchsafed Ptolomy liberty of life, upon condition that hée would perform what he had promised, which was to forsake his false gods, and beléeve in our true God Christ Jesus.

This kindnesse of Saint George almost ravished Ptolomie with joy, and the whole Land, both Peeres and Commons more reioyced at the friendship of the Christians, than if they had béen made Lords of the Western World. The newes of this happy unity was bruited in all the parts of Egypt: whereby the Commons that before fled for feare into Woods and Wilnerusses, Dens, and Caves, Hills and

Mountaines,

Mountaines, returned joyfully to their own Dwellings, and caused Bonefires to be made in every City, Towne and Village: the Bells of Eygpt rung day and night, for the space of a Week: in every place was seen Banquetting, Dancing, and Masking: Sorrow was banished, Warrs forgotten, and Peace proclaimed.

The King at his owne Charges ordained a sumptuous and costly Banquet for the Christian Champions, wherein for bounty, it exceeded that which the Troyans made, when Paris returned from Greece with the Conquest of Menelaus Queene. The Banquetting house was built with Cypresse wood, covered with the pure Adamant stone: so that neither Stael, nor base Iron could come therein, but it was presently drawne to the top of the Roof: as for the variety of Services, which graced forth the Banquet, it were too tedious to repeat: but to be briefe, what both the Land and Sea could afford, was there present. The Servitours that attended the Champions at the Banquet, were attired in Dammask Vestments, wrought with the purest silke by Indian Virgins spun upon their Silver Wheeles; at every course the Servitours brought in a Consort of Egyptian Ladies, who on their Ivory Lutes, framed so harmonious a melody, that it surpassed Arions Musick, which when he was cast into the Sea, caused the Dolphins to bring him safe to the shore: or the sweetnes of Orpheus Silver Harp, which made hard stones and trees to dance; or the melody of Apollo inspiring Musick, when he descended to the lower parts for the love of Daphne.

These pleasures so ravish'd the Christian Champions, that they forgot the sound of Warlike Drums which were wont to call them forth to bloody Battels. But these delights continued but a short time, for there arrived a Knight from England, that brought such unexpected news to S. George, which changed his Joyes into extreme Sorrow: for after this manner began the Messenger to tell his woefull Tale.

Fair Englands Champion (I to be) instead of Armes get Swallows wings, and flye to England, if ever thou wilt see thy beloved Lady; for she is judged to be burned at a stake for murthering the Earl of Coventry: whose lustfull Desires would have stained her honour with infamy, and made her the scorn of vertuous women: yet this Mercy is granted by

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the King of England, that if within twelve Moneths a Champion may be found that for her sake will venture his Life, if it be his Fortune to overcome the Challenger of her death, shee shall live: but if it be his Fatall Destiny to be Conquered, then must she suffer the heavie Judgement before pronounced: therefore as you love the Life of your chast and beloved Lady, haste into England, delay no time, for delay is dangerous, and her Life in hazzard to be lost.

This woful Discourse struck such a Terrour to S. George heart, likewise to the Egyptian King her Father, that for a time they stood gazing one in another's face, as though they had beene distrait of their wits, not able to speak one word, but at last Saint George recovered his former sense, and breathed forth this sorrowfull Lamentation.

O England, O unkind England, have I adventured my life in thy Defence, and for thy safety have lame in the field of Mars, buckled on my Armour in many a parching Summers day, and many a freezing Winters night, when you have taken your quiet sleeps in beds of down: and will you repay me with this discourtesie or rather undeserved wrong to adjudge her spotlesse body to consuming Fire, whose blood if it be spilt before I come, I vow never to draw my trusty Sword in Englands quarrell more, nor never account my selfe her Champion, but I will rend my Warlike colours into a thousand pieces the which I weare on my Burgonet (I meane the Crimson Crosse of England) and wander unknown Countries, obscurely from the sight of any Christian eye? Is it possible that England will be so ungratefull to her Friend? can that renowned Countrey harbour such a lustful Monster, to seek to dishonour her, within whose heart the Fountaine of Vertue springs? Or can that Noble City, the Nurse and Mother of my life, entertain to vile an Homicide, that will offer violence to her, whose Chastity and true Honour hath caused tamelesse Lions to sleep in her Lap?

In this sorrowfull manner wearied Saint George the time away, untill the Egyptian King whose sorrow being as great as his, put him from his Complaints, and requested the English Knight to tell the true discourse of Sabra's proffered violence, & how she murthered the Lustfull Earl of Coventry, to whom after a bitter sigh or two, the wofull messenger replyed, in this manner;

Most noble Princes and Potentates of the Earth, prepare your eares to entertaine the wofullst Tale, that ever English knight discourst, and your eyes to weep Seas of brackish teares: I would I had no tongue to tell it, nor heart to remember it. But seeing I am compelled through the love and duty I owe to the Noble Champions of Christendome to expresse it, then thus it was.

It was the fortune, nay I may say, unhappy destiny of your beloved Lady, upon an Evening, when the Sunne had almost lodged in the West, to walk without the Walls of Coventrey, to take the pleasures of the sweet Fields, and flowring Meddowes, which Flora had beautified in a Summers Livery: but as she walked up and downe, sometimes taking pleasure to hear the melody of Chirping Birds how they strayned their silver notes: otherwhiles taking delight to see how nature had covered both Hils and Dales with sundry sorts of Flowers: then walking to see the chrystall running Rivers, the murmuring Musick of whose streames exceeded the rest for pleasure. But she (kind Lady) delighting herselfe by the River side, a sudden and strange alteration troubled her mind: for the Chain of Gold that she did wear about her neck, presently changed colour, from a yellow burnisht brightnesse, to a dim paleneſſe; her Rings fell from her fingers, and from her nose fell drops of blood: whereat her heart began to throb, her eares to glow, and every joynt to tremble with fear. This strange accident caused her speedily to hasten homeward: but by the way she met the Earle of Coventrey, walking at that time to take the pleasure of the evening Ayr, with such a traine of worthy Gentlemen, as though he had been the greatest Peer in all England: whose sight when she beheld a far off, her heart began to misgive, thinking that Fortune had alotted those Gentlemen to proffer her some injury; so that upon her cheeks fear had set a vermilion die whereby her beauty grew admirable: which when the Earle beheld, he was ravished therewith, and deemed her the excellentest creature that ever nature framed: their meeting was silent: she shewed the humility of a vertuous Lady, and hee the courtesie of a kinde Gentleman: shee departed homewards, and he into the Fields, she thinking all danger past, but hee practised in his minde her utter ruine and downfall: for the

dart of love had shot from her beauteous cheeks into his heart, not true love, but lust: so that nothing might quench his desire, but the conquest of her Chastity: such extream passion bewitched his mind, that hee caused his servants every one to depart: and then like a discontented man he wandred up and down the Fields, beating in his wand a thousand sundry wayes how to obtain his desire: for without hee enjoyed her love, hee was likely to live in endlesse languishment: but at last he sighed out this passion of love.

O you immortall Powers, why have you transported her from an earthly Lady to a heavenly Angel? Sabra is no worldly creature, but a divine substance; her beauty is a flame unto the Queen of Love, and her countenance of more Majesty than Iuno's grace: her twinckling eyes that glister like the flaming starres, and her beauteous cheeks more pleasant than Roses dipt in milk, have pierc't my heart with the pricke of Love, and her Love I will enjoy, or lose my life. O! but there is a barre which thwarts kinde affections, and hinders my desires, Saint George I mean, her true and lawfull Husband, the Honour of whose Bed she will not violate for all the Kingdomes of the World. Tush, faint-hearted foole that I am, Sabra is beautifull, and therefore to be tempted; shee is a woman, and therefore easie to be won; her Husband he is sporting in the Field of Mars, then why may not shee take pleasure in the Chamber of Venus? I will use my flattering gloses, many kinde speeches, and many sweet embraces, but I will crop that bud, which but to taste, I would give my whole Lands and Revenues: I will tell her, Saint George is a Wanderer, and one that will never returne, whereas I am a mighty Peere in England, and one that can accomplish whatsoever she desires. Many other circumstances this lustfull Earle used to flatter himselfe in this vaine conceit. At last, the scowling night with pitchy Clouds began to ouer-spread the bright-lome Heavens, whereby hee was forced to repaire homewards, and to smother up his love in silence, no quiet sleep that night could enter into his eyes, but fond and restlesse dreames: sometimes he thought he had his lovely Mistrisse in his arms, dallying like the Paphian Queene upon her Minions knee: but presently awaking, he found it but a gliding shadow, which added

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new griefe to his love-sick passions: then by and by he thought he saw how the wrathfull Champion with his dreadfull bloody Fauchion, came to revenge his Ladies ravishment: whereat the troubled Earle started from his bed, and with a loud voyce cryed to his Chamberlain for help, saying, that Saint George was come to murther him: which sudden outcry not only awaked the Chamberlaine but the whole House, which generally came to beare him company: they set up Camphyre Tapers to give light, and made him musick to comfort him, and to drive all fond fansies from his minde: but no sooner ceased the musick, but he fell into his former cogitations, pondering in his minde, which way he might obtaine his purpose: whereat a dismall night-Raven beat her wings against his Chamber Window, and with a harsh voyce gave him warning of a bad successe. Then presently began the Tapers to burn blue as though a troop of gastly Spirits did encompasse his Lodging, which was an evident signe, that some strange and unhappy murther would shortly follow. All which could nothing withdraw the lustfull Earle from his wicked Enterprize, nor convert his minde from the people of so sweet a Lady. In this manner spent hée the night away, till the Sunnes bright countenance summoned him from his restlesse bed; from whence being no sooner risen but hée sent for the Steward of his House, and gave him a charge to provide a most sumptuous and costly Banquet, for he intended to invite thereunto all the principall Ladies in Coventrey: what bountifull chéere was provided, I think it needlesse to repeat: but to be short, at the time and houre appointed, the invited Ladies repaired: the Banquet was brought in by the Earles Servants, and placed upon the Table by the Earle himselfe: who after many welcomes given, beganne thus to move the Ladies delight.

I think my House most highly honoured (said hée) that you have vouchsafed to grace it with your presence: for me thinks you beautifie my Hall, as the twinkling Starres beautifie the Mayle of Heaven: but amongst the number of you all you have a Cynthia, a glittering silver Moone, that for brightnesse exceedeth all the rest: for thée is fairer than the Queene of Cypresse, lovelier than Dido, when Cupid sate

upon her knée, wiser than the Prophetesse of Troy: of Personage more comely than the Grecian Dame, and of more Majesty than the Quéen of Love: so that all the Muses with their Ivory Pens may write continually, and yet not sufficiently describe her excellent ornaments of nature.

This commendation caused a generall Smile of the Ladies, and made them looke one upon another whom it should be. Many other Courtlike discourses pronounced the Earle to move the Ladies Delight, till the Banquet was ended, which being finished, there came in certain Gentlemen by the Earles appointment, with most excellent Musick: other some that danced most curiously, with as much Majesty as Paris in the Grecian Court. At last, the Earl requested one of them to chuse out his Beloved Mistries, and lead her some stately Corranto: likewise requesting that none would be offended what Lady soever he did affect to grace with that Courtly Pastime; at which request all of them were silent, and Silence is commonly a Signe of consent; therefore he imboldened himselfe the more to make his Desires known to the Beholders. Then with excéeding Courtesie, and great Humility, he kissed the beauteous hand of Sabra, who with a blushing countenance and bashfull looke accepted his Courtesie, and like a kind Lady disdained not to dance with him. So when the Musicians stretned forth their inspiring Melody, the Lustfull Earl lead her a first course about the Hall, in as great Majesty as Mavors did the Quéen of Paphos to game her Love, and she followed with as much Grace, as if the Quéen of Pleasure had béen present to behold their Courtly Delights: and so when the first Course was ended, he found fit opportunity to unfold his secret Love, and reveal unto the Lady his extream Passion of Minde, which were in these spéeches expressed.

Most Divine and Péerlesse Pazagon (said he) thou onely wonder of the World, for Beauty and excellent Ornaments of Nature, knew that thy two twinckling eyes that shine more brighter than the Lights of Heaven, being the true Darts of Love, have piercéd my heart, and those thy Crimson Chéeks, as lovely as Auroraes countenance, when she drawes the Curtaines of her purple bed to entertaine her wandring Lover, those Chéeks I say have wounded

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me with Love: therefore except thou grant me kinde comfort, I am like to spend the remnant of my Life in Sorrow, Caze and discontent: I blush to speak what I desire, because I have setled my Love where it is unlawfull, in a bosome where Kings may sleepe and surfeit with Delight, thy breast I mean, most Divine Mistris, for there my heart is kept Prisoner, Beauty is the Keeper, and Love the Key, my Ransome is a constant minde: thou art my Venus, I will be thy Mars; thou art my Hellen, and I will be thy Paris: thou art my Hylen, I will bee thy Mahomet: thou art my Cressida, I will be thy Troilus, thou art my Love, and I will be thy Paramour. Admit thy Lord and Husband bee alive, yet hath he most unkindly left thee to spend thy young Yeares in solitary Widowhood: he is unconstant like Aeneas, and thou more hapelesse than Dido. He marcheth up and downe the World in Glittering Armour, and never doth intend to return: he abandoneth thy presence, and lieth sporting in strange Ladies Laps: therefore, Deare Sabra, live not to consume thy Youth in singlenesse, for Age will overtake thee too soon, and convert thy Beauty, to wrinckled Frownes.

To which Words, Sabra would have presently made Answer, but that the Musick called them to dance the second Course: which being ended, she replyed in this manner.

Most Noble Lord (said she) for our Bounteous Banquet, Courteous Entertainment, I give thee Humble Thankes of of a poor Lady: but for your Suit, and unlawfull Desire, I do detest as much as the sight of a Crocodile, and your flattering Gloses I esteeme as much as doth the Ocean of a drilling Showre of Rain: your Syrens Songs shall never intice me to listen to your fond Requests: but I will like Vlysses, stop my Eares, and bury all your flattering inticements in the Lake of forgetfulnesse. Think you that I will staine his Marriage Bed with the least Spot of Infamy, that will not proffer me one Thought of wrong, for all the Treasures of the Wealthy Seas? Surely the Gorgeous Sun shall lose his Light by day, the Silver Moon by night, the Skies shall fall, the Earth shall sinke, and every thing shall change from Kind and Nature, before I will falsifie my Faith, or prove disloyall at my Beloved George: attempt no more my Noble Lord, to batter ỹ Fortresse of my good name with the Gunshot

of your flattery, nor seek to staine my Honour with your lustful desires. What if my Lord and Husband prove disloyall, and chose out other loves in forraine Lands? yet will I prove as constant to him, as did Penelope to her Vlysses: and if it be his pleasure never to returne, but spend his dayes amongst strange Ladies, yet will I live in single solitarinesse like to the Turtle Dove when shee hath lost her Mate, abandoning all company, or as the mournfull Swan that swims upon Mæanders silver streams, where she records her dying tunes to raging billowes; so will I spend away my lingring dayes in griefe and die.

This resolution of the vertuous Lady daunted so the Earl, that he stood like a senceleſſe image gazing at the Sunne, not knowing how to reply: but yet when they had danced the third Course, hee began anew to assault her unspotted chastity, in these termes:

Why my deare Mistresse, have you a heart more hard than Flint, that the teares of my true love can never mollifie? Can you behold him plead for grace, that hath been sued unto by many worthy Dames? I am a man that can command Countreys: yet can I not command thy stubbeene heart. Divine Sabra, if thou wilt grant mée thy love, and yéeld to my desire, Ile have thée clad in silken Robes, and damaske Vestures, imbost with Indian Pearles and rich refined Gold, perfumed with Camphire, Bisse, and Syrian sweét Perfumes: by day a hundred Virgins like to Thetis, tripping on the silver sands, shall usually attend thy person; by night a hundred Eunuches with their framed Instruments shall bring thy senses into a golden slumber: if this procureth not thy sweét content, I will prepare a sumptuous Chariot made of Gold, wherein thou shalt bée drawne by Sable spotted Stéeds along the Fields and gallant Pastures adioyning to our City Wals, whereas the Evening Ayre shall breathe a colonelle, farre more sweét than Balme upon thy chéeks, and make thy beautie glister like the purple Pillar of Hiperion, when he leaves Aurora blushing in her bed, whereby the Heavens and all the Powers therein shall stand and wonder at thy beauty, and quite forget their usuall courses. All this, my dear, divine and damty Mistresse, is at thy command, and more, so that I may

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enioy thy loue and fauour: which if I haue not, I will discontentedly end my life in Woods and Desart places, Tygers and untamed beasts being my chiefe companions.

These vain promises and flattering intisments caused Sabra to blush with bashfulnesse, and to give him this sharp Answer: Think you my Lord, with golden promises to obtaine the precious Gemme, the which I will not lose for Europs Treasury: henceforth be silent in that Enterprise, and never after this attempt to practise my dishonour, which if you doe, I vow by Heaven to make it known to every one within the City, and to fil all places with rumors of thy wilful lust: A troup of modest Maidens I will procure to haunt thée up and down the stréets, to wonder at thée like an Owle, that never comes abroad but in the darkest nights: this I am resolved to doe, and so farewell.

Thus departed Sabra with a sad countenance: whereby the rest of the Ladies suspected the Earle had attempted her dishonour by secret conference, but they all assuredly knew that thée was as farre from yéelding to his desires, as is the aged man to become young againe, or as the Azure Firmament to be a place for silban Swaines to inhabit. In such like imaginations they spent away the day, till the dark night caused them to breake off Company. The Earle smothered his griefe under a smiling countenance, till the Ladies were every one departed, whom hée courteously caused his Servants to conduct homewards with Torch lights, because it began to be very dark. After their departure he accursed his owne fortune, and like a Lyon wanting food, raged up and downe his Chamber, filling every corner with bitter exclamations, rending his Garments from his back, tearing his haire, beating his breast, and using all the violence hée could devise against himselfe.

In this manner spent hée away the night, suffering no sléep to close the windowes of his body: his melancholy and extreame passion so discontented his minde, that hée purposed to give end to his sorrowes by some untimely death: So when the morning appeared, hée made his repaire to an Orchard, where Sabra commonly once a day walked to take the Ayre. The place was very melancholy, and farre from the noyse of people: where, after he had spent some certain

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time in exclaiming against the unkindnesse of Sabra, hée pulled his Poyniard from his back, and prepared his breast to entertain the stroke of death: but before the pretended Tragedy, with his dagger he engraved these Verses following, upon the barke of a Walnut-trée.

O heart more hard than bloudy Tygers fell,
O eares more deaf than senceleſſe troubled Seas:
O cruell foe, thy rigor doth excell,
For thee I die, thy anger to appeaſe:
But time will come, when thou ſhalt finde me ſlain,
Then thy repentance will encreaſe thy pain.

I here engrave my Will and Teſtament,
That my ſad griefe thou maiſt behold and ſee,
How that my wofull heart is torn and rent,
And gor'd with bloudy blade for love of thee:
Whom thou diſdain'dſt as now the end doth try,
That thus diſtreſt doth ſuffer me to die.

Oh Gods of Love, if ſo there any be,
And you of love that feel the deadly pain,
O Sabra thou that thus afflicteſt me,
Hear theſe my words which from my heart I ſtrain:
Ere that my Corps be quite bereav'd of breath,
Here Ile declare the cauſe of this my death.

You mountain Nymphs which in the Deſarts raign,
Leave off your chaſe from ſavage beaſts a while,
Prepare to ſee a heart oppreſt with pain,
Addreſſe your eares to hear my dolefull ſtile:
No ſtrength nor Art can work me any weal,
Sith ſhe unkinde and tyrant-like doth deal.

Yon fayrie Nymphs of lovers much ador'd,
And gracious Damſels which in Evenings fair,
Your Cloſets leave, with heavenly beauty ſtor'd,
And on your ſhoulders ſpread your golden haire,
Record with me that Sabra is unkind,
Within whoſe breaſt remaines a double mind.

Ye savage Bears in Caves and Dens that lie,
Remain in peace, if you my sorrowes hear,
And be not moved at my misery,
Though too extream my passion doe appear:
England farewell, and Coventrey adue,
But, Sabra, Heaven above still prosper you.

These Verses being no sooner finished, and engraven about the bark of the Walnut-Tree, but with a grisly look and wrathfull countenance he lift up his hand, intending to strike the Poyniard up to the Hilts in his Breast: but at that same instant hée beheld Sabra entring the Orchard to take her wonted walks of pleasure, whose sight hindred his purpose, and caused other bloudy cogitations to enter into his mind. The Furies did incense him to a wicked déed, the which my trembling tongue faints to report: for after she had walked to the furthest side of the melancholy Orchard, hée rigorously ran unto her with his Dagger drawn, and catching her about the slender waste, thus spitefully threatned her.

Now stubborn Dame (quoth he) will I obtaine my long desired purpose, and revenge by violence thy former proud denyals: first I will wrap this dagger in thy locks of haire, and nayl it fast into the ground: then will I ravish thée by force and violence, and triumph in the conquest of thy chastity: which being done, Ile cut thy tongue out of thy mouth, because thou shalt not reveal nor descry thy bloudy Ravisher: Likewise with this Poyniard will I chop off both thy hands, whereby thou shalt never write with Pen thy staine of Honour, nor in Sampler sow this proffered disgrace. Therefore except thou wilt yéeld to quench my desired love with the pleasures of thy marriage Bed, I will by force and violence inflict these vowed punishments upon thy delicate body: be not so resolute in thy denials, for if thou bést, the gorgious Sunns shall not glide the compasse of an houre, before I obtain my long desired purpose: and thereupon he stepped to the Orchard doore, and with all expedition locked it, and put the key into his Pocket. Then returned hée like the hunger-starved Wolfe, to seize upon the silly Lamb: or like the chafed Bore when hée is wounded with the Hunters Lance, came running to the helplesse Lady,

intending her present Rape, and foule dishonour: But shée loosing all hope of aid or succour to be void, fell into a deadly swound, being not able to move for the space of a quarter of an houre: But yet at last, having recovered her dead sences, to their former vitall moving shée, began in this pittifull manner to defend her assayled Chastity, from the wicked Earle that stood over her with his bloudie dagger, threatning most cruelly her finall Confusion.

My Lord of Coventrey, (said she with weeping teares and kneeling upon the bare ground) is vertue banished your breast, have you a minde more tyrannous than the Tygers of Hercania, that nothing may suffice to satisfie your lustfull desires but the staine of mine Honour, and the conquest of my Chastitie? If it be my beauty that hath inticed you, I am content to have it converted to a lothesome Leprosie, whereby to make me odious in your eyes: If it be my rich and costly Garments that make mée beautifull, and so intangle you, henceforth I will Attyre my body in poore and simple Array, and for evermore dwell in Countrey Caves and Cottages, so that I may preserve my Chastity unspotted. If none of these may suffice to abate your tyrannous intent, but that your lust will make mée times wonder, and pointing stock, and scorne of vertuous Ladies, then will the Heavens revenge my wrongs, to whom I will unceasantly make my Petitions: the Birds in the Ayre after their kinds will evermore cyclaime against your wickednesse: the silvane Beasts that abide in Woods and Desarts, will breathe forth clamors of your wicksonesse: the creeping Wormes that live within the crevises of the Earth, will give dumb signes and tokens of your wickednesse: the running Rivers will murmure at your wickednesse: the Woods and Trées, Herbs and Flowers, with every senceless thing, will sound some motions of your wickednesse. Returne, returne, my noble Lord, unto your former vertues: banish such sound desires out of your minde: staine not the Honour of your House with such black scandals and disgrace: beare this in minde before you do attempt so vile a sinne. What became of Hellens Ravishment, but the destruction of renowned Troy? What of Roman Lucretias Rape, but the banishment of Tarquin? and what of Progues foule defiourment by her sisters Husband, the

lustful

lustfull King of Thrae, but the bloudy banquet to his young Sonn Itis, whose tender body they serued to his Table backed in a Pie: At which speeches the trefull Earle wrapped his hands within her locks of haire, which was covered with a costly Caule of Gold, and in this manner presently replyed unto her:

What tellest thou me of Poets Tales (said hee) of Propnics Rape, and Terius bloody banquet: thy ravishment shall bee an Induction to thy Tragedie, which if thou yeeld not willingly, I will obtaine by force and violence: therefore prepare thy selfe either to entertaine the sentence pronounced, or yeeld thy body to my pleasure. This unrecanting and vowed resolution of the Earle, added griefe upon griefe, and heaped mountaines of sorrow upon her soule: twise did the hapelesse Lady cast her eyes to Heaven, in hope the Gods would pitty her distresse, and twice unto the Earth, wishing the ground might open and devours her, and so deliver her from the fury of the wicked Homicide: but at last when shee saw that neither teares, prayers, nor wishes could prevaile, she gave an outward signe of consentment upon some conditions, under colour to devise a present meanes to preserve her chastity, and deliver her selfe from his lustfull assailements. There is no condition said the Earle, but I will yeeld unto, so thou wilt grant my desire, and make mee thine commaunders of thy love.

First, my Lord (quoth she) shall you suffer me to sit some certaine houres upon this Bed of Violets, and bewaile the losse of my good name, which shortly shall be yeelded up to your pleasure: then shall you lie and dally in my lap, thereby to make my affections, yet freezing cold, to flame with burning brands of love: that being done, you shall receive your wished desires. These words caused the Earle to convert his furious wrath to smiling joy, and so casting downe his dagger, hee gave her a courteous kisse, which she in his conceit graciously accepted: whereby his mind was brought into such a vaine opinion, that hee thought no Heaven but in her presence, no comfort but in her sight, and no pleasure but in her: then caused he Sabra to sit down upon a Bed of Violets, beset about with divers sorts of Flowers, whose lap he made his Pillow, whereon hee laid his head, intending

as ſhe thought, to increaſe deſire: But as women in extremitie have the quickeſt wits; ſo Sabra buſied her ſelfe by all meanes poſſible, either now or never to remove the cauſe of her deep diſtreſſe, by practiſing his death, and ſo quit her ſelfe from her importunate Suitor: one while ſhee told him pleaſant Tales of Love, in hope to bring his Sences to a ſlumber, ſhe better to accompliſh her deſires: other whiles ſhe played and ſported with his haire that hung dangling below his ſhoulders like to threeds of ſilk: But at laſt when neither diſcourſing Tales, nor her dallying paſtime with his haire could bring him aſleep, ſhee ſtrayned forth the Organs of her voyce, and over his head ſung this woefull Dittie:

Thou God of ſleep and golden dreames appear,
That bringeſt all things to peace and quiet reſt,
Cloſe up the glaſſes of his eyes ſo clear,
Thereby to make my fortune-ever bleſt.
His eyes, his heart, his ſences, and his minde,
In peacefull ſleep let them ſome comfort finde.

Sing ſweet you pritty birds in top of trees,
With warbling tunes and many a pleaſant note:
Till your ſweet muſick cloſe his watchfull eyes,
That on my love with vaine deſires doth dote:
Sleep on, my dear, ſleep on, my loves delight,
And let this ſleep be thy eternall night.

You gentle Bees, the Muſes lovely birds,
Come aid my doleſull tunes with ſilver ſound,
Till your inſpiring melody records,
Such heavenly muſick, that may quite confound,
Both wit and ſence, and tyre his eyes with ſleep,
That on my lap in ſweet content I keep.

You ſilver ſtreames, which murm'ring muſick make,
And fill each dale with pleaſant harmony,
Whereat the floting fiſh much pleaſure take,
To hear your ſweet recording melody,
Aſſiſt my tunes, his ſlumbring eyes to cloſe,
That on my lap now takes a ſweet repoſe.

Let whispring Winds in every senceleſſe Tree
A ſolemn ſad, and dolefull muſick ſing:
From Hils and Dales and from each Mountain high,
Let ſome inſpiring ſound or Eccho ring:
That he may never wake from ſleep again,
Which ſought my marriage bed with luſt to ſtain.

This delightfull Song rocked his Sences to ſuch a careleſſe ſlumber, that he ſlept as ſoundly upon her lap as in the ſoftest bed of down; whereby ſhe found a fit opportunity to deliver her undefiled body from his luſtfull deſires. So taking the Poyniard in her hand, which he had caſt a little aſide, and gazing thereon with an irefull look, ſhée made this ſad complaint:

Grant you immortall Powers of Heaven (ſaid ſhe) that of theſe two extreams I chooſe the beſt: either muſt I yéeld my body to bée diſhonoured by his unchaſt deſires, or ſtaine my hands with the trickling ſtreames of his heart b'ood. If I yéeld unto the firſt, I ſhall bée then accounted for a vicious Dame: But if I commit the laſt, I ſhall bée guilty of a wilfull Murther, and for the ſame, the Law will adiudge mée a ſhamefull death. What, ſhall I fear to die, and loſe my vertue and renown? No, my heart ſhall bée as tyrannous as Danaus Daughters, that ſlew their fifty Husbands in a night: or as Medeas cruelty, which ſcattered her brothers bloody ioynts upon the Sea ſhore, thereby to hinder the ſwift purſute of her Father, when Iaſon got the golden Fléece from Calcos Ile. Therefore ſtand ſtill, you glittering Lamps of heaven, ſtay wandring time, let him ſléep eternaly.

Where art thou, ſad Melpomene, that ſpeakeſt of nothing but of Murthers and Tragedies: Where bée thoſe Dames that evermore delight in blood? Come, come, aſſiſt me with your cruelties, let me excéed the hate of Progne for her raviſhment: rage Heart, and take delight in blood, baniſh all thoughts of pitty from thy breaſt, be thou as mercileſſe as King Priams Quéen, that in reveng of five and twenty murthered Sonnes, with her own hands ſtained the Pavements of Agamemnons Court with purple gore.

These words were no ſooner ended, but with a wrathfull and pale countenance, ſhée ſheathed the Poyniard up to the Hilts in the cloſure of his breaſt, whereat hée ſtarted, and

would have got up on his Feet, but the Streames of blood so violently gushed from his Wound, that he declined immediately to the Earth, and his Soul was forced to give the World a Dolefull Adieu.

When Sabra beheld the Bed of Violets stained with blood, and every Flower converted to a Crimson colour, shee sighed grievously: but when she saw her Garments all to besprinckled with her Enemies blood, and he lay wallowing at her Feet in Purple Gore, she ran speedily unto a flowing Fountaine, that stood on the further side of the Orchard, and began to wash the blood out of her Clothes, but the more she washed, she more it increased: a sign that Heaven will never sutter wilfull Murther to be hid, for what Cause soever it is done.

This strange Spectacle, or rather wonderfull Accident, so amazed the sorrowfull Lady, that she began anew to complaine: O that this Wicked Murther had never beene done (said she) or that my hand had beene stricken Lame by some unlucky Plannet, when first it did attempt the Deed! Whither shall I flie, to shrowd me from the Company of Vertuous Women, which will for evermore shunne me as a Detested Murtherer: If I should goe into some Forraign Countrey, there Heaven will cast down Vengeance for my Guilt: If I should hide my self in Woods and Solitary Wildernesses, yet would the Winde discover me, and blowe this Bloody Crime, to every Corner of the World: or if I should go live in Caves, or Darksome Dennes, within the Deep Foundation of the Earth, yet will his Ghost pursue me there, and haunt me day and night: so that in no place a Murtherer can live in rest, such discontented Thoughts shall still oppresse his Minde. After she had breathed forth this Comfortlesse Lamentation to the Ayre, she tore her blood-stained Garment from her back, and cast it into the Fountaine, where it turned the Water into the Colour of Blood, so hainous is Murther in the sight of Heaven.

Thus being Disrobed into her Pettycoat, she returned to the Slaughtered Earle, whose Face she found covered with Mosse: which added more Griefe unto her Soul, for shee greatly feared her Murther was discryed: but it fell not out as she mistrusted: for it is the Nature and kind of the Robin Red Breast and other Birds, always to cover the face of any dead

dead man, and those were they that bred this Fear in the Ladies Heart. By this time the day began to shut up his bright Windows, and sable night entred to take possession to the Earth, yet durst not the Woefull and Distressed Sabra, make her repair Homewards, lest she should be descried without her upper Garment.

During which time, there was a generall Search made for the Earle by his Servants, for they greatly suspected some Danger had befallen him, considering that they heard him the night before, so Woefully complaine in his Chamber. At last, with Torch Lights. they came to the Orchard Gate, which they presently burst open: wherein no sooner entering, but they found their Murthered Master lying by a Bed of Violets covered with Mosse: likewise searching to finde out the Murtherer, at last they espyed Sabra in her bare Pettycoat, her Hands and Face besprinckled with Blood, and her Countenance as pale as ashes: by which signes they suspected her to be the bloody bereaver of their Lord and Masters Life: therefore because she descended from a Noble Linage, they brought her the same night before the King, which did then keep his Court in the City of Coventry: who immediately upon the Confession of the Murther, gave this severe Iudgement against her.

First, to be conveyed to Prison, there to remaine for the tearme of twelve Moneths, and at the end thereof, to bee burned like a most wicked Offender: yet because she was the Daughter of a King, and Loyall Lady to so Noble a Knight, his Majesty in Mercy granted her this Favour, that if she could get any Knight at Armes, before the time were expired, that would be her Champion, and by Combat redeeme her from the Fire, she should live: other wise, if her Champion were banquished, then to suffer the former Iudgement.

Thus have you heard the Discourse of all things which happened till my Departure from England, where I left her in Prison, and since that time five Moneths are fully expired: therefore most Renowned Champion, as you love the Life of your Lady, and wish her Delivery, make no tarrying, but with all speed post into England, for I greatly feare, before you arrive on the blessed Shore, the time will be finished, and Sabra suffer death for want of a Champion to defend her cause.

This

This Dolefull Discourse drave Saint George with the o-
ther Knights and Champions, to such an Extasie of mind, that
every one departed to their Lodging Chambers with dumbe
signes of Sorrow, being not able to speak one word; where-
for that Night they lamented the mishap of so Vertuous a La-
dy. The Egyptian King her Father, he abandoned the sight
of all Companies: and repaired to the top of a high Tower
built of Marble Stone, wherein he barred himselfe so fast with
Iron Bolts, that none could come within the hearing of his
Lamentations: then raged he up and downe like frantick Oe-
dipus, tearing his Eyes from their Naturall Cells, accusing
Heaven of Iniustice, condemning Earth of Iniquity, and ac-
cursing man for such an execrable Crime; one while wishing
his Daughters Birth day had bin her Burial day: ano-
ther while, that some unlucky Planet would descend the
Firmament, and fall upon his miserable head. Being in this
extream Passion, he never hoped to see his Daughters Coun-
tenance again: and so about Midnight, being a time when
Desperate men practise their own Destructions, he cast him-
self headlong from the top of the Tower, and broke his neck,
and all besprinckled the Flinty Pavements with his blood and
Brains.

No sooner was the Night banished, and bright Phœbus
entred the Zodiack of Heaven, but his bruised body lifelesse
and senselesse, was found by his Servants lying in the Pallace
yard all beaten in pieces against the ground. The Wo-
full newes of this self-wild Murtherer they presently told
to certain Egyptian Knights, who took his scattered Limbs
and cazzied them to Saint Georges Chamber, whom they
found arming himself for his Departure towards England: but
at this wofull Spectacle he took a second conceited Griefe
in such extream manner, that it had almost cost him his Life,
but that the Egyptian Knights gave him many Comforta-
ble speeches, and by the consent of many Dukes, Earles,
Lords, and Barons, with many other of the late Kings
Priby Counsell, they elected him the true succeeding King
of Egypt, by the marriage of Prolomies Daughter: which
Royall proffer Saint George refused not, but took upon him
the Regiment of the whole Countrey, so that for a short time
his iourney towards England was stayed, and upon the third
day

day following, his Coronation was appointed, which they solemnly performed, to the high Honour of all the Christian Champions, for the Egyptian Peeres caused S. George to be apparelled in Royall Vestures like a King, he had on a Suit of flaming Green like an Emerauld, and a Mantle of Scarlet very richly furd, and wrought curiously with Gold: then the other six Champions led him up to the Kings Throne, and set him in a Chair of Ebony, which had Pummels of Silver, which stood upon an Alabaster Elephant; then came three of the Greatest Lords in Egypt, and set a Crown of Gold upon his Head; then followed the Knights with a Scepter, and a naked Sword, to signifie that he was Chief Governour of the Realm, and Lord of all that appertaind to the Crown of Egypt. This being performed in most Sumptuous and Stately manner, the Trumpets with other Instruments began to sound, whereat the generall company with joyfull voyces cryed altogether, long live S. George, true Champion for England, and King of Egypt. Then was he conducted to the Royall Pallace, where for ten days he remaind among st his Lords and Knights, spending the time in great Joy and Pleasure: the which being finished, his Ladies Distresse constrained him to a sudden departure: therefore he left the guiding of his Land to twelve Egytian Lords, binding them all by Oath to deliver it at his return: likewise charging them to Interr the Body of Ptolomy in a sumptuous Tomb befitting the Body of so Royall a Potentate: Also, appointing the six Champions to raise their Tents, and Muster up anew their Souldiers, and with all speed march into Persia, and there by Dint of bloody War revenge his former injuries upon the cursed Souldan.

This Charge being given, the next Morning by Break of Day, he buckled on his Armour, mounted on his swift-footed Steed, and bad his Friends in Egypt for a season adue: and so in Company of the Knight that brought him that unlucky Newes, he took his journey with all speed towards England; In which Travell, we will leave him for a time: Also passing over the speedy provision made by the Christian Champions in Egypt, for the Invasion of Persia, and return to sorrowfull Sabra being in Prison, awaiting each Minute to receive their finall stroke of impartiall Death: for now had the rowling Planets brought their years journey to an end: yet Sabra had

no Intelligence of any Champion that would defend her cause, therefore she prepared her Delicate Body to receive her latest breath of Life. The time being come, she was brought to the place of Execution, whither she went as willingly, and with as much joy, as ever she went before time unto her Marriage: she had made humble submission to the World, and unfeignedly committed her Soul to God. She being at the Stake, where the King was present with many thousands, as well of woefull Personages, as of common People, to behold this woefull Tragedy, the Deaths man stripped off her Garment, which was of black Sarcenet and in her Snow white Smock bound her with an Iron-Chain unto the Stake: then placed they round about her tender body, both Pitch, Turpentine, and Gunpowder, with other mercilesse things, thereby to make her Death the more easie, and her pain the shorter: which being done, the King caused the Herald to summon in the Challenger, who at the sound of the Trumpet came riding in upon a Rone coloured Steed without any kind of mark, and trapped with rich Trappings of Gold and precious stones of great price: there came forth at the Horse mouth, two Tuskes like unto an Elephants, his Nostrils were very large and bigge, his Head little, his Breast somewhat broad, well pitcht, and so hard, that no Sword, were it never so sharp, was able to enter in thereat. The Champion was called the Baron of Chester, a bolder and hardier Knight, they thought lived not then upon the Face of the whole Earth: he so advanced himselfe up and down, as though he had been able to Encounter with an hundred Knights. Then the King caused the Herald to summon in the Defendant, if there were any to defend her Cause, both Drums and Trumpets sounded three several times up and downe the Fields: betwixt every rest, was a full quarter of an houre, but yet no Defendant did appeare: therefore the King commanded the Executioner to set the Stake on Fire.

At which words Sabra began to grow pale as ashes, and her Joynts to tremble like to Aspen leaves; her Tongue that before continued silent, began to record a Swan-like dying tune and in this manner uttered the Passion of her heart: Be witnes, Heaven & all your bright Celestiall Angels: be witnesse Sun and Moon, all true Beholders of my Fact: be witnes thou clear

clear Firmament, and all the World be witnes of my Innocency: the blood I shed was for ỹ safeguard of my Honour and unspotted Chastity: great God of Heaven, if ỹ prayers of my unstained heart may move thy mighty Majesty, or my true Innocency prevail with thy immortall Power, command that either my Lord may come to be my Champion, or sed beholder of my Death. But if my hands were stained with blood about some wicked Enterprise, then Heaven shew present vengeance upon me lece, by some Noble Champion save my Body alive. At which instant she heard the sound of a shrill Trumpet, the which Saint George caused to be winded: (for as then he was near) which caused the Execution a while to be deferred. At last, they beheld a farre off a stately Banner waving in the Ayre, the which a Squire carried before Saint George: then they espyed near unto the Banner, a most Valiant armed Knight mounted upon a cole black Palfray, with a Warlike Lance staying in his Rest: by which sudden Approach they knew him to be some Champion that would defend the Distressed Ladies Life. Then the King commanded the Drummes and Trumpets to sound: whereat the People gave a generall Shout, and the poore Lady half dead with Fear began to revive, and her blushing Cheeks to be as Beautifull as Red Roses dipt in Milk, or Blood mingled with Snow. But when S. George approached the sight of his constant Lady, whom he found chained to a Stake, incompassed with many instruments of Death, his Heart so relented with Grief, ỹ he almost fell beside his Horse: yet remembring wherefore he came he recalled his Courage, and intended to try his Fortune in the Combate, before he would discover himselfe unto his Lady. And so when the Trumpets sounded Deaths Alarum, the two Knights set spurs to their Horses, and made them run so fiercely, that at the first Encounter they shivered both their Lances to their hands, then rushed they together so rigorously with the Bodies and Helmets, that they fell down both to the Earth: but Saint George, who was the more lustie Knight, nimbly leapt upon his Feet without any hurt, but the Baron of Chester lay still with his Head downwards, casting from his Mouth abundance of Blood, for he was mightily bruised with the fall, but when he revived from his Lance, he took his Shield, drawing out a mighty Fauchion, and with a wrathfull Coun-

tenance ran at Saint George. Now proud Knight (quoth he) I sweare by all the Saints of Heaven to revenge my blood which thou hast shed: and therewithall hee struck so violently upon Saint George's Shield, that it cleaved quite asunder. Then began hee to wax angry, and tok his Sword in great wrath, and gave the Baron of Chester such a stroke, that hee cut away Arm and Shoulder, and all the flesh of his side to the bare Ribs, and likewise cut his Leg almost clean asunder in the thickest place of his Thigh, and yet for all that the Sword entered halfe a foot into the Earth: then fell the Baron of Chester to the ground, and breathed forth this lamentable cry.

Now frown, you fatall Starres, eternally, that did predominate at my Birth, for he is slaine and vanquished, that never stopt to any Knight before this day: and thereupon the blood stoped the passage of his speech, and his soule went flying to Elizium: whereat the whole company admired and applauded Saint George for the most fortunate Knight in the World. Then the King delivered Sabra with his own hands to S. George, who most courteously received her, and like a kinde Knight cast a Scarlet Mantle over her body, the which a Lady standing by bestowed upon him; yet he minded not to discover himselfe, but set her upon his portly Steed, (that presently grew proud in carrying so rich a burthen) and with his own hands led him by the bridle reins. So great was the joy throughout the City, that the Bels rung without ceasing that whole day together, the Citizens throughout every place Saint George should passe, did hang forth at their Windowes, & on their Wals, Cloth of Gold and Silk with rich Carpets, Cushion-coverings of green Velvet lay abroad in every Window: the Clergy in Copes of Gold and Silk, met them with solemn Procession: the Ladies & Beautiful damsels strewed every Street whereas he past with Roses and most pleasant Flowers, and crowned him with a wreath of green Bayes, in sign of his triumphant Victory & Conquest.

In this manner went he to the Kings Pallace, not known by any what hee should bee, but that hee was a Knight of a strange Countrey: yet Sabra many times as they passed along, desired to see his face, and know his name, for that he had adventured so farre for her sake, and that for her delivery hee had vanquisht the bravest Knight in England. Yet

for

for all her perswasions, shée kept himselfe undiscovered till a troop of Ladies in company of Sabra, got him into a Chamber richly hung with Arras Cloth, and there unlaced his Beaver: whose countenance when shée beheld, and saw that it was her Lord and Husband which had redeemed her from death, shée fell into a dead sound for very joy: But Saint George sprinkled a little cold water on her face and revived her presently. After this he gave her many a kind and loving kisse, calling her the most truest, and the most loyallest Lady that ever nature framed, that to the very death would not lose one iot of her unspotted Honour. Likewise shée accounted him the truest Knight, and the loyallest Husband, that ever heavenly Hymen linckt in bands of Marriage with any woman. But when the King had notice that it was Saint George his Countreys Champion, which atchieved that noble Conquest in vanquishing the Baron of Chester, hée was ravished with such joy, that he came running in all haste to the Chamber, and most kindly embraced him; and after hée was unarmed, and his Wounds washed in white wine and new milk, the King conducted him with his Lady to his Banquetting House, where they Feasted for that Evening, and after hée kept open Court for all Commers so long as Saint George continued there, which was for the space of one Month: At the end whereof hée took his Lady and one Page with him and bade England adue, and then hée travelled towards Persia, to the other Christian Champions, whose dangerous journey and strange adventures you may reade in this Chapter following.

CHAP. XVI.

How Saint George in his journey towards Persia, arrived in a Countrey inhabited only by Maides, where he atchieved many strange and wonderfull Aduentures: Also of the Rauishment of seven Virgins in a Wood, and how Sabra preserved her honour from a terrible Gyant.

AFter Saint George with his vertuous Lady departed from England, and had travelled through many Countreys, taking their direct courses towards Egypt, and the Confines of Persia, where the other six Champions remained with their Warlike Legions: At last, they arrived in the Countrey of the Amazonians, a Land inhabited by none but women: In which Region Saint Georg atchieved many brave and Princely Adventures, which are most wonderfull to rehearse, as after is declared: for travelling up and down the Countrey, they found every Town and City desolate of People, yet very sumptuously built, the Earth like vile untilled, the Pastures unchersished, and every Field overgrown with weeds: whereby he deemed that some strange accident had befallen the Countrey, either by Warre, or mortality of some grievous Plague, for they could neither set eye of man, woman, nor Child, whereby they were forced to feed on Berries and Roots, and in stead of brave Pallaces, they were constrained to lie on broad Pastures, upon the Banks of Pools and in stead of Curtaines of silk, they had black, and dark clouds to cober them.

In this extreamity they travelled up and downe for thirty dayes: but at last it was their happy fortunes to arrive before a rich Pavilion, situate and standing in the open Fields,

Fields, which seemed to bee the most glorious sight that ever they beheld, for it was wrought of the richest worke in the World, all of greene and crimson Satten, bordered with Gold and Azure, the Posts that bare it up were of Ivory, the Cords of greene Silk, and on the top thereof there stood an Eagle of Gold, and at the two Corners, two green Silver Gryffins shining against the Sunne, which seemed in richnesse to exceed the Monument of Mausolus, being one of the Worlds twelve Wonders. They had not there remayned long, admiring at the Beauty of the Workmanship, but at the Entry of the Pavilion there appeared a Maiden Queen crowned with an Imperiall Diadem, who was the most fairest Creature that ever hee saw. On her attended twenty Amazonian Dames, bearing in their hands Silver Bowes of the Turkish Fashion, and at their backs hung Quivers full of Golden Arrowes, upon their Heads they wore Silver Coronets, beset with Pearls and precious Stones: their Attire comely and gallant: their Faces faire and gentle to behold, their foreheads plain and white, the tramels of their hair like burnisht Gold, their browes small and proper, some what drawing to a brown colour, their Visages plain, neither too long nor too round, but coloured like Roses mixt with Lillies, their noses long and straight, their ruddy cheeks somewhat smiling, their eyes lovely, and all the rest of their parts and Lineaments, by nature framed most excellent, who had made them in Beauty without compare: The Queen her self was clothed in a Gown of green, straight girt unto her body with a Lace of Gold, so that somewhat her round and Lilly white breast might be seen, which became her wonderfull well: beside all this, she had on a crimson Kertle, lined with violet Velvet, and her wide Sleeves were likewise of green Silke, embroydered with Flowers of Gold, and with rich Pearls. When Saint George had sufficiently beheld the Beauty of this Maiden Queen, hee was almost entrapped in her love, but that the dear affection hee bare to his own Lady prevented him, whom hee would not wrong for all the Treasures betwixt the highest Heavens and the lowest Earth. At last, he alighted from his Horse, and humbled himself unto her Excellency, and thus courteously began to question with her after this manner:

Now

Most divine and faire of all faires, Quéen of swéet Beauty (said hée) let a travelling Knight obtaine this favour at your hands, that both himselfe and his Lady whom you behold here wearied with travell, may take our rest within your Pavilion for a night: For wée have wandred up and downe this Countrey many a day, neither seeing man, to give us lodging, nor finding food to cherish us, which made us wonder that so brave a Countrey, and so beautified with natures Ornaments as this is, should be left desolate of people, the cause whereof is strange I know, and full of wonder.

This Question being courteously demanded by Saint George, caused the Amazonian Quéen as kindly to reply: Sir Knight quoth shée, (for so you séeme both by your behaviour, and gallant Stature) what favour my Pavilion may afford, be assured of: But the remembrance of my Countreys desolation which you speak of, breeds a Sea of sorrow in my soule, and makes me sigh when I remember it: but because you are a Knight of a strange Land, I will report it, though unto my grief: about some twelve years since, it was a Negromancers chance to arrive within this Countrey, his name is Osmond, the cunningst Artist this day living upon the Earth, for he can at his call raise all the Spirits out of Hell, and with his Charmes make Heaven to raine continually showres of blood: my Beauty at that instant tempted him to love, and drowned his Senses so in desire, that he assailed by all perswasions that either Wit or Art could devise to win me to his will: but I having Vowed my self to Diana's Chastity, to live in singlenesse among these Amazonian Maides, contemned his love, despised his person, and accounted his perswasions as ominous as the hissing of venemous Snakes; for which hée wrought the destruction of this my Realme and Kingdome: for by his Magick Art and damned Charms, hée raised from the Earth a mighty Tower, the Morter whereof he mingled with Virgins blood, wherein are such Enchantments wrought, that the light of the Sun, and the brightnesse of the Skie is quenched, and the Earth blasted with a terrible Vapour, and black Mist, that ascendeth from the Tower, whereby a generall darknesse over-spreads our Land, the compasse of foure and twenty Leagues, so that this Countrey is cleane wasted and destroyed, and my people fled out thereof.

This

This Tower is haunted Day and Night with ghastly Fiends: and at his Departure into Persia, where he now by Inchantment aids the Souldan in his Wars against the Christians, he left the guarding of the same to a mighty and terrible Gyant, for shape the ugliest Monster that ever Eye beheld, or Ear heard tell of: for he is thirty Foot in length: his Head three times larger than the Head of an Oxe: his Eyes bigger than two Pewter Dishes, and his Teeth standing out of his mouth more than a Foot, wherewith he will break both Iron & Steel: his Armes big and long without any measure, and all his Body as black as any Coal, and as hard as Brasse: also of such a strength, that he is able to carry away at once three Knights Armed: and he never eateth any other Meat, but raw flesh of Man-kinde: he is so light and swift, that a Horse cannot run from him, and oftentimes he hath beene Assailed with great Troops of Armed Men, but all of them could never do him any harm, neither with Sword, Speare, Crosse-Bow, nor any other Weapon.

Thus have you heard most Noble and Courteous Knight, the true Discourse of my utter Ruine, & the Vengeance shewed upon my Country, by this wicked Negromancer: for which I have remained ever since in this Pavilion amongst my Maidens, where we pray both Day and Night, that some unhappy Fortune, or terrible Vengeance may fall upon this wicked Conjurer.

Now as I am a true English Knight, (replyed S. George) no sooner shall the Morrings Sunne appear, but I will take my journey to that Inchanted Tower: in which Ile enter in despight of the Gyant, and break the Inchantment, or make my Grave within the Monsters Bowells: which if I happily perform, then will I travell into Persia, and fetter up the most wicked and damned Negromancer, and like a Blood-hound lead him up and down the World in Chaines.

Most Dangerous is the Adventure (quoth the Amazonian Queen) from whence as yet did never Knight returne. But if you be so Resolute and Noble minded, as to attempt the Enterprise, then happy be your Fortune, and know brave Knight, that this Tower lyeth Westward from hence some thirteene Miles, and thereupon she took him by the hand, and caused Sabra likewise to alight from her Palfray,

and led them both into her Pavilion, where they were Feasted most Royally, and for that Night slept securely. But when the dayes bright Windows opened, and the Morning Sunne began to glister, in all haste Saint George that Valiant minded Champion, arose from his sweet content, and Armed himself: where after he had taken his leave of the Queen, and gave her thanks for his courteous Entertainment, he also took his leave of Sabra, whom he left in Company of the Queens Maidens, till his Returne with Conquest, and so rode forth till it was Noone, and then he entred into a deep Valley, and ever he rode lower and lower. It was then a faire Day, and the Sunne shined cleare: but by that time he had ridden ten Miles and a half, he had lost both the Light and the Sunne, and also the sight of Heaven: for it was there as darke as Night, and more Dismall then the deepest Dungeon.

At last he found a mighty River with Streams as black as Pitch, and the Banks were so high, that the Water could scarce be seen running underneath, and it was so full of Serpents, that none could enter amongst them that ever returned back with Life: about his Head flew monstrous Birds, and divers Griffins, who were able to bear away an armed Knight, Horse and all, and were in as great multitudes as though they had been Starlings: also there were Flyes as big as Nuts, and as black as Pitch, which stung him and his Horse so grievously that there issued down such store of Blood, that it changed his Horse from a Sable to a Crimson colour: likewise the Griffins struck at Saint George with their Tallons so fiercely, that had he not defended himself with his Shield, which covered his whole Body, he had been pierced to the heart.

In this dangerous manner rode he on, till he came to the Gates of the Inchanted Tower, whereas the Gyant sate in his Iron Coat, upon a Block, with a Mace of Steele in his hand, who at the first sight of Saint George, beat his head so mightily together, that they rung like the strokes of an Anvile, and he ran raging like a Fiend of Hell, thinking to have taken the Champion, Horse and all in his long Teeth, that were as sharp as Steel, and to have borne them presently into the Tower. But when Saint George perceived his Mouth open, he took his Sword, and thrust therein so far,

that

that it made the Gyant to roaze so lowd, that the Elements seemed to thunder, and the Earth to tremble: his Mouth smoakt like a Fiery Furnace, and his Eyes rowled in his Head, like Brands of flaming Fire: the Wound was so great and the Blod issued so fast from the Gyants Mouth, that his Courage began to quail, and against his Will, he was forced to yeeld to the Champions mercy, and to beg for Life, to which Saint George agreed, but upon condition, that the Gyant would discover all the secrets of the Tower, and ever after be sworne his true Servant, and to attend on him with all diligence: to which the Gyant swore by his owne soule, never to leave him in Extremity, and to answer him truly to all questions whatsoever. Then Saint George demanded the Cause of the Darknesse, and how it might be ceased. To which the Gyant answered in this manner:

There was within the Countrey about some twelve yeares since, a cunning Negromancer, that by Inchantment built this Tower; the which you now behold, and therein caused a terrible Fire to spring from the Earth, that cast such a smoak over the whole Land: whereby the People that were wont to dwell therein, are fled and famished for Hunger: Also this Inchanter by his Art made the River that you have passed, the which did never man before this time without Death: Also within the Tower, near unto the Fire, there stands a fair and Pleasant Fountain, to which if any Knight be able to attain, and cast the Water thereof into the Fire, then shall the Darknesse ever after cease and the Inchantment end, for which Cause I have beene bound to guard and keep the Tower from the Atchievement of any Knight.

Thus when the Gyant had ended his Discourse, Saint George commanded him to remain at the Gate, for hee would adventure to end the Inchantment, and deliver the Countrey from so grievous a Plague. Then went hee close by the Windowes of the Town, the which were sixteene Speares in Length and Breadth, till he came to a little Wicket, through which he must needs enter: yet was it set as thick with Pikes of Steel, as the Pricks on an Urchens skinne, to the intent that no Knight should approach neare unto the Doore, nor once Attempt to enter the Tower: yet with great Danger he opened y Wicket whereout came such

abundance of Smoake that the Darkneſſe of the Countrey doubled, ſo that neither Torch nor Candle would burn in that Place: Yet nevertheleſſe S. George entred, and went downwards upon Staires, where he could ſee nothing, but yet felt ſo many great Blowes upon his Burgonet, that he was conſtrained to kneel upon his Knees, and with his Shield to defend himſelf, or elſe he had been bruiſed to pieces. At laſt he came to the Bottome, and there he found a fair great Vault, where he felt ſo terrible a Heat that he ſweat exceedingly, and as he felt about him, he perceived that he approached near the Fire, and going a little further he eſpied out the Fountain, whereat he greatly reioyced: and ſo hee took his Shield, and bore therein as much Water as he could, and caſt it into the Fire. In concluſion, he laboured ſo long till the Fire was clean quenched: then began the Skies to receive their perfect Lightneſſe, and the Golden Sunne to ſhine moſt clearly about him, where he plainly perceived how there ſtood upon the Staires, many great Images of Braſſe, holding in their hands mighty Maces of Steel, the which had done him much Trouble at his comming down: but then their Power was ended, the Fire quenched, and the Inchantment finiſhed.

Thus when Saint George through his invincible Fortitude had performed this Dangerous Adventure, he grew weary of Travel, what with Heat and Sweating, and the mighty Blowes he received from the Brazen Images, that hee returned again to the Wicket, whereas the deformed Gyant ſtill remained: who when he beheld the Champions Return both ſafe, and ſound, he fell upon his Knees before him, and ſaid:

Sir Knight, you are moſt welcome and happily returned, for you are the Flower of Chivalry, and the braveſt Champion of the World, Command my Service, Duty, and Obedience, for whilſt I live, I do proteſt by the burning Banks of Acheron, never to follow any Knight but you, and hereupon I kiſſe your Golden ſpurre, which is the Noble Badge of Knighthood.

This humble ſubmiſſion of the Gyant cauſed the Champion to reioyce, not for his Overthrow, but that he had gotten ſo mighty a Servant, then unlaced he his Helmet, and lay down after his weary Encounter, where after he had ſufficiently

sufficiently rested himself, hée took his iourney in company of the Gyant, to the Amazonian Quéen, where he left his Lady in company of her Virgins; who like a kind, modest, and vertuous Wife, during all the time of her Husbands absence, continually prayed to the Immortall Powers of Heaven for his fortunate Successe and happy return: otherwise resolving herself if the lowring Destinies should crosse his intent, and unluckily end his days before the Adventure were accomplished, then to spend the remnant of her life amongst those happy Virgins. But on the sudden before the Quéen and her Virgins were aware, S. George arrived before the Pavilion, dutifully attended on by the Gyant, who bore upon his shoulder ỳ body of a tall Oak, by which the Quéen knew that his Prowess had redéemed her Countrey from darknesse, & delivered her from her sorrow, care, and trouble: so in company of her Maids very gorgeously Attyred, she conducted ỳ Champion to a Bower of Roses, intermingled with creeping Vines, the which in his absence they had planted for his Ladies delight. There found he Sabra at her Divine Prayers, like to a solitary Widow, clad in Mourning Habiliments: but when she beheld her Lord return in safety, she banished grief, and in all haste ran unto him, and in his bosome ravished her self with pleasure.

But to speak how the Amazonian Quéen feasted them, and in what manner shée and her Maids devised Pastimes for their contents, were too tedious to repeat: but when night gave end to their Pleasures, and sléep summoned all things to a quiet silence, the Quéen brought them to a very sumptuous Lodging, wherein stood a Bed framed with Ebon wood, over-hung with many pendants of Gold, the Tick was stuft with Down of Turtle Doves, the Sheets of Median Silk: thereon lay a rich Quilt wrought with Cotten, covered with Damasck, and stitcht with threds of Gold. The Quéen bestowed upon Saint George at his going to Bed, an imbroydered Shirt, curiously wrought with many rare Devices, as the Labours of Hercules, the Triumph of Mars, and the Loves of many Potentates, wrought in such curious manner, as though Art her self had béen the Contriver.

Sabra at her going to Bed was likewise presented by the Quéenes Maidens, with a light Kirtle of changeable violet, somewhat blushing on a red colour. Also, they put a white

kerchiefe of Silk upon her Head, somewhat lose and untied, so that under the same, her Ivory throat might be easily seen, and her faire golden haire lying about her neck: over them was cast a Mantle of grẽn Silk, which made the Bed seem more beautifull than Floraes richest Ornaments. By them the Quẽn and her Virgins sate, making sweet Musick upon their silver tuned Lutes, till golden slẽp had closed up their eyes; the which being done, ỳ Quẽn with her Ladies departed likewise to their naturall rests. But all this while the Gyant never entred the Pavillion, but slept as soundly at the root of a Pine Trẽ, as Saint George did in his embroydered Bed: for he knew not what Pleasures belonged thereunto, nor never before that time beheld any womans Face. At last, the night with drew her black Curtaines, and gave the morning leave to appeare, whose pleasant light caused Saint George to forsake his Bed, and to walk some few miles to over-view the Countrey: In which journey he took such exceeding pleasure, that hẽ thought it the goodliest Realm that ever he saw, for he perceived well how that it was full of worldly Wealth.

At last, hẽ climed up to the top of an high Mountain, being some two miles from the Quẽnes Pavillion, where, on he stood and beheld many stately Townes, and Towers, high and migh'y Castles, many large Woods and Heddowes, and many pleasant Rivers; and about the Townes, faire Vines, goodly Pastures and Fields. At last, he beheld the City of Argenia shining against the Sunne, ỳ place where the Quẽne in former time was wont to kẽp her Court: which City was invironed with dẽp Ditches, the Wall strongly builded, and more than fiue hundred Towers made of Lime and Stone: also he saw many faire Churches covered with Lead, having tops and Spires of gold, shining most gorgeously, with Weather-Cocks of Silver, glistering against the Sun. Also he saw the Burgesses Houses stand like Pallaces closed with high and strong Walls, barred with Chaines of Iron from House to House: whereat in his heart hẽ praised much the nobleneste and richneste of the City, and said to himselfe, that it might well be called Argenia, for it seemed to bẽ of Argent, that is as much to say, of Silver

During the time of the Champions pleasurable walk, which continued from the break of day; to the closing of the

Evenning

Evening, hapned a wofull Tragedy, nére unto the Queens Pavilion, committed by the monstrous Gyant whom Saint George brought from the Enchanted Tower: for that same morning when the Sun had mounted some few Degrées unto the Firmament, seven of the Queens Virgins in Sabra's company, walked into a pleasant thicket of Trées adioyning to her Pavilion, not only to take the pleasure of the mornings Ayre but to heare the chirping melody of Birds: in which thicket or Grove, under a Pine-Trée, this Gyant lodged the passed night: but no sooner came these beautifull Ladies under the Branches of the Trées, but the Gyant cast his eye upon them, whose rare perfection so fired the heart of the lustfull Gyant, that he must either quench his desires with the spoyles of their Chastities, or end his dayes in some monstrous manner: therefore he starts up from the place where he lay, & with a wrathful countenance ran amongst the Ladies, and catching them all eight at once betwixt his Armes, he bore them to the further side of ỳ Grove, where he Ravished seven of the Queens Maidens, and afterwards devoured them alive into his lothsome bowels, Sabra being the eighth of that wofull number, which in her sight shée beheld butchered by that bloody wolfe: but continuing the time of their Ravishment, shée made her Supplication to the Gods, that they would in mercy defend her chastity from the lustfull Rapeof so wicked a Monster: and immediatly upon these words, she saw an ugly Toad come crawling before her, through which by Policie shée saved her life, and preserved her Honour: for shée tak the Toad betwixt her hands, and crushed the venome from her impoysoned bowels, wherewith she all besprinkled her Face, so that presently her fair Beauty was changed into loathsome blisters for she seemed more like a creature deformed with Leprosie, than a Lady of excellent Feature. At length she being the last of all, her time came that she should be devoured, and the lustful Gyant came to fetch her: but when he beheld her Visage so invenomed, he lokked her sight, seeking neither to Ravish her, nor proffering to devoure her, but discontentedly wandring away greatly grieving at the committed crime, and sorely repenting himselfe of so wicked a deed, not only for the spoyle of the seven Virgins, but for the wrong proffered to so Noble a Knight: who not only granted him liberty of life, but received

him

him into his service: therefore hee raged up and down the Grove, making the Earth to tremble at his Exclamations: one while cursing his fortune and hour of creation: another while banning his Sire and devillish Dam: but when he remembred the Noble Champion Saint George, whose angry frown hee would not see for all the world, then to prevent the same, hee ran his Head most furiously against a knobbed Make, and brayned himself: where we will leave him now weltring in his blood, and speak what became of Sabra after this bloody accident: for after shee had wandered up and down the thicket many a weary step, incensing Heaven against the Gyants cruelty, the Sunne began to set, and the dark night drew on, which caused her thus to complain:

O you immortall Powers of Heaven, and you Celestiall Planets, being the true Guiders of the Firmament, open your bright Celestiall Gates, and send some fatall Planet, or some burning Thunder-bolt, to rid me from the vale of misery, for I will never more return to my beloved Lord, sith I am thus deformed, and made an ugly creature, my loathsome Face will prove a corsive to his heart, and my body a torment to his soul: my sight will bee displeasant, my company hated, my presence loathed, and every one will shun my sight as from a Crocodile: therefore I will remain within this Grove, till Heaven either bring me to my former Beauty, or end my languishing misery: yet witnesse Heaven of my Loyalty unto my Lord, and in what extreamity I have maintained my Chastity: in remembrance of my true Love, here will I leave this Chain of Gold for my beloved Lord to find, that he may know, for his sake I have endured a world of woe. At which speeches she took her Chain (which was doubled twenty times about her neck) and left it lying all besmeared in the blood of those Virgins whom the Gyant had Ravished and slain, and so betook her self to a sad and solitary life, intending never to come in the sight of men, but to spend her dayes wandring in the Woods: where we will likewise leave her for a time, and speak of Saint George, who by this was returned to Æneus Pavilion, where he missed his Lady, and had intelligence, how that she in company of seven other Ladies, walked in the morning into a pleasant Grove to hear the melody of Birds, and since that time no newes hath been

heard

heard of them: for as then it grew towards night, which called Saint George greatly to mistrust that some mischance had befain his Lady. Then he demanded what was become of the Gyant: but answer was made, that he was neither seen nor heard of since morning: which caused him greatly to suspect the Gyants Treachery, and how by his meanes the Ladies were prevented of their purposed Pleasures.

Therefore in all haste like a frantick man he ran into the Thicket, filling every corner with Clamours and resounding Ecchoes of her Name, and calling for Sabra through every Bramble Bush: but there he could neither heare the voyce of Sabra, nor the answer of any other Lady, but the wofull Ecchoes of his Exclamations, which ratled through the leaves of the Trees. Then began he to wax something Melancholy, and Passionate, passing the time away with wofull Lamentations till bright Cynthia mounted on the Hemispheares, by whose glistering Beams he saw the ground besprinkled with Purple Gore, and found the Chain that Sabra was wont to wear about her neck, all besmeared in blood: he bitterly complained against his own fortune, and his Ladies hapless Destiny: for he supposed then that the Gyant had murthered her.

O discontented sight (said he) here lies the Blood of my Beloved Lady, the truest Woman that ever Knight enjoyed: that Body which for excellency deserved a Monument of Gold, more rich then the Tombe of Angelica, I fear lies buried in the Bowells of that monstrous Gyant; whose Life unhappily I granted. Here is the Chain besmeared with blood, which at our first acquaintance I gave her in a Courtly Maske: this Golden Cham, I say, stained with the blood of my dear Lady, shall for evermore be kept within my Bosome near unto my bleeding heart, that I may still remember her true Love, Faith, and Constancy. But fond fool that I am, why doe I talk in vain: it will not recompence her murthered Soul, the which me thinks I hear how it calls for revenge in every corner of this Grove. It was I that left her carelesly within the Danger of the Gyant, whom I little mistrusted, therefore will I meet her in Elizium Shades, and crave remission for my committed Trespasse, for on this Make I will abridge my Life, as did the worthy Knight Melmeropolion for the Love of Sillara: which Lamentation being no sooner

ended, but hée took the Chaine of Gold, and fastned one end to the arm of a great Oke, and the other end to his neck, intending presently to strangle himselfe: but Heaven prevented his desperate intent after a strange manner; for under the same Trée the brayned Gyant lay, not yet fully dead, who in this manner spake to Saint George.

O stay thy hand, most noble and invincible Knight, the Worlds chief Wonder for admired Chivalry, and let my dying soule convert thée from so wicked a déed: Seven Virgins in this thicket have I ravished, and buried all their bodies in my accursed bowels: but before I could deflowre the eighth, in a strange manner her bright Beauty was converted into a loathsome Leprosie, whereby, I detested her sight, and left her Chastity undefiled, but by her sad complaints I since have understood, how that she is your Lady and Love, and to this houre she hath her residence within the circuit of this Thicket: and thereupon with a dolefull groan which séemed to shake the ground, he bade adue to the World. Then Saint George being glad to heare such tidings, reverted from his desperate intent, and searched up and downe the Grove till he found Sabra, where she sate sorrowing under the branches of a Mulberry Trée, betwixt whom was a sad and heavie gréeting, and as they walked back to the Quéens Pavillion, thée Discoursed to him the truth of this bloody Stratagem, where she remained till the Amazonian Quéene had cured her Leprosie by the secret vertue of her skill: of whom after they had taken leave, and given her thanks for her kinde courtesies, Saint George with his Lady took their journey towards Persia, where the Christian Armies lay encampt, at whose arrivall, you shall heare strange and wonderfull things, the like was never done in any Age.

CHAP.

CHAP. XIV.

How Saint George and his Lady lost themselves in a Wilderneſſe, where ſhe was delivered of three goodly Boyes. The Fayrie Queenes Propheſie upon the Childrens fortunes. Of Saint Georges return into Bohemia, where he Chriſtened his Children, and of the finding of his Fathers Grave, over which he built a ſtately Tombe.

SAint George having atchieved the adventure of the Enchanted Tower, and Sabra, the furie of the luſtfull Gyant, they took their tourny towards Perſia, where the Chriſtian Champions lay encamped before the Soldans great City of Grand Belgor, a place moſt ſtrongly fortified with Spirits and other gaſtly illuſions, by the Enchantment of Oſmond, whom you heard before in the laſt Chapter, to be the rareſt Negromancer in the World: but as the Engliſh Champion with his Lady travelled thither ward, they happned into a Deſart, and mighty Wilderneſſe overgrown with lofty Pines and Cedar Trees, and many huge and mighty Okes, the ſpreading branches whereof ſeemed to withhold the light of Heaven from their untrodden Paſſages, and tops for exceeding height to reach into Elements, the Inhabitants were Silvanes, Satyres, Fayries, and other wody Nymphes, which by day ſported up and down the Foreſt, and by night tended the pleaſure to Proſerpine the Fayrie Queen. The Muſick of ſilver ſounding Birds, ſo chearefully reſounded through the Woods, and the whiſtling Winde made ſuch melody amongſt the leaves of Trees, that it raviſhed their Senſes like harmony of Angels, and made them think they had entred the ſhades of gladſome Elizium: one while they wandred at the beauty of the Woods, which nature adorned with a Summers Livery: another while at the green and fragrant graſſe, drawn

out in round Circles, by Fayries Dances: so long till they had lost themselves amongst the unknown Passages, not knowing how, nor by what meanes to recover the perfect Path of their intended Journey, but were constrained to wander in the Wilderness like Solitary Pilgrims, spending the Day with weary Steps, and the Night with vain Imagmations, even as a Childe when he hath lost himself in a populous City, runneth up and down, not knowing how to return to his Native Dwelling: Even so it happened to these two lost and disconsolate Travellers, for when they had wandred many Dayes one way, and finding no end of their Toyles, they retired backward to the Place of their first setting forth: where they were wont to heare the Noyse of People resound in Countrey Villages, and to meet Travellers posting from Place to Place, but now they heard nothing but blustering of Winds, ratling in the Wood, making the Brambles to whistle, and the Trées to groan, and now and then to meet a Speckled Beast like to the Rain-bow, welt'ring from his Denne to seek his Naturall Sustenance: in their Travell by Night they were wont to hear the crowing of the Cock, recording glad Tydings of the chearfull Dayes approach, the neighing of Horses in pasture Fields, & the barking of Dogs in Farmers houses: but now they were affrighted with the roaring of Lions, yelling of Wolves, the croaking of Toads in Roots of Rotten Trées, and the rufull sound of Progues Ravishment, recorded by the Nightingale.

In this Solitary manner wearied they the rowling Time away, till thrice three Times the Silver Mon had renewed her borrowed Light, by which time the Burthen of Sabraes Wombe began to grow painfull, and the Fruit of her Body to wax ripe, the Hour of her Delivery drew on, wherein shée required Lucinaes help, to make Saint George the Father of a Princely Son: Time called for Midwives to aid and bring her Babe into the World, and to make her a happy Mother: but before the painfull Hour of her Delivery approacht, Saint George had provided her a Bower of Vine Branches, which he erected betwixt two pleasant Hills: where in stead of a Princely Cabinet, hung with Arras, and rich Tapestry, she was constrained to suffice her self with a simple Lodging covered with Roses, and other Fragrant Flowers: her Bed he

made

made of Grẽn Mosse and Thistle Down, beset curiously round about with Olive Branches, and the Sprigs of an Orenge Trée, which made it séem more beautifull than Floraes Pavillion, or Dianaes Mansion: But at the last, when she felt the pain of her Wombe grew intollerable, and the Séed ready to be reaped, and how she was in a Wilderneſſe devoyd of Womens company, that should be ready to assist her in so secret a matter, she cast her self down upon her Mosse Bed, and with her blushing Countenance she discoursed her minde in this order to Saint George.

My most Deare and Loving Lord (quoth shée) my true and only Champion at all Times and Seasons except at this hour, for it is the painfull hour of my Delivery, therefore depart from out the hearing of my Eyes, and commit my Fortune to the pleasures of the Heavens; for it is not convenient for any mans Eye to behold the Secrets of a Woman in such a Case: stay not, I say, Dear Lord, to sée the Infant now sprawling in my womb to be delivered from the Bed of his Creation, forsake my Presence for a time, and let me like the Noble Quẽn of France, obtain the Favour of some Fairy to be my Midwife, that my Babe may be as happily born in this Wilderness as was her Valiant Sons Valentine and Orson: ỹ one of them was cherisht by a King, and the other by a Bear, yet both of them grew famous in their Déeds: my pain is great, dear Lord therefore depart my Cabinet, and before bright Phœbus lodgeth in the West, I shall either bea happy Mother, or a lifelesse body: thou a joyful Father, or a sorrowfull Widdower. At which words S. George sealed the Agrément with a Kisse, and departed silently without any Reply: but with a thousand sighes he bade her adue, and so took his way to the top of a Mountain, being in Distance from his Ladies abiding, a quarter of a Mile, there knéeled hée during the time of her Travell, with his bare knées upon the bosome of the Earth, never ceasing Prayers, but continually soliciting the Majesty of God, to grant his Lady a spẽdy & easy Delivery: at whose Divine Motions the Heavens séemed to relent, & all the time of her pain, covered the Place with a Veil of Darkneſſe, by great flights of Birds, with Troops of untamed Beasts that came flocking about the Mountain where hée knéeled, and in their kinds assisted his Celestiall contem-

plations: where I will leave him for a time, and speak what hapned to Sabra in the middle of her Paines, and extremity of her Travell: for after Saint Georges departure, the fury of her grief so raged in her Wombe, that it exceeded the bounds of reason, whereby her heart was constrained to breath so many scorching sighes, that they seemed to blast the Leaves of Trées, and to wither the Flowers which beautified her Cabinet, her burthened torments caused her star-bright eyes, like fountaines to distill downe silver drops, and all the rest of her body to tremble like a Castle in a terrible Earth-quake: so grievous were her paines, and rufull were her cryes, that she caused the mercilesse Tygers to relent, and untamed Lyons, with other wild beasts, like silly Lambs to sit and bleat: her grievous cryes and bitter moanes caused the Heavens, as it were, to bléd their vapours down, and the Earth to wéep a spring of tears: both Herbs and Trées did séeme to drop, hard stony Rocks to sweat when she complained.

At last, her pittifull cryes pierced downe to the lowest vaults of direfull Dis, where Proserpine sits crowned amongst her Fayries, and so prevailed, that in all haste she ascended from her regiment, to work this Ladies safe delivery, and to make her Mother of thrée goodly Boyes, who no sooner arrived in Sabras Lodging, but she practised the duty of a Mid-wife, eased the burthen of her Womb, and safely brought her Babes into the World: at whose first sight the Heavens began to smile, and the Earth to reioyce, as a sign and token, that in time to come they would prove thrée of the noblest Knights in the World.

This courteous déed of Proserpine was no sooner performed, but thée layd the thrée Boyes in thrée most rich and sumptuous Cradles, the which thée caused her Fayries to fetch invisibly from thrée of the richest Knights in the World, and therewithall Mantles of Silk, with other things thereunto belonging: likewise she caused a winged Satyre to fetch from the furthest Borders of India, a covering of Damask Taffaty Embroydered with Gold, the most richest Ornament that ever mortall eye beheld: for therein was wrought and lively portrayed by the curious skill of Indian Weavers, how God created Heaven and Earth, the wandring Courses both of Sunne and Moné, and likewise how the golden

golden Planets daily doe predominate: Also there is no Story in any Age remembred since the beginning of the World, but it was thereon most perfectly wrought: So excellent it was, that Art her self could never devise a cunninger. With this rich and sumptuous Ornament she covered the Ladies Child-bed: whereby it seemed to surpasse in bravery the gorgeous Bed of Iuno the brave Queen, when first she entertained impetious love. After this Proserpine layd under every Childs Pillow a silver Tablet, whereon was written in Letters of Gold, their good and happy fortunes. Under the first was these Verses Charactred, who at that time lay frowning in his Cradle like the God of War.

A Souldier bold, a man of wondrous might,
A King likewise this royall Babe shall die:
Three golden Diadems in bloody fight,
By this brave Prince shall also conquer'd be:
The Towers of faire Ierusalem and Rome,
Shall yeeld to him in happy time to come.

Under the Pillow of the second Babe was Charactred these Verses following, who lay in his Cradle smiling like Cupid upon the lap of Dido, whom Venus Transformed to the likenesse of Ascanius.

This Child shall likewise live to be a King,
Times wonder for device, and Courtly sport:
His Tilts and Tutnaments abroad shall ring,
To every Coast where noble Knights resort:
Queenes shall attend and humble at his feet,
Thus love and beauty shall together meet.

Lastly, under the Pillow of the third was these Verses likewise Charactred, who blushed in this Cradle like Pallas when shee strove for the golden Apple with Venus and the Queen of Heaven.

The Muses darling for true sapience,
In Princes Courts this Babe shall spend his days,

Kings

Kings shall admire his learned Eloquence,
And write in brazen Books his endlesse praise:
By Pallas gift he shall atchieve a Crown,
Advance his fame, and lift him to renown.

Thus when the Fayrie Queen had ended her Prophesie upon the Children, and had left them golden Fortunes lying in their Cradles, she vanished away, leaving the Lady rejoycing at her safe Delivery, and wondring at the Gifts of Proserpine: which she conjectured to be but shadowes to dazle her eyes, and things of a fading substance: but when she had laid her hands upon the rich covering of Damask Taffaty, which covered her Softly Bed, and felt that it was the self same form that it seemed, she cast her eyes with a chearfull look up to the Majesty of Heaven, and not only gave thanks to Immortall Jove for her rich received benefits, but for his mercifull kindnesse in making her the happy Mother of three such goodly Children. But we will now return again to the Noble Champion Saint George, whom we left praying upon the Mountain top, and as you heard before, the Skies were over-spread with Sable Clouds as though they had been mourning witnesses of his Ladies torment: but before the golden Sunne had div'd into watry Thetis Lap, the Element began to clear, and to withdraw her former mourning Mantles, by which hee supposed that Heaven had pitied his Ladies paines, and granted her a safe Delivery: therefore in all haste he retired back to the Silvane Cabinet; the which hee found most strangely deckt with sumptuous Habiliments, his Lady lying in her Child-Bed, as glorious as if she had been the greatest Empresse in the World, and three Princely Boyes sweetly sleeping in their severall Cradles: at whose first sight his heart was so ravished with joy, that for a time it with-held the passage of his tongue: but at last when he found the Silver Tablets lying under the Pillowes, and had read the happy fortunes of his children, he ran unto his Lady, imbraced her lovingly, and kindly demanded the true Discourse of that strange accident, and by whose meanes the Bower was beautified so gorgeously, and the Propounder of his Childrens Prophesie: who with a countenance blushing like the purple Morning, replyed in this manner:

My most dear and welbeloved Lord, the paines I have endured to make you the happy Father of three lovely Boyes, hath been more joyfull than the stroke of death, but yet my delivery more joyfull than the pleasures of this World: the Winds carryed my Groans to every corner of this Wilderness, whereby both Trees and Herbs assisted my complaints, Beasts, Birds, and feathered Fowles, with every senceless thing that Nature framed on his Earth, seemed to pitty my moans: but in the midst of my torments, when my soul was ready to forsake this worldly habitation, there appeared to mée a Queen crowned with a golden Diadem, in state and gesture like imperious Iuno, and in beauty to divine Diana: her Garments for bravery seemed to stain the Rainbow in her brightest hue, and for diversity of colours, to surpasse the Flowers in the Fields: On her attended many beautifull Nymphes, some clad in Garments in colour like the Chrystal Ocean, some in Attire as gallant as the pleasant Rose, and some more glorious than the Azured Firmaments: her wisdome might compare with Apollo's, her judgement with Pallas, and her skill with Lucina's: for no sooner entred shée my presence, but my travels ceased, and my Womb delivered up her grievous burthen: my Babes being brought to light by the vertue of her skill, she prepared these rich and sumptuous Cradles the which were brought invisible to my Cabinet: likewise these Mantles, and this imbroydered Coverlet she frankly bestowed upon me, and so immediately vanished away.

At which words, Saint George gave her so many kinde imbraces, and kissed her so lovingly, as though it had bèen the first day of their Nuptials. At last, her hunger encreased, and her desire thirsted so much after food, that except shée received some comfortable sustenance, her life were in danger. This extream desire of Sabra caused Saint George to buckle on his Armour, and to brush ath his trusty Sword ready to gorge the intrailes of some Beare: who sware by the honour of true knight-hood, never to rest in peace, till hée had purchased her hearts content. My Love (quoth he) I will adventure for thy sake, more dangers than Iason did for Medeas love: Ile search the thickest Groves, and chase the nimble Doe to death: the flying Fowl Ile follow up and down from Trée to Trée, till over-wearied they doe fall and die: for love

of thée and these my tender Babes, whom I esteem more dear than the conquest of rich Babylon, I will adventure more dangers, than did Hercules for the love of Deianira, and more extreams than Turnus did in his bloody Battels: and thereupon with his Fauchion ready charged, he traced the Woods, leaving no thorny brake nor mossie Cave unsearcht, till he had found a Herd of fallow Déere: from which number he singled out the fattest, to make his Lady a bountifull Banquet: but in time of his absence, there hapned to Sabra a strange and wonderfull accident: for there came weltring into the Cabinet three most wild and monstrous Beasts, a Lyon, a Tygresse, and a she-Wolfe, which took the Babes out of their Cradles, and bore them to their secret Dens.

At which sight, Sabra like one distraught of sense, started from her Bed, and to her weak power offered to follow the Beasts, but all in vain: for before she could get without her Cabinet, they were past sight, and the Childrens cry without her hearing: then like a discontent'd woman she turned back, beating her breasts, rending her hair, and raging up and down her Cabinet, using all the rigour shée could devise against her self: and had not Saint George returned the sooner, she had most violently committed her own slaughter: but at his return when he beheld her face stained with teares, her head disrobed of Ornaments, and her Ivory Breasts all to be rent, and torn, he cast down his Mantion, and in all haste asked the cause of her sorrow.

O (said shée) this is the wofullest day that ever hapt to mée: for in the time of your unhappy hunting, a Lionesse, a Tygresse, and a Wolf came into the Cabinet, and took my Children from their Cradles; what is become of them I know not, but greatly I fear, by this time they are intombed within their hungry bowels.

O simple monuments (quoth shée) for such sweet Babes: Well Sabra, if the Monsters have bereaved mée of my Children, this bloody Sword that dived into the entrailes of the fallow Déere, shall rive my wofull heart in twain. Accursed be this fatall day, the Planets that predominate, and Sunn that shines thereon, heaven blot it from the year, and let it never more bée numbred, but accounted for a dismall day through all the World: let all the Trées be blasted in these

accursed

accurſed Weeds: let Herbs and Graſſe conſume away and die, and all things periſh in this Wilderneſſe. But why breathe I out theſe Curſes in vain, when as me thinks I hear my Children in untamed Lyons Dens, crying for help and ſuccour? I come, ſweet Babes, I come, either to redeem you from the Tygers wrathfull jawes, or make my grave within their hungry bowels. Then took hée up his Sword beſmeard all with blood, and like a man bereaved of wit and ſenſe, ranged up and down the Wilderneſſe, ſearching every corner for his Children; but his Lady remayned ſtill in her Cabinet, lamenting for their loſſe, waſhing their Cradles with her pearled teares that ran down her ſtayned chéeks like ſilver drops.

Many wayes wandred Saint George, ſometime in Valleys where Wolves and Tygers Lurk; ſometime on mountain tops, where Lions Whelps do ſport & play, and many times in diſmall thickets, where Snakes and Serpents live.

Thus wandred Saint George up and down the Wilderneſſe for the ſpace of two dayes, hearing no newes of his unchriſtned Children. At laſt, he approached the ſight of a pleaſant River, which ſmoothly glided down betwixt two Mountaines, into whoſe ſtreames hé purpoſed to caſt himſelf, and ſo by a deſperate death give end to his ſorrowes: But as he was committing his body to the mercy of the Waters, and his ſoul to the pleaſure of the Heavens, he heard a far off the rufull ſcrike, as he thought, of a comfortleſſe Babe: which ſudden noyſe, cauſed him to refrain from his deſperate purpoſe, and with more diſcretion to tender his owne ſafety. Then caſting his eye aſide, it was his happy deſtiny to ſpie thrée inhumane Beaſts lying at the foot of the Hill, tumbling themſelves againſt the warm Sunne, and his thrée pretty Babes ſucking from their Wombs, their moſt unkindly milk: which ſpectacle ſo encouraged the Champion, that without further adviſement, with his ſingle Sword, he aſſailed at one time the thrée Monſters: but ſo furiouſly they purſued him, that he little prevailed; and being almoſt breathleſſe, was forced to get into an Orange Trée, elſe he had béen burted in their mercileſſe bowels: but when the thrée wild Beaſts perceived him above their reaches, and that by no meanes they could come nær him, with their wrathfull jawes they ſo rent and tore the rot

of the Tree, that if by policy hee had not prevented them, the Tree had been pulo in pieces: for at that time it was ſo full of ripe Oranges, and ſo over-loaden, that the branches ſeemed to bend, and the boughes to break: of which fruit he caſt ſuch abundance down to the Beaſts, whereby they reſtrained their fures, and fed ſo faſt thereon, that in ſhort time they grew drunk, and quite overcome with a dead and heavie ſleep. This good and happy fortune cauſed Saint George nimbly to leap off the Tree, and with his keen edged Sword cut off their heads from their bodies, the which being done, he went to his children, lying comfortleſſe upon a Mollie Bank; who to pleaſantly ſmiled in his face, that they made him greatly to rejoyce, and to receive as great pleaſure in their ſights, as though hee had been honoured with ỹ Conqueſts of Cæſar, or the Royalty of Alexander: therefore after he had given them his bleſſing, hee took them up in his Armes, and ſpake theſe words following.

Come, come my pretty Babes, your ſafe deliveries from theſe inhumane Monſters, will adde long life unto your Mother, and hath preſerved your Father from a deſperate death; From hence forth let Heaven be your Guide, and ſend you as happy Fortunes as Romus and Romulus, the firſt Founders of Imperious Rome, wh in their infancies were Nurſed with the milke of a Ravenous Wolf: and as proſperous in your Adventures, as was that Perſian Potentate, which fed on the milke of a Bitch. At the end of which ſpeeches, he approched the Cabinet, where he left his Lady mourning for the loſſe of her children: but at his return hee found her without ſenſe or moving, being not able to give him a joyfull welcome, whereat he fell into this extream paſſion of ſorrow.

O Fortune, Fortune (quoth he) how many griefes heapeſt thou upon my head! wilt thou needs enjoyn mee to an endleſſe ſorrow: See, Sabra, ſee, I have redeemed our Sonnes, and freed them from the Tygers bloody jawes, whoſe wrathfull countenance did threaten death. Which comfortable ſpeeches cauſed her preſently to revive, and to take the silly Infants in her Armes, laying them ſweetly upon her Ivory boſome, at which they ſeemed to ſmile as pleaſantly, as Cupid in the lap of Dido, when Aeneas ſported in the Court of Carthage. The kind imbraces, loving ſpeeches, & joyfull conference that paſt

betwixt

betwixt the Champion and his Lady, were now too long to be discoursed: but to be short, they remained in the Wilderneſſe without further Diſturbance, either of Wilde Beaſts or other accident, till Sabra had recovered her Child-bed ſickneſſe: and then being conducted by a happy ſtar, they returned back the ready way to Chriſtendom: where after ſome few Dayes travell, they arrived in the Bohemian Court, where the King of that Country, wᵗ two other bordering Princes moſt Royally Chriſtened his Children. The Eldeſt they nam'd Guy, the Second, Alexander, and the Third David: the which being performed & the tryumphs ended, which in moſt ſumptuous manner continued for the ſpace of one Moneth, then the Bohemian King for the great love he bare unto Saint George, provided moſt Honourably for his Childrens bringing up. Firſt he appointed three ſeverall Embaſſadours with all things neceſſary for ſo Princely a Charge, to conduct the three Infants, to three ſeverall Countreyes. The firſt and Eldeſt whoſe Fortune was to be a Souldier, he ſent to the Imperiall City of Rome, (being then the wonder of ỹ World for Martiall diſciplime) there by the Emperor to be trained up. The Second, whoſe Fortune was to be a Courtly Prince, he ſent to the rich and plentifull Country of England, being the Pride of Chriſtendome for all Delightfull Pleaſures. The third and laſt, whoſe Fortune was to prove a Scholar, he ſent into Germany, unto the Univerſity of Wittenberg being thought at that time to be the Excellenteſt place of Learning, that remained throughout the whole World.

Thus were S. George's Children provided for by the Bohemian King; for when the Embaſſadours were in readineſſe, the ſhips for their Paſſage furniſhed, and their attendants appointed, S. George in the company of his Lady, the King of Bohemia with his Queen, and a Traim of Lords and Gentlemen, and Ladies, conducted them to Ship-board, where the Wind ſerved them proſperouſly, that in a ſhort time they bade adue to the Shore, and ſailed chearfully away. But as Saint George returned back to the Bohemian Court, it was his Chance to come by an old ruinated Monaſtery under whoſe Walls in former time his Father was buried, the which he knew by certain Verſes that were carved in Stone over his Grave by the Commons of ỹ country (as you may read before

in the beginning of this History.) Over the same requested of the King, that he might erect a stately Monument, that the remembrance of his Name might live for ever, and not be buried in the Grave of obscurity.

To which reasonable demand, the King most willingly consented, and presently gave speciall commandement that the cunningest Architectors that remained within his Dominion, should forthwith be sent for, and withall gave a Sum of Gold forth of his owne Treasury towards the performance thereof.

The sudden report of this memorable deed being bruited abroad, caused workmen to come from every place of their owne accord, with such willingnesse, that they in short time finished it. The Foundation of the Tombe was of the purest Marble, whereon was engraven the frame of the Earth, and how the watry Ocean was divided, with Woods, Groves Hils, and Dales; so lively portrayed, that it was a wonder to behold: the Props and Pinacles of Alablaster, beset with knobs of Jasper Stone; the sides and Pillars of the clearest Jet; upon the top stood four golden Lions, holding up, as it were an Element, wherein was curiously contrived the golden Sun and Moon, and how the Heavens have their usuall Courses, with many other excellent things wrought both in Gold and Silver, which for this time I omit, because I am forced at large to Discourse y Princely Procædings of Saint George, who after the Monument was finished, with his Lady, most humbly took their leave of the King, thanked him for his love, kindnesse, and courtesie, and so departed towards Egypt and Persia, of whose Adventures you shall hear more in the Chapter following.

CHAP.

CHAP. XVIII.

How Saint George with his Lady arrived in Egypt: of their Royall Entertainment in the City of Grand Caire; and also how Sabra was crowned Queen of Egypt.

MAny strange accidents, and dangerous Adventures, Saint George with his Lady passed before they arrived within the Territories of Egypt, which I want memory to repeat, and Art to describe. But at last when Fortune smiled, which before had long time crossed their intents with her inconstant Chances, and had cast them happily upon the Egyptian Shore, being the Nurse and Mother of Sabra's first creation; The twelve Peeres unto whom Saint George before time had committed ye guiding of the Land, and keeping of his Crown, as you heard before Discoursed, now met him and his Lady at the Sea-side, most richly mounted upon their costly trapped Steeds, and willingly surrendred up his Scepter, Crown, and Regiment: and after, in company of many Princely Estates, both of Dukes, Earles, Lords, Knights, and Royall Gentlemen, they attended them to the City of Grand Caire, being then under the subjection of the Egyptian Monarchy, and the greatest City in the World, for it was in breadth and compasse full threescore Miles, and had by iust account within the Wals twelve thousand Churches, besides Abbies, Priories, and Houses of Religion: but when Saint George with his stately attendants entred the Gates, they were presently entertained with such a joyfull sound of Bels, Trumpets, and Drums, that it seemed like the inspiring melody of Heavenly Angels, and to exceed ye Royalty of Cæsar in Rome, when he returned from the Worlds Conquest. The Streets were beautified with stately Pageants, contrived by Scholars of ingenious capacity, the Pavement strewed with all manner of odoriferous Flowers, and the Wals hung with Indian Coverlets and curious Tapestry.

Thus

Thus passed they the Streets in great Solemnity, wondring at the curiosity of the Pageants, and listning to their learned Orations, till they entred the Gates of the Pallace, where in the first Entry of the Court was contrived over their heads, a golden pendant Firmament, as it were supported by a hundred Angels: from thence it seemed to raine Nectar and Ambrosia: Likewise there descended, as it were from the Clouds, Ceres, the Goddesse of Plenty, sitting upon a Throne of Gold, beautified with all manner of springing things, as of Corn, Olives, Grapes, Heards, Flowers, and Trees: who, at the comming by of Saint George and his Lady presented them with two Garlands of wheat, bound up most curiously in bands of silver, to signifie that they were happily returned to a plentifull Countrey, both of Wealth and Treasure. But as Ceres ascended up into the Firmament, there was seen most strange and pleasant fire works, shooting from place to place, as though the firy Planets had descended Heaven, and had generally consented to make them delightfull Pastimes: but as Saint George with his Lady, crowned with Garlands of Wheat, passed through the second Court, they beheld a Pageant most strangely contrived, wherein stood Mars the angry God of Warr, invironed with a Camp of armed Souldiers, as if they were with their Weapons ready charged to assault some strong Hold or invincible City: their silver Trumpets seemed to sound chearefully, their thundring Drums couragiously, their silken Streamers to flourish valiantly, and themselves to March Triumphantly: All which seemed to give more content to Saint George, than all the delightfull Pleasures before rehearsed: for there was nothing in all the World that more reioyced his heart, than to hear the pleasant sound of Warre, and to see Souldiers brandish forth their steeled Weapons. After he had sufficiently delighted himself in these Martiall Sports, and was ready to depart the God of War descended his Throne, and presented him with the richest Armour that ever eye beheld, and the bravest Sword that ever Knight handled: for they had been kept within the City of Grand Cayer for the space of five hundred yeares, and held for the richest Monumets in the Countrey. Also he presented Sabra with a Mirrour of such an inestimable price, that it was valued at

a Kings Ransome: for it was made by Magick Art: the vertues and qualities thereof were so precious, that it is almost incredible to report: for therein one might behold the secret Mysteries of all the Liberall Sciences, and by Art discover what was practised in other Princes Courts: if any Hill or Mountain within a thousand Miles of the place where it remained were enriched with a Mine of Gold, it would describe the place and Countrey, and how deep it lay closed in the Earths by it one might truly Calculate upon the birth of Children, Succession of Princes, and continuance of Common-Wealths, with many other excellent gifts of Vertues, which for this time I omit. Then in great state passed S. George to ỳ third Court, which was as richly beautified with all gallant sights as the other twain: for there was most lively portrayed the manner of Elizium, how Iove and Iuno sate invested on their Royall Thrones, and likewise how all the Gods and Goddesses took their places by degrees in Parliament: the sight was pleasant, and the device most excellent, their Musick admired, and their Songs heavenly.

Thus passed Saint George with his Lady through the three Courts, till thy came to the Pallace: wherein was provided against their comming, a stately Banquet than had the Macedonian Monarch, at his return into Babylon, when he had conquered the middle Earth: the curious Cates and well repleniſht Dishes were so many, that I want Art or Eloquence to describe them: but to be short, it was the sumptuous Banquet that ever they beheld since their departure from the English Court, and so artificially served, as though that all the World had bẽn present. Many dayes continued this sumptuous Cheere, and accompanied with such Princely Triumphs, as Arther self wants memory to describle.

The Coronation of Sabra, which was Royally performed within three Moneths following, requires a golden Pen to write it, & a tongue walkt in the conservatives of the Muses honey to declare it. Egypt was honoured with Tryumphs, and Grand Caire with Tilts and Turnaments. Through every Town was proclaimed a solemn and Feastivall Day, in the remembrance of their new crowned Queen; no Tradesman nor Artificer was suffered to Work that day, but was charged upon pain of death to hold it for a day of Tryumph,

a day of Joy, and a day of pleasure, in which Royalties Saint George was a principall performer, still thirst of Honour summoned him to Armes: the remembrance of the Christian Champions in Persia, caused him to bridle the Pastimes, and to buckle on his steeled Corslet, which had not glittered in the Fields of Mars in four and twenty dayes: of whose Noble Deeds, and adventrous Proceedings, I will at large Discourse, and leave all other Pastimes, to the new invested Queen and her Ladies.

CHAP. XIX.

The bloody Battell betwixt the Christians and the Persians, and how the Negromancer Osmond raysed up by Magick Art, an Army of Spirits to fight against the Christians: How the six Champions were Enchanted, and recovered by Saint George: The misery and death of the Conjurer, and how the Souldan brained himself against a Marble Pillar.

NOw must we return to the Christian Champions, and speak of their Battels in Persia, and what hapned to them in Saint Georges absence: for if you remember before, being in Egypt, when he had newes of his Ladies condemnation in England, for the murther of the Earle of Coventry, he caused them to March into Persia, and encouraged them to revenge his wrongfull imprisonment upon the Souldan his Provinces: in which Countrey after they had marched some fifty miles, burning and spoyling his Territories, they were intercepted by the Souldans Power which was about ỳ number of three hundred thousand fighting men: but the Muster-Rolls of the Christians were likewise numbred, and they amounted not to above one hundred thousand able men: at which time, betwixt ỳ Christians & Pagans, happened a long and dangerous Battell, the like in any age was seldome fought: for it continued without ceasing, for the space

of

of five dayes, to the great effusion of blood on both Partles.

But at last, the Pagans had the worst: for when they beheld their Fields bestrowed with mangled bodies, and that the Rivers for twenty miles compasse did flow with Crimson blood, their hearts began to fail, and incontinently fled like sheep before the Wolfe. Then the valiant Christians thirsting after revenge, speedily pursued them, sparing neither young nor old, till the wayes were strowed with lifeless bodies, like heaps of scattered sand: in which pursute and honourable Conquest, they burned two hundred Forts and Towns, batering their Towers of Stone as levell with the ground, as Harvest Reapers do Fields of ripend Corn: But the Souldan himself, with many of his best approved Souldiers escaped alive, and fortified the City of Grand Belgor, being the strongest Town of Warre in all the Kingdome of Persia: before whose Wals we will leave the Christian Champions planting their puissant Forces, and speak of the damnable practises of Osmond within the Town, where he accomplisht many admirable accidents by Magick Art: for when the Christian Army had long time given Assault to the Wals, sending their fiery Bullets to their lofty Battlements like Storms of Winters Hail, whereby ỳ Persian Souldiers were not able any longer to resist, they began to yeeld, and commit their lives to the mercy of the Christian Champions: but when the Souldan perceived the Souldiers Cowardise, and how they would willingly resigne his happy Government to Forain Rule, he encouraged them still to resist the Christians desperate Encounters, and within thirty dayes, if they had not the Honour of ỳ Warre, then willingly to condescend to their Countreys Conquest: which Princely resolution encouraged the Souldiers to resist, intending not to yeeld up their City, till death had made triumph on their bodies. Then departed he into a secret Tower, where he found Osmond sitting in a Chair, studying by Magick how long Persia should remain unconquered: who at his entrance drove him from his Charms with these Speeches.

Thou wondrous man of Art (said the Souldan) whom for Negromancy the World hath made famous. Now is the time to expresse the Loyalty and Love thou beares thy Soveraign: Now is the time thy Charming Spels must work for Persias

good: thou séest my fortunes are deprest; my Souldiers dead, my Captains slaughtered, my Cities burned, my Fields of Corn consumed, and my Countrey almost conquered: I ẏ was wont to cover the Seas with Fléets of Ships, now stand amazed to hear the Christians Drums, ẏ sound forth dolefull Funeralls for my Souldiers: I that was wont with my armed Legions to drink up Rivers as we Marched, & made the Earth to groan with bearing the number of our Multitudes: I that was wont to make whole Kingdoms tremble at my frowns, & force imperious Potentates to humble at my féet: I that have made the Stréets of many a City to run with blood, and stood reioycing when I saw their Buildings burn: I that have made the Mothers Wombs the Infants Tombs, and caused Cradles for to swim in Streams of blood, may now behold my Countreys ruine, my Kingdoms fall, and mine own fatall overthrow: Awake, great Osmond, from thy dreaming trance, awake I say, and raise a Troop of black internall Fiends to fight against the damned Christians, that like swarms of Bees doe flock about our Walls, prevent, I say, my Lands Invasion, and as I am great Monarch of Asia, Ile make thee King over twenty Provinces, and sole Commander of the Ocean, raise up I say, thy Charmed Spirits leave burning Acheron empty for a time, to aid us in this bloody Battell.

These words were no sooner ended, but there ratled such a peal of Cannons against the City Walls, that they made the very Earth shake: whereat the Negromancer started from his Chair, and in this manner encouraged the Souldan.

It is not Europe (quoth he) nor all their petty bands of Armed Knights, nor all the Princes in the World, that shall abate your Princely Dignity: am not I the great Magician of this Age, that can both loose and bind the Fiends, and call the black faced Furies from iow Cocitus? Am not I that skilfull Artist, which framed the charmed Tower amongst the Amazonian Dames, which all the Witches in the World could never spoyl? Therefore let Learning, Art, and all the secrets of the deeps assist me in this Enterprise, and then let frowning Europe do her worst: my Charms shall cause the Heavens to raine such ratling showres of Stones upon their heads, whereby the Earth shall be overloaden with their dead bodies, & Hell overfilled with their hatefull soules: senselesse Trées shall rise

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in humane shapes, and fight for Persia. If wise Medea were ever famous for Arts, that did the like for safegard of her Fathers state, then why should not Osmond practise wonders for his Soveraigns happiness? Ile raise a Troop of Spirits from the lowest Earth, more black than dismall night, the which in ugly shapes shall haunt them up and down, and when they sleep within their rich Pavilions, Legions of fierce Spirits will I up-raise from Hell, ỳ like to Dragons spitting flames of fire, shall blast and burn the damned Christians in their Tents of War: The Fields of Grand Belgor shall bee overspred with venemous Snakes, Adders, Serpents, & impoysoned Toads, the which unseen shall lurk in Mossie ground, and sting the Coronels of Warlike Horses: down from the Chrystall Firmament, I will conture a Troop of Ayrie Spirits to descend, that like to Virgins clad in Princely Ornaments, shall link those Christian Champions in the Charms of Love: their eyes shall be like the twinkling Lamps of Heaven, & dazle so their Warlike thoughts, and their lovely countenances, more bright than Fayries, shall lead them Captives to a Tent of love, the which shall be artificially erected up by my Magick Spels: their warlike Weapons that were wont to smoak in Pagans blood, shall in my Charmed Tent bee hung upon the bowers of Peace: their glistering Armours that were wont to shine within the Fields of Africa, shall henceforth be evermore stained with rust: & themselves surnamed for Martiall Discipline, the wondrous Champions of the World, shall sucket with delightfull loves, & sleep upon the lips of ayrie Spirits, that shall descend the Elements in Virgin shapes: terror & despair shall mightily oppresse their merciless Souldiers, ỳ they shall yeeld the honourable Conquest to your Excellency: such strange and wondrous accidents by Art shall be accomplished, that Heaven shall frown at my Enchantments, & the Earth tremble to heare my Conjurations. Therefore most mighty Persian, number up thy scattered bands, and to morrow in the morning set open thy Gates, and march thitherward with thy Armed Souldiers: leave not a man within the City, but let every one that is able to beare Arms, fight in the Honour of Persia, and before the closing of the night, Ile make thee Conquerour, and yeeld up the braving Christians as Prisoners to thy Might inesse.

If this prove true, renowned Osmond, as thou hast promised

(said the Souldan) Earth shall not harbour that too dear for thée: for thou shalt have my self, my Kingdoms, Crowns, and Scepters at command: the wealthy River Ganges, shall pay thée yearly Tribute with her Treasure: Pactulus shall yéld his Riches to thy pleasure, the place where Midas washt his golden wish away. All things that Nature framed precious, shalt thou be Lord and Sole Commander of, if thou prevent the Invasion of my Country: and thereupon he departed the Chamber, and left the Negromancer in his study, and as hée gave commandement, his Captaines made in readinesse his Souldiers, and furnished their warlike Horses, and by the Suns uprising, marched into the Fields of Belgor, where upon the North-side of the Enemy they pitched their Camp. On the other side, when the warlike Christians had intelligence by their Courts of Guard, how the Pagans were entred the Fields, ready to give them Battell, sudden Alarums sounded in their eares, rumors of Conquest encouraged so the Souldiers, that presently they were in readinesse to entertain the Persians to a bloody Banquet. Both Armies were in sight, with blood-red Colours wavering in the Ayr: the Christian Champions richly mounted on their Warlike Coursers, placed themselves in the fore-front of the Battel, like courageous Captains fearing neither death, nor inconstant chance of Fortune. But the Souldan with his petty Princes like cowards, were inbirroned and compast with a ring of armed Knights, where in stead of nimble Stéeds, they sate in Iron Chariots. Divers heroicall and many princely encouragements past betwéen the two Armies, before they entred Battel: But when the Drums began to sound Alarum, & the silver Trumpets gave dreadfull Ecchoes of death: when the Crosse of Christendom began to flourish, and the Arms of Mahomet to be advanced: even then began so terrible and bloody a Battell, that the like was never found in any Age, for before the Sun had mounted to the top of Heaven, the Pagans received so great a Massacre, and fell so fast before the Christian Champions, that they were forct to wade up to the knées in blood, and their Souldiers to fight upon heaps of slaughtered men: the Fields were altered from a grén colour to a purple hue, the Dales were stæpt in crimson gore, & the Hils & Mountains covered with dead mens ratling bones. But let us not forget the wicked Negromancer Osmond, that during

during the time of that dangerous Encounter kneeled in a low Valley near unto the Camps, with his black hair hanging down unto his shoulders like a wreath of Snakes, and with his silver wand circling the Earth; where when he heard the sound of Drums thundring in the Ayre, and the brazen Trumpets giving dreadfull sounds of Warre, he entred into these fatall and damned speeches:

Now is the Battel (quoth he) furiously begun, for me thinks I hear the Souldan cry for help: now is the time my charming Spels must work for Persias Victory, and Europs fatall Overthrow: which being said, thrice did he kisse the Earth, thrice beheld the Elements, and thrice besprinckled the Circle with his own blood, the which with a silver Razor he let from his left arm, and after began again to speak in this manner:

Stand still you wandring Lamps of Heaven, move not sweet Stars, but linger on, till Osmonds Charms be brought to full effect. O thou great Dæmon, Prince of damned Ghosts, thou chiefe Commander of those fearfull shapes, that nightly glide by mis-beleeving Travellers, even thou that holdest a Snaky Scepter in thy hand, sitting upon a Throne of burning Steel, even thou that bindest the Furies up in Chaines, even thou that tossest burning fire-brands abroad, even thou whose eyes are like two blazing and unlucky Comets, even thee I charge to let thy Furies loose, open thy brazen Gates and leave thy boyling Cauldron empty: send up such Legions of infernall Fiends that may in number counterbail the blades of grasse that beautifie these bloody Fields of Belgor,

These fatall speeches were no sooner finished, but there appeared such a multitude of Spirits, both from the Earth, Water, Ayr, and Fire, that it is almost incredible to report, the which he caused to run into the Christian Army: whose burning Fauchions not only annoyed the Souldiers with feare terror, but also fired their Horse Manes, burned the trappings, consumed their Banners, scorched Trees and herbs, and dimmed the Elements with such an extream darknesse, as though the Earth had been covered with eternall night: he caused the Spirits likewise to raise such a terrible Tempest, that it tore up mighty Oakes by the Roots, removed Hils and Mountaines, and blew men into the Ayre Horse and all: yet neither his Magick Arts, nor all the Furies and wicked Spirits could any

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vnhidaunt the most noble and magnanimous minds of the six Champions of Christendom: but like uncorqueres Lyons they purchast Honour where they went, colouring their Swords in Pagans blood, making the Earth true witnesse of their Victorious and Heroicall proceedings, whom they had attyred in a blowred Livery: and though S. George (the chiefest Champion of Christendom for Martiall Discipline & princely Atchievements) were absent in that terrible Battell: yet merited they as much Honor, and Renown, as though he had bin there present: for the accursed Pagans fell before their Warlike Weapons, as thick as leaves do fall from Trees, when the blustering Storms of Winter enter on the Earth. But when the wicked Negromancer Osmond perceived that his Magick Spels tok small effect, and how in despite of his Enchantments the Christians got the better of the day, he accursed his Art, and banned the hour & time wherein he first attempted so evill and wicked an Enterprise, thinking them tobe preserved by Aggels, or else by some Celestiall meanes: but yet not purposing to leave of at the first repulse, hee attempted another way by Negromancy to overthrow the Christians.

First, he erected up by Magick Art a stately Tent, outwardly in show like to the compasse of Earth: but furnished inwardly with all the delightsome Pleasures that either Art or Reason could invent, only framed to Enchant the Christian Champions with inticing delights, whom he purposed to kæp as Prisoners therein: then fell he again to his conjuration, and bound a hundred Spirits by due obedience to transform themselves into the likenesse of beautifull Virgins, which in a moment they accomplished, and they were framed in form & Beauty, like to the darlings of Venus, in comelinesse comparable w Thetis dancing on the silver sands, and in all proportions like Daphne, whose Beauty caused Apollo to descend the Heavens: their limbs were like ỹ lofty cedars, their chæks to Roses dipt in milk, & their eyes more bright than the Stars of Heaven: also they seemed to carry in their hands silver Bowes, and on their backs hung Quivers of golden Arrows. Likewise upon their breasts they had Pictured the god of Love, dancing upon Mars his knee.

Thus in the shape of Beautious Damsels, caused he these Spirits to enter ỹ Christians Army, and with the golden bait

of

of their inticing smiles, to tangle the Champions in the snares of love, and with their smiling Beauties lead them from their Souldiers, & to bring them Prisoners into his Enchant'd Tent. Which commandement being no sooner given, but these Virgins, or rather infernall Furies, more swift than Winds, glided into the Christians Army, where their glittering beauties so dazled the eys of the sir Christian Champions, and their sober countenances so entrapped their hearts with desire, that their Princely valours were abated, & they stodgazing at their excellent proportions, as though Medusaes shadows had bin pictured upon their faces, to who y inticing Ladies spake in this maner: Come, Princely Gallants, come, away with Arms, forget the sounds of bloody Warre, and hang your angry weapons on the bowre of Peace: Venus you see hath sent her Messengers from Paphos, to lead you to the Paradise of love: there Heaven will raine down Nectar & Ambrosia sweet for you to feed upon; and there the melody of Angels will make you Mirth: there shall you fight upon beds of silk, and encounter with inticing kisses. These golden promises so ravished the Champions, that they were enchanted with their loves, and vowed to take their last farewell of Knighthood and magnanimous Chivalry.

Thus were they led from their warlike Companies to the Negromancers Enchanted Tent, leaving their Souldiers without Guiders in danger of confusion. But the Queen of Chance so smiled upon the Christians, that at the same time S. George arrived in Persia with a fresh supply of Egyptian Knights: of whose noble Atchivements I purpose now to speak: For no sooner had he entred the Battell and placed his Squadrons, but he had intelligence of y Champions misadventures, and how they lay enchanted in a Magick Tent, sleeping in pleasure upon the laps of infernall Furies, the which Osmond had transformed, by his Charms, into the likenesse of beautifull Damsels: which unexpected newes constrained S. George to breathe from his sorrowfull heart this woefull lamentation: Unconstant Fortune (quoth he) why dost thou entertain me with such bitter newes: my fellow Champions come from Christendom to winne immortall Honour with their Swords, and lie they now bewitcht with Beauty: Come they from Europe to fight in Coates of Steel, and will they lie distraught in tents of Love: Came they to Asia to purchase a

Kingdoms, and by bloody War to ruinate Countreys, and will they yéeld their Victories to so foul disgrace? O shame & great dishonor to Christendom! O spot to Knighthood & true Chivalry: this newes is far more bitter to my soul, than was the poysoned dregs ý Antipater gave to Alexander in his drunkennes, and a deadlier pain unto my heart, than was ý juyce that Hanibal suckt from his fatall Ring. Come, Souldiers, come you Followers of those cowardly Champions, unsheath your warlike weapons, & follow him whose soul hath vowed either to redéem them from ý Negromancers Charms, or die with Honor in ý Enterprize. If ever mortal Creatures warred with damned Furies, & made a passage to enchanted Dales, where devils dance & warlike shadowes in the night: then Souldiers, let us March unto that black Pavilion, & chain the cursed Charmer to some blasted Oak, ý hath so highly dishonoured Christendom.

These resolute speéches were no sooner finished, but the whole Army, before daunted with fear, grew so courageous, that they protested to follow him through more dangers than did the Grecian Knights with Noble Iason in ý Ile of Colcos. Now began the Battell again to renew, & the Drums to sound fatall knels for the Pagan Souldiers, whose [illegible] the Christians Swords by numbers sent to burning Acheron: but S. George, that in valour exceéded the rest, as much as the golden Sun surpasseth the smalest Stars in brightnesse, with his Sword made lanes of slaughtered men, & with his angry arm made passage through the thickest of their Troops, as though ý death had bin Commander of the Batell: he causeth Crowns and Scepters to swim in blood, & headless Stéeds with toyntlesse men to fall as fast before his Sword, as drops of rain before a thunder, and ever in greatest danger, he encouraged his Souldiers in this manner: Now for the fame of Christendom, fight, Captaines, be now triumphant Conquerours, or Christian Martyrs.

These words so encouraged the Souldiers hearts with invincible valour, that they neither feared the Negromancers Charmes, nor all his flaming [illegible]agons nor fiery Drakes that filled the Ayre with burning [illegible]s, nor daunted at the strange Encounters of Hellish Legions, that like to Armed men with burning Fauchions haunted them; so fortunate were their proceédings, that they followed the invincible Champion to the Enchanted Tent whereas the other Champions lay fur-

fetting

setting in love, whilst thousands of their friends fought in fearfull coates of Steel, and merited renown by their Noble Atchievements: for no sooner arrived S. George with his warlike Followers before the Pavilion, but he heard as it were the melody of the Muses: likewise his eares were almost ravished with the sugared Songs of the Enchanted Virgins, which like ỳ Musick of Orpheus Harp, caused both Stones and Trées to dance, and made the Elements to shew more brighter than the mornings Beauty, with drops of honey trickling down their chrystall chéeks: the Doves did kisse when they began to sing: the running waters danced, and every senselesse thing did séem to breathe out sighes for love: so pleasant and heavenly were the sights in the Tent, & so delightfull in his eyes, that he had béen enchanted with their Charms if he had not continually born the Honour of Knight-hood in his thoughts, and that the dishonour would redound to Christendoms reproach: therefore with his Sword he let drive at the Tent, & cut it into a thousand péces, the which being done, he apparently beheld where the Negromancer sate upon a block of Steele, feeding his Spirits with drops of blood, whom when the Champion beheld, he caused his Souldiers to lay hold upon him, & after chained him fast to the root of an old blasted Oake: from whence neither his Art, nor help of all his Charms, nor all ỳ Legions of his Devils could ever after lose him: where we leave him to his lamentations, filling the Ayre with Echoes of cryes, and speak how Saint George redeemed the Champions from their Enchantments.

First, when he beheld them disrobed of their warlike Attyre, their Furniture hung up, and themselves securely sléepting upon the laps of Ladies, he fell into these discontented Spéeches.

O Heavens (said he) how my soul abhors this spectacle! Champions of Christendom, Arise, brave Knights, stand up, I say, and look about like men: are you the chosen Captaines of your Countreys, and will you bury all your Honours up in Ladies laps: for shame arise, I say, they have the tears of Crocodiles, the Songs of Syrens to Enchant: to Armes, brave Knights, let Honor be your loves: blush to behold your Friends in Armes, and blush to see your Native Countreymen sléeping the Fields of Mavors with their bloods, Champions, arise, S. George calls, the Victory will tarry till you come: Arise, and tear this womanish Attyre, sorket not in silken Robes:

put on your stæls Corslets, your glittering Burgonets, and unsheath your conquering weapons, that Mayors Fields may be converted into a purple Ocean.

These Heroicall Speeches were no sooner finished, but the Champions like men amazed, rose from their Ladies bosomes, & being ashamed of their follies, they submissively crav'd pardon, and vowed by Protestations, never to sleep in Beds of Down, nor never unbuckle their Shields from their weary arms, till they had won their credits in the Fields againe: nor never would be counted his deserved Followers, till their Triumphs were enrouled amongst the Deeds of Martiall Knights. So arming themselves with approved Corslets, and taking to them their trusty Swords, they accompanied Saint George to the thickest of their Enemies, and left the Negromancer Chained to the Tree, which at their departure breathed forth these bitter curses:

Let Hels horrour, and tormenting paines (quoth hee) bee their eternall punishments: let flaming fire descend the Elements, and consume them in their warlike Triumphs, and let their wayes be strowed with venemous thornes, that all their legs may rankle to their knees, before they march to their native Countreys. But why exclaim I thus in vaine, when Heaven it self preserves their happinesse? Now all my Magick Charms are ended, and all my Spirits forsake me in my needs, and here am I fast chained up to starve and die. Have I had power to rend the Vales of Earth, and shake the mighty Mountaines with my Charms? Have I had power to raise up dead mens shapes from Kingly Tombes: and can I not unchain my self from this accursed Tree? O no, for I am fettered up by the immortall power of the Christians God; against whom because I did rebell, I am now condemned to everlasting fire. Come, all you Negromancers in the World, come all you Sorcerers and Charmers, come all you Scholars from the Learned Universities, come all you Witches, Beldames, and Fortune-tellers, and all that practise devilish Arts, come take Example by the story of my fall.

This being said, he violently with his own hands tore his eyes from his head, as a sufficient revenge, because by the direction of their wils, he was first trained in that damned Art: then betwixt his teeth hee bit in two his loathsome tongue, because

because it muttered forth so many fatall Charms: then into his thirsty bowels he devoured his hands, because they had so often held the silver wand, wherewith hee had made his charmed Circles: and for every Letter, Mark, and character, that belonged to his Conurations, he inflicted a severall torment upon himselfe: and at last, with sightlesse eyes, speechlesse tongue, handlesse Arms, and dismembred body, hee was forced to give up his condemned Ghost: where after his ayre of life was banished from his earthly Trunck, the Heavens seemed to smile and triumph at his sudden fall, and Hell began to roare at the Conquest of his death: the ground whereon he died, was ever after that time unfortunate, and to this present time, it is called in that Countrey, a Vale of walking Spirits.

Thus have you heard the damned life, and miserable fall of this accursed Negromancer Osmond, whom we will now leave to the punishments due to such a wicked Offender, and speak of the seven noble and magnanimous Christian Champions.

After Saint George had ended these Enchantments, they never sheathed up their Swords, nor unlocked their Armour, till the subversion of Persia was accomplished, and the Souldan with his petty Kings taken Prisoner. Seven dayes the Battel continued without ceasing: they slew two hundred thousand Souldiers, besides a number that fled away and drowned themselves: some cast themselves headlong down from the top of high Trees, some made slaughter of themselves, and some yelded to the mercies of the Christians: but the Souldan with his Princes riding in their Iron Chariots, endured the Christians Encounters, till the whole Army was discomfited, and then by force and violence they were compelled to yeld. The Souldan hapned into the hands of Saint George, and six of his Vice-Royes to the other six Champions, where after they had sworne Allegiance to the Christian Knights, and had promised to forsake their Mahomet, they were not only set at liberty, but used most honourably: but the Souldan himselfe having a heart fraught with Despight and Tyranny, contemned the Champions courtesies, and utterly disdained their Christian Covernments, protesting that the Heavens should first lose their wonted brightnesse, and the Seas forsake their swelling Tides, before his heart should yeld to their intended desires: whereupon Saint George being resolved to

revenge his former injuries, commanded that the Souldan should be disrobed from all Princely Attyre, and in base apparell sent to Prison, even to the same Dungeon where hée himselfe had endured so long imprisonment, as you heard in the beginning of the History: which strict commandement was presently performed: in which Dungeon the Souldan had not long continued, sufficing his hungry stomack with the bread of mustie Bran, and stanching his thirst with Channell water, but he began to grow desperate, and weary of his life, and at last fell into this woefull Lamentation:

O Heavens (quoth he) now have you shewn a deserved plague upon my head, and all those guiltelesse souls that in former times my tyrannies have murthered, may now be fully satisfied; for I that was wont to have my Table beautified with Kings, am now constrained to feed alone in a Dungeon, where sorrow is my food, and despaire my servitor: I that have furnished thousands up in Vals of Stone, am now constrayned to feed upon mine own flesh or else to starve and die: yet shall these cruell Christians know that as I lived in tyranny, so will I die: for I will make a murther of my self, that after this life, my angry Ghost may fill their sléeps with gastly visions.

This being said he desperatly ran his Head against a Marble Pillar, standing in the middle of the Dungeon, and dasht his braines from out his hatefull Head: the newes of whose death when it was brutted to the Champions eares, they proffered no violence to his lifelesse body, but entombed him in a sumptuous Sepulchre, and after that, S. George took upon him the Government of Persia, where established good and Christian Lawes: also he gave to the other six Champions, six severall Kingdomes belonging to the Crown of Persia, and stranged them his Vice-Royes or petty Kings. This being don, he took truce with all the World, and triumphantly Marched towards Christendom, with the Conquest of three Imperiall Diadems, that is to say, of Egypt, Persia, and Morocco: In which journey he erected many stately Monuments, in remembrance of his Victories and Heroical Atchievements, and through every Countrey that they Marched, there flocked to them an innumerable company of Pagans, that desired to follow him into Christendom, and to be Christned in their Faith, protesting to forsake their gods, whose Worshippers were none but

Tyrants

Tyrants, and such as delighted in nothing but shedding of blood. To whose requeste, Saint George presently condescended: not only in granting them their desires, but also in honouring them with the favour of his Princely countenance. This courtesie of the English Champion merited such a glittering glory through the World, that as far as ever the swelling Ocean flowed, and as farre as ever the golden Globes of Heaven extended their Lights, Saint George's Honour was bruited: and not onely his matchlesse Adventures caractred in brazen Tables, but his Martiall exploits painted in every Temple: so that ỳ Heathen Poets contrived Histories of his Deeds, and famoused his Name amongst the Worthies of the World.

In this Princely manner marched S. George with his warlike Troops through ỳ Territories of Africa & Asia, in greater Royalty, than did Darius which his Persian Souldiers towards the Camp of time-wondred Alexander. But when the Christian Champions approached the sight of ỳ watry world, and began to go aboard their Ships, the Earth seemed to mourn at their farewels, and the Seas to rejoyce at their presence, the Waves couched as smooth as Christall Ice, the Winds blew such gentle Gales as though the Sea gods had been Directors of their Fleet, the Dolphins danced above the water, and the lovely Mare-maids, in Multitudes lay dallying amidst the Streames, making them delightfull pastime: the Skies seemed to smile, and the Sunne to shew a glittering brightnesse upon the Christall waters, that the Sea seemed to be silver.

Thus in great pleasure they passed the time away, committing their Fortunes to the mercy of the winds and the waters, who did so favourably serve them, that in short time they arrived upon the Bankes of Christendom: where being no sooner come on shore, and past the dangers of the Seas, but Saint George in the presence of thousands of his Followers, kneeled down on the ground, and gave God prayse for his happy arrivall, by these words following:

O thou omnipotent God of new Ierusalem, we not only give thee condign prayse, for our late atchieved Victories against thy Enemies, who by their wickednesse seek daily to pull thee from thy Celestiall Throne, but also doe render thee hearty thanks, that hast delivered us safely from the fury of the raging Seas, that otherwise might have drenched us in her devouring

devouring gulfe, as thou didst Pharaoh with his golden Chariots, and his invincible Legions: therefore, great King of Iuda, under whose name we have taken many things in hand, & have atchieved so many Victories, grant that these true Oblations of our thankfull hearts may be acceptable in thy sight, & be no famed Ceremonies, but y inward Devotions of our soules: and therewithall letting fall a showre of tears from their eyes, and discharging a volley of sighes from their breasts, as a signification of the integrity of their soules, he held his peace: then gave he commandement that the Army should be discharged, and every one rewarded according to his desert, which within seven weeks was performed, to the Honour of Christendom.

After this S. George earnestly requested the other six Champions, that they would honour him with their presence home to his Countrey of England, that there receive the comfort of joyfull ease, after the bloody Encounters of so many dangerous Battels. This motion of S. George not only obtained their consents, but added a forwardnesse to their willing minds: so incontinently they set forward towards England; upon whose chalkie Cliffes they in a short time arrived, and after this took their journey towards the City of London, where their entertainments were so honourably performed, as I want the Eloquence of Cicero, and the Rhetorick of Caliope to describe it.

Thus gentle Reader, hast thou heard the First Part of the princely Atchievements, Noble Adventures, and Honourable Lives of these renowned and worthy Champions. The second Part Relates the Noble Atchievments and strange Fortunes of S. George's three Sonnes; the Loves of many gallant Ladies; the Combats and the Turnaments of many valiant Knights, and Tragedies of mighty Potentates. Likewise the rest of the Noble Adventures of the renowned Seven Champions, also the manner and places of their honourable Deaths; and how they came to be called the Seven Saints of Christendom.

FINIS.